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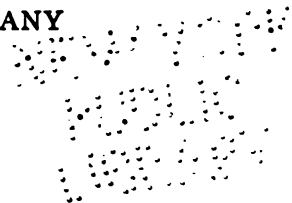
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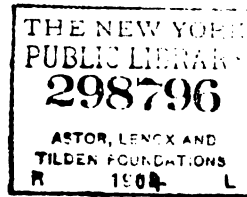
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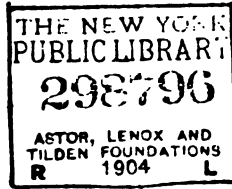
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JULY, 1902.

No. 1.

CREATION AND EVOLUTION.

BY DR. J. R. PHELPS, FRA. ROS. CRU.

The measure of credence that we grant to a theory, hypothesis, or system of faith depends largely on how completely we understand the inner meaning and working of the theory or system. Or, rather, I might say with more correctness, on what we *think* we understand. We affect to ignore and question every thing that possesses the quality of mystery, demanding that whatever commands our belief and acceptance shall be ponderable. We refuse, theoretically, to accept any statement, any revelation, any fact of whatever character unless we can weigh it in our material balances, measure it by our generally accepted rule of adjustment and proportion, and explain its meaning by our substantial—to our minds—definition.

But how pitifully weak is this inconsistency! How much do we really *know* of interior workings, interior forces, interior qualities of the things we are familiar with? All that material science can teach us, can *prove* to us, lies entirely within the plane of manifestation, and this is the merest outer shell of the thing. The husk of the nut is only the fact of the nut—the truth of the nut is within. Do we not find ourselves compelled to receive much on faith? Regarding even the convictions and conceptions that go to make up the sum of what we call our knowledge how much have we proved? How much do we not accept on the word of others; on testimony as to what they have seen and touched; which testimony may be worth more or less—often less?

And even taking what we *have* proved and which, we may say that we *know*, how far can we follow our knowledge out of the plane of mere material manifestation before our provings begin to be lost in the realm of mystery? Manifestation is not life—it is only the outer form that life assumes to prove its existence. Who has ever found that subtle something that pervades the universe which we call life? “Canst thou by searching find out the deep things of God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is the heights of heaven—what canst thou do? Deeper than the grave, what canst thou know?” (Job xi., 7.)

There is a purpose in these preliminary questions, for it is the fashion to decry this account of creative operation that we call “Mosaic,” (as though Moses wrote it from the fountain of his own knowledge), and the man who assumes to believe it, aye, does believe it, may find himself the mark for all the shafts of ridicule that the scientific skeptic can invent and the recipient of the barely tolerant pity of the disciples of the “higher criticism.” Nevertheless, I stand as a believer in this wonderful history of creation in spite of sneers or pity.

We hear much, in our day, of the “wisdom of the ages.” We find our pundits and scholars bowing down in veneration to Egyptian-Arabic-Chaldean-Hindu cults, not discerning that this deep Mosaic cosmogony involves them all. This generation bends in reverence to the wisdom of these Solomons, “but lo! a greater than Solomon is here.” And it is my desire in this paper to offer a few suggestions that may lead some honest inquirer to question whether the true meaning of the Mosaic account has been fully comprehended and whether there is not under the surface of the letter a deeper fount of wisdom that may perhaps shed light on the subject evolution.

When the Master expounded to his disciples the parable of the sower He began by saying, “The seed is the Word.” Did he mean *our* Bible? It was not then written or compiled. No, he referred to the Logos, the great Divine Creative Spirit, the acknowledgement

of which, aye, the consciousness of which in the human soul, is the "beginning of wisdom." And just here let me suggest that there are some persons who are of the psycho-mental organization corresponding to the stony, thorny, or fertile soils, and that the children of some parents seem never to amount to anything. I say *seem*, for we can never tell what a man amounts to until God gets through with him. Not that the Master's meaning was confined to this plane of earth life merely—I do not pretend this—for every word he uttered awoke a vibration in each particular plane of life, from the lowest material to the highest spiritual and has a meaning for each. For I question if the listening thousands who gathered around him and heard his words were made up entirely of incarnate men and women. Societies of the unseen world, recognizing in this despised Nazarene a being of higher mold than themselves, surrounded him in crowds, fully comprehending the fact that "never man spake like this Man."

I question if the human race will ever understand or know much until it breaks through or casts off its limitations—not the limitations that God places on everything created, but those that we lay on ourselves. I doubt if we can grasp much of real truth until we can, in some measure at least, see that there are forms and degrees of truth adapted to each plane of the mind. And the difficult part of the lesson is that "the carnal mind cannot understand the things of the spirit because they are spiritually discerned." And it may be that a thing is true on the spiritual plane and not on the natural plane; for the Divine Will is not yet "done in earth as it is in heaven."

Now, I do not believe that evolution *begins* in the mineral. All life must have its beginning in its own plane, and the plane of life is the Divine, that which is nearest to God. From this source it flows downward and outward. Before the mineral can show any life, that life must enter into it. And how came life in the mineral kingdom? The answer to this question belongs to the realm of imponderable things. I will not make the attempted solution of the problem assertive but suggestive.

It may be possible (and we be oblivious to the fact) that Genesis is telling of *two* creations and *two world-histories*, separated from each other by a gulf of ages, perhaps. It may be that in the first chapter of Genesis, and up to and including verse three of the second chapter, the record is dealing with the first creation. It may be that the nature of this creation and of the inhabitants of the first world is a matter too lofty by far for our comprehension. We each might as well acknowledge at the outset that "some knowledge is too great for me, I cannot reach up to it." That this first race of beings differed very materially from our race in many ways, notably in the form and process of generation, is as certain as any knowledge derived from disembodied spirits can be. Not the least of those who teach this doctrine is Swedenborg, although he does not so plainly set forth the teaching as do some of the nameless mystic brotherhoods whose personality it is almost impossible to detect.

To any one who closely studies these two accounts, the first of which begins with the first verse of Genesis and ends with verse three of the second chapter, the fact will soon become evident that two separate creations are being dealt with. The narratives of the two creations do not bear any similarity to each other. The second does not mention the number of the days in which the world was created, nor the order of creation—a highly significant fact when we think of the inner meaning of number. (For in this connection one must divest his mind of the idea of figures, for number in the Bible as well as in other sacred writings does not stand for mathematics.) Nor does the fact that the work of the second day was not pronounced "good" find any mention in the second account. Nor does the second description, beginning with Genesis ii., verse 4, record that man (generic name Adam) was created in *God's* image and given dominion over the whole creation. It represents man as formed from the dust of the earth and only becoming a living soul (literally "man to a soul of life,") after the "breath of lives" was breathed into him. And then, the second account says the animals were brought to the man to see what he

would call them. This is deep symbolism, remember; but even then there is a difference between the naming of things by man from his own conception of their qualities and the enthronement of a being of celestial origin as ruler over all the created world by virtue of this same celestial quality.

But there is a deeper difference between these two accounts that cannot be seen in our translation. Here I would remark that the misleading character of the accepted translation has made this wonderful book of almost no account. Even to-day, with the increased knowledge of the original Hebrew, it is impossible to have a correct rendering of the letter of the Old Testament. Conflicting and quarreling sects are fearful lest some other denomination should gain an advantage by the revision. This jealousy of the sects made a sad jumble even of the revised version. The denomination of all others most capable of giving us a correctly translated Bible, the Swedenborgian church, holds aloof, seemingly preferring to expend its energies on Swedenborg rather than on the Book that alone makes Swedenborg worth anything.

But to return to this greatest difference between these accounts. Genesis first says: "*Gods* created." The word is *Elohim*. This is the most comprehensive name of the Deity. It comprises the masculine and the feminine, the father and the mother, in the creative process. And this word *Elohim* is the only word for the Creator used up to verse four of chapter ii., when another name comes into account, the great name *Jehovah*. The name thereafter appears *Jehovah of Elohim*.*

*As a question is certain here to arise perhaps it is as well to look at this peculiar terminology; for there are not wanting instances in the Bible in which the rendering of names obscures the meaning. One well defined case is the name Jesus Christ, as though the words formed a name as do the words John Smith; but really the designation giving The Master is Jesus The Christ, or Jesus The Anointed One.

A few months ago in a letter to a revered friend in a western city I used the term *Jehovah-Elohim*, quoting the Hebrew from Genesis ii., 4, where the translation is given Lord God. He corrected my rendering saying that "there is no such being in the Hebrew scriptures as *Jehovah-Elohim*—there the Being is named *Jehovah of Elohim*." And then he goes on at some length to show the various Hebrew forms of the same name, which it would take too much space to enter upon. I consider it a happy fortune to have contacted this most valued friend, a Russian by birth, a Jew by descent, a Christian by conviction and choice. His discriminating criticism started this whole line of thought.

And here is the point of the matter, at least to my mind; viz., while the creation of the world of which this one is the successor—the heir in a way—and the peopling of that world constituted a work that involved every attribute and activity of the creative mind, so that at the end "*Elohim rested*," this second creation involved the power of the creative mind in a far less degree. To employ the term, an *emanation* only was the vivifying activity of the second creation of which our race is a part. Read verse 6 of chapter ii., but read "exhalation" for "mist."

And now, after all this prelude, what? Simply this, that during the life of the first earth there was an atomic impregnation of the substance of the earth with a certain life-principle that remained after the first forms of life had ceased and that world had become dead. Is this an unwarrantable theory? It would seem not, for we see it illustrated so often that we have become contemptuously familiar with the process. I allude to the death and decay, apparently, of all vegetation every autumn and its coming into life in the spring. And if under certain operations of nature's forces this thing is true of a part, may it not, under an extension of these same operations as to dimension and time become true of the whole? For who knows how many dead or sleeping planets are floating around in this solar system, sending out no heat, no light, no electricity, destitute of gravity, and, therefore, invisible to us? For mystic science tells us that these things do float around in space as dead as Lazarus in his tomb. Who knows how soon the voice of Creative Life may reach the slumbering soul of one of these dead worlds, call it into life and activity, and send it circling again around its orbit, one of a bright sisterhood of worlds? And then we will perhaps wonder whence it came.

After all of this slumber of ages, what if a ray of energy from the Divine Creative Source penetrated this mass of apparently dead matter? What if the first impulse of awakening life began in the lowest form of matter, the mineral? What if this newly-awakened life-principle worked its way slowly upward through

mineral, through vegetable, through lower reptile and animal forms, until the process of evolution produced a being into which the Divine Life could come and manifest? And what if in the process of redemption, the return of the prodigal matter to its home, the highest of the angelic intelligences assumed this humanity of ours and became Immanuel, God with us?

Now, it will not do to go back to the lowest material forms and substance of this sphere and see these powers of life working upward towards higher and higher planes and think we have reached the fountain-head of life-activity. Granted that we find it there, the question is, How came it there? Does life start in lowest matter? If we find it working there, it is an inflowing from the Great Source of life, animating and infilling receptacles left there by some previous vitalizing power. Your grain of wheat, if kept from the action of heat and moisture, remains a grain of wheat forever. But let a life-principle enter it and this principle—power, if you please—will enter into the atoms of the seed and call it into life, and the receptacles will expand and burst, and multiply themselves, and begin to struggle upward toward light and warmth and air, and the seed will call about and into itself the vitalizing potencies of the elements and lose itself in its own expansion. But some one, or something, left that seed there.

There seems to be a more interior working of the Divine Creative Spirit in the inception of this first earth. "The spirit of Elohim was hovering (brooding) over the faces of the waters," and this word "waters" may be a misleading rendering; for the original, *ham-ma-yim*, implies anything fluid, the particles of which move freely among themselves. The physiologist may find a suggestive idea in this. But the point here is: *God* said "Light" and light is. It is the instantaneous springing into being, or the condition of light; for light is a thing of this atmosphere. It results from the impact of vibration from the sun on the surrounding atmosphere. Scientists are beginning to understand that outside of our atmosphere there is no light, but that it is only when the vibrations from

sun or star strike our atmosphere that the phenomenon of light is manifested. And now pause here a moment, you who question the immediate creation of light. May it not be that the surrounding atmosphere was of such nature that the rays of sun and stars did not cause light-vibrations, and that the change in the condition of the atmosphere was instantaneous in response to the thought of God? If not, why not? Do not things thus operate before our eyes? Put a pound of gunpowder on the ground; touch it with a hot iron, and tell me how long it takes to transmute that heap of material, solid substance into an impalpable, imponderable gas. And so it seems as though this first creation—I mean the bringing of things into life—followed the very thought of *God* as a train of sequences.

And as to the herbage of this first earth, was it not different from what we now see? The literal rendering of verse 12 is: "And brought forth the earth grass of green herbage, seeding seed to its kind, and tree making fruit which its seed is in it to its kind." What was it in this earth from which this herbage sprung forth? Seed? Where did the seed come from before there was the plant? Look at the fact that "its seed is in itself." Did not these first plants spring forth from the parent plant without the deposit of seed in the ground, and only look to earth as a place in which to imbed its root? Aye, and following out the thought, is the teaching of the deeper mystics, that conception and generation and propagation differed from that of the present race *in toto*, so very absurd? Did the generative organs of that race serve the purpose of generation, sensation and necessity as with us? Or, is it not true that the generative organs of that race were situated in a different part of the body? Think over this question, and then, remembering *who* brought the annunciation to the Virgin Mary, recalling his words to her as recorded in Luke i., 35 (reading it in the present tense), and conceding to this wonderful visitant all the knowledge of conception and generation that the heavens can

claim, does the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus appear such an impossible absurdity?

Well, I might stretch out this line of questioning indefinitely. I think I have offered suggestion enough to prove that if this vagous imagining is madness, "there is method in it." And while I do not lay claim to having originated it, I freely admit that it appeals strongly to my reason.

What caused the passing out of the first earth is not part of this paper; and how long the world remained dead or slumbering is of no consequence here. But it is a reasonable assumption that this pervasive life left its impress on the earth and flowed into all the lower forms of matter, impregnating them, crystallizing within them, waiting for the time when they were to be called again into activity. Also, the second creation was an upward action: the Divine Creative Spirit began at the bottom and worked upward. In this process it would not be surprising if some—many—of the grosser particles or atoms worked their way into the planes above, and that man of the second race, being evolved from the dust of the earth, finds some dust mixed with his composition, not only as to his material body but also as to his psychic nature. And thus, in most of his activities, he "looks downward." (Take the meaning hidden under the suggestion, whoever can.)

Man of this second creation differed from man of the first in this particular, viz.: The first man partook of the nature of Elohim, made in Its image and likeness, the Divine life flowed into him from above and by a law of attraction, while the second man had this life forced into him, in a way, for he only became a living soul after Jehovah of Elohim breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives. It might appear that the man of the second creation partook of the nature of the "creeping things" of the former world, and that the traits and tendencies symbolized by the animal creation, being first in the point of time to be vivified, held a sort of rule over him, a domination that has not yet passed away. The former man, angelic in his nature, held dominion over every thing under him,

knowing by intuition the quality of every thought and emotion and desire. The second man had to come to his knowledge through experience, gaining at best only an intellectual control over the things of his lower nature, a control that he does not always hold on to.

Now the question arises, will this race ever reach the level, the spiritual level, of the former one? Who can answer this question? We may fall back on what John says: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that if He shall be manifested we shall be like Him." I do not know that there are any limits to a glorified humanity. Swedenborg tells us that the man of our race cannot understand the man of the most ancient age, and that the occupations of the angels and spirits of their heaven cannot be known to us or comprehended by us. But I believe that man will some time scale that limitation if *God* has had any hand in his creation. I believe that my coat of skin is simply a grosser form of covering than the most ancient man had, but within that covering the same spiritual atoms exist.

"When I see thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast established, what is man that thou wilt remember him and the son of man that thou wilt visit him? Ah! but thou hast made him a little less than Elohim, and glory and honor thou wilt crown him with."

I am aware that this conception of a dead and resurrected world is not a generally accepted one. To some it may appear fanciful, to some unwarranted, to some blasphemous. Of this latter class the church will furnish the rank and file. But what will these honest souls do with their "higher critics?" How many in these days, even of the clergy, believe the literal story of Genesis i.? And, in yielding to the inevitable necessity of admitting that the days may have been indefinite periods of time, have they not also given up the order of the creation? Having lost this foothold, has not the belief that the race originally sprung from one pair also gone by the board? How much even of accepted authority for

modern religious observances has been swept away in the debris? Take our Christian Sabbath, for instance. Exodus xx. 11, says, "Because in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore Jehovah blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." And now see Deuteronomy v., 13, and read, "And thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that Jehovah Elohe brought thee out hence by a mighty hand and an arm outstretched; therefore Jehovah Elohe commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." What similarity is there between these two reasons? How will you harmonize them?


I do not raise this question to awaken doubt, to evolve from an apparently incongruous and inaccurate statement of a principle a denial of any meaning in this commandment. Far from it; but there may be in this seeming discrepancy a deep suggestion of mysteriously connected experiences. For may there not be in this thing a symbolic reference to a created world, peopled with a race of beings of celestial origin and genius, but which, through certain processes that we will not now consider, became a dead world from which all active life had vanished? And that after death-like slumber of ages, like King Amfortas in the legend of Sir Galahad, there came a rescue from this condition of living death through the outstretched power of Divine Love in action? In commemoration of this fact, the Celestial Intelligence which gave the Decalogue might set up this pillar of stones as a memorial, an eternal remembrance of the fact that the very life of the earth had been held in close enthrallment by the powers of evil who wrecked this first earth. And shall we ever come to understand that this very Decalogue is not mandatory but suggestive, and that when man's soul becomes more in harmony with the Divine Soul the word is: "Thou wilt not" rather than "Thou shalt not."

It might be asked: If this theory of a former creation that came to an end be true, why may not this present earth be moving toward the same fate that overcame its predecessor? I am not prepared to

say that it will not. Mystics unhesitatingly assert that it will. Only one that I know of pretends to deny it and that one is Swedenborg. He asserts that the propagation of the human race will go on forever. There are, however, the writings of those who were nearer to the Master than Swedenborg. Peter says: "For this they are wilfully ignorant of, that there were heavens from of old and an earth compacted amidst water, by the Word of Elohim, by which means the world which then was being overflowed by water perished; but the heavens that now are and the earth have been stored up with fire." To attempt to elucidate the meaning of this utterance would extend the limits of this paper beyond reason; but there is here a palpable allusion to a previous world that was destroyed as to its life by a deluge of the lower instincts of its inhabitants, a passing suggestion of the passing out of this present world through the action of the opposite element, and the succession of a final world that will endure. Is there a suggestion here that it is only when we reach the three that we find completeness, and that this earth, like the human soul, only attains its full spiritual life through its baptism of water and the succeeding baptism of fire?

It may be asked from what authority these conclusions are drawn. This question may be allowed to pass in silence, for no inferences have been presented as dogmatic facts. No church or fraternity, mystic or occult, has been quoted in verification. No hypothesis has the right of a moment's notice if it needs the bolstering of any sect or schism to help it to stand.

Perhaps it may be that one born and reared under the shadow of the most meaningless and senseless form of popular dogmatism may cast off for a time all faith. The Christian world is full of such; and it may some day come into the consciousness of such an one that he has cast away too much. Perhaps it may appear to him that a doubting, denying, skeptical materialism, and a blind, illogical, cowardly ecclesiasticism are working together in undermining something of incalculable value to the world, the Bible, and that the more honest antagonist is the materialist. Becoming

convinced that under the letter of the Mosaic Cosmogony, aye, and within the letter of the entire Pentateuch, and permeating the Prophetic Word, there is a deep, hidden meaning, such an one might say to the honest seeker after light and truth: "Read this Book of Occult Occultism," in this light and see if beneath the letter you do not find something that fills the soul's need, that answers life's questionings. Dig into its depths with pick and drill, for it will stand it. The spirit of the cults of Talmud, Kaballah, Koran, Zend Avesta, "all the light of sacred story," is within its depths, with a science deeper and grander and broader than science itself can ever grasp.  Try it, test it, question it, and then settle its value within your own soul.

J. R. PHELPS, F. R. C.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—*Johann Paul Richter.*

However learned or eloquent, man knows nothing truly which he has not learned from experience. —*Wieland.*

Man obeys nature's laws even when he works against them; he works with her even when he works against her. —*Goethe.*

Too much gravity indicates a shallow mind. —*Lavater.*

When you seek a favor, apply to the person who has the most complacent look. —*Koran.*

Those individuals who ask a wherefrom and whereto I find it difficult to be with. —*Rubenstein.*

There is evil enough in the world. What nation or age ever approved of it? What people ever praised selfishness, injustice, falsifying of speech or trust? No literature ever celebrated them. No religion ever enjoined them. No laws ever enacted them. Books may have taught such things, but they never taught them as noble things. —*Anon.*

Neither in a church, nor in a book, nor in a person rests the seat of ultimate authority; but each must find it for himself in the divine voice within his heart. —*Richard Armstrong.*

Every intellectual step is a step out of one's self. —*Orville Dewey.*

READINGS FROM THE HOLY KORAN.

PART II.—PARAH "SA-YAQOOL."

BY MOHOMED SARFARAZ HUSAIN.

The most important feature of the opening Ruku of Parah "Sayaqool" (Ruku 17th of Surah Baqar) is that the Mussulmans have been ordained "a sample people." They are to mould their character and life after the prophet, and having done so, are to present to the world in their lives and character, a sample people. A great responsibility is thus imposed on the Moslems. In every occupation of life that is deemed noble and useful, in every trait of character which is worth the name and in fact in everything which is held sacred by humanity, the Moslem has a two-fold duty to perform, viz.: to make progress for himself, and to serve as a guide, a model, for others. With this sense of duty impressed on the hearts of Moslems, by the very words of the Sacred Book, there can be nothing wanting in an earnest Moslem, to become fully developed and useful.

The early Moslems learnt and practised this and accomplished wonders. The rule that the prophet should be the sole guide and type for his followers, has instituted amongst the Mussulmans a definite line of action called the "*Amal bis Sunnat*" or following in the footsteps of the prophet. This was so earnestly adhered to by the early Mussulmans, that it was held to be a privilege to even eat, drink, dress, talk and walk like the prophet. To this day this is observed by thousands in Islamic countries, and the "*Amal bis Sunnat*" is regarded as second in importance to the commandments of the Koran.

The prophet was *man*, with faculties of intuition and inspiration fully developed. He was a householder, had wives and children, conducted business and acted as a general, and finally as the supreme lord over the people. His life has been very minutely analyzed and recorded and has been found to be instructive in all the important occupations of life. Receiving, thus, a deep coloring from

the example and the precept of the prophet, the Mussulman is expected to present to the world a living example of the type of humanity suited to the requirements of evolution. That he should manifest on one and the same plane, a rounded development of the spiritual, moral and physical faculties; he is taught to pray, love and exert. Certain forms of ablutions, ordained forms of charity and fellow-service have been taught. Psychic and spiritual methods of securing inward light are administered, and an average good Mussulman is seen in any Islamic country to be the compendium of these noble qualities. Our ideal has been defined and set before us and we are cognizant of the fact that our salvation consists in working up to our ideal. The Moslem of the Koran is therefore collected, decisive and rising. He realizes his situation, benefits by the past, *lives* in the present, and secures his future. That he is to stand before the world as an average example of man ought to infuse in the Mussulman the desire to cultivate as many parts as possible, to abstain generally from excesses and to lead the life of moderation and systematic progress.

Two important points have been discussed in the 18th Ruku.

First:

THE MISSION OF THE PROPHET.

"We have sent to you from amongst you, a prophet who reveals to you our will, and purifies you and teaches you.

(a) "Book" (Koran or recorded wisdom); (b) "Wisdom" (finer intellectual blessings) and (c) "that which you did not know before" (viz. the spiritual insight and the realization of self).

The Koran lays great stress on the fact that the prophet is *one of us*, with moral, intellectual and spiritual faculties developed, and that he is commissioned to enlighten others. That he is "one of us" has a two-fold significance: (1) that he in his own place is aware of the necessities of human life and has a direct experience with the susceptibilities of human nature; therefore he will keep a natural and practical attitude toward the people; and (2) that the people will naturally feel more at home with him, and the ideals

preached by him will seem to them more practical and easy of adoption. The reformation of man consists in taking man where he is, then bringing *out of* him what is manly in him, and finally in spreading before man (the universe) all the available wisdom thus gotten out of him. So we have to deal with man throughout. None but man (of course well-developed and specially fitted and accomplished) can therefore be qualified to handle man. This, as regards Mohomed, has been repeatedly and clearly set forth in the Koran; elsewhere Koran has directed him to declare to the world "Wa má aná basharum mislokum, yoohá elaiyya." I am no other than a man like you, only that I am inspired. Even if it were accepted that in the early stages of progress, "incarnations" came to preach to man, then "mothers" and "sons" were deputed for the task, and so on, would it not be simpler and more acceptable that *finally* "man" came to uphold "man." Here we can get the broadest view of the spirit working and manifesting in man. Now the teachings of the man-prophet chiefly consisted in confirming the vital truths already established on the strength of the experience gained by the human society from ages to ages, and in rationalizing and humanizing man by means of simple, natural and practical instructions in all the branches of human life, physical, moral, social, intellectual, and last though not least—spiritual. The utility and value of these are to be sought for in the details governing the beliefs we are to have, the thoughts we are taught to think, the acts we are told to do, in short the life we are asked to live and the death we are expected to die. Amidst the "struggle for existence" awarded by the conventional civilization of the day, amidst again all the darkness and skepticism of the so-called philosophy and mental science, and amidst the universal suffering from disease and change, the Moslem of the Koran seems to stand self-contained, poised, erect, ever living, ever loving and ever acting. Save where he chooses to throw himself into the lethargy of inert pessimism, he is by virtue of accepting the path indicated by the Koran, saved from the influence of all

other conflicting forces of "agnosticism, skepticism, atheism and fleshism." This is his salvation. He is he; his path is cut, his life has been organized.

Second:

After describing the mission of the prophet, viz., that he is one of us reveals the will of God and teaches wisdom, recorded and hidden, the text in Ruku 18, verse 152, runs as follows:

"Then idealize our will and we will remember you. Be grateful to us and do not turn ungrateful."

A clue can be found in this simple teaching to the finer law that the individual soul receives reciprocal response from the spirit. The spirit pervades and permeates the universe, including the individual soul; or, in other words, it is the deeper meaning and the ground-work of the individual soul. Where man through the medium of conscience—the essence of the soul—seeks and exerts to manifest the spirit, the spirit responds to the call, and is ever willing and ready to glorify and beautify the life of man. This establishes the truth that all the material required for the perfection of man exists in man, and all that is required is the overhauling of the stock and bringing out what has been so long lain hidden and dormant. Islam holds that prayer, charity and control of desires and an ever-living activity, serve to secure this end.

The Moslem system of prayer is a complete programme for the twenty-four hours of the day. We are required to have finished our morning prayers—preferably in the mosque or prayer-rooms attached to the home, street or lane—before sun-rise. Allowing for ablutions and dressing, it means that we should get up at least one hour before sun-rise. Morning prayers are the holiest of prayers. The Moslem who is regular in his morning prayers, is the heir to all the blessings of early rising—cool breeze, melodious singing of the birds, etc. Further this will be a check to keeping late in the night, use of any intoxicating drug, or any sort of excess. How much of good physical and mental health can be assured through this one rule of morning prayer. As a rule the Mussulmans read a portion

of the Koran, for at least a quarter of an hour, after the fixed prayers of the morning. Believing in the Koran as the divine word and as the emporium of spiritual bliss, the Moslem who thus reads it in this light is sure to derive some spiritual benefit by it. Then we go to work, and take rest after four or five hours; again the afternoon prayers, say at 2 P. M.; again work, again prayers between four and five, then recreation, again prayers at sunset, then dinner and society, then the final prayers and to bed. This programme of the daily life is very practical and economical in both a physical and moral way. Then in the prayers and advanced modes of meditations, psychic exercises, and by constantly remaining in contact with all that is beautiful and refined, the spiritual powers are nurtured and developed.

It is in this way that the average Mussulman, through the most ordinary and simple ways of life, and without any stupendous expense of knowledge or energy, slowly but surely works for his salvation. It is in these simple and practical methods of life, that Islam claims to satisfy the universal desire for a universal religion. Universal principles can alone build up a universal religion, and Islam may be described as a compendium of universal principles, and hence a universal religion. The present religion of Mussulmans is only so much of Islam according to the quantity of the universal principles contained in it. This truly holds good for any other religion. We have no right to condemn any religion so long as it maintains and fosters those universal principles, but Islam claims to have codified and organized those principles in a cheap and ordinary way, and can more easily be adopted by the ordinary man. To revert to the latter portion of the text in verse 152, viz.: "Be grateful to us and do not turn ungrateful," man has a just cause to be thankful after he has been shown the universal lines of growth and progress. To accept them, to practise them and to try to glorify them are the true forms of expressing the real sense of thankfulness.

MOHOMED SARFARAZ HUSAIN.

(To be continued.)

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THE CLOISTERS AND MODERN PROGRESS
A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE OLD-WORLD STRUGGLE
BETWEEN THE SECULAR AND CLERICAL POWERS.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

The storm of universal indignation raging at present against the cloisters and secret religious societies in France, Italy and Spain, is not to be regarded as a mere passing incident in the social and political life-history of these nations. In view of the numerous acts of violence to which the cloisters of late have been subjected, the governments of the above-named countries have found themselves compelled to place the monks under the *ægis* of civil law at once as a measure for their protection and restriction.

Through its lately enforced "amalgamation law," the French Republic has considerably reduced the numbers of clerical societies in that country, and in Austria, Spain and Italy the secular press is vigilant in pointing out the political and social danger threatening their governments through the influence of cloisters and "societies of Jesus." This attack of the secular power upon the clerical, is deeply resented by the latter, which has quickly responded by fearlessly calling into action the whole range of its formidable machinery and sinews of war. The issues of this conflict, to the extent they unfold in the field of political vision, are watched with the most absorbing interest of the whole civilized world.

From the earlier stages of historic Christianity we find two tendencies at work in moulding the religious life of the community, the *ascetic* and the *philanthropic*; the one despising everything in and of the world because of the evil found in it; the other vitally interested in the same world because of the good that might come out of it. The devotee of the former became a recluse and spent his life in isolation from humanity while engaged in the exclusive effort of saving his own soul through penance and rigorous moral discipline, while the adherent of the latter faction saw in the

salvation of the souls of his fellowmen a guaranty for the salvation of his own.

Both of these tendencies found support for their views in the Holy Writ. In some of the expressions of Jesus alluding to a speedy approach of the end of the world, the ascetic found arguments in favor of his view as to the worthlessness of any effort which had for its purpose the improvement of temporal conditions. His entire interest was absorbed in preparing himself for the fall of the ever-threatening Damocles' sword which would bring him under the eternal issues of the day of doom. But as the march of centuries went on without interference of destiny, the popular mind became gradually settled in the conviction that the old world had come to stay; and in the light of this realization, earthly existence assumed a new interest, and the religious life a new character and meaning. Asceticism, however, did not lose its devotees, only its practice; from having for aim the conquest of the kingdom of Heaven, was henceforth brought to bear upon a possible conquest of the kingdom of Earth. The felicities of a somewhat distant after-life were thrown into a shadow by the dazzling certainties of immediate possession, and the zeal of the clerical power, fired by this new motive, transferred its vital operations to temporal interests. Taking the Roman world-power as its example, the church expanded by conquest through sword and strategem, persuasion and compulsion in all the known quarters of the world. And when the Roman empire collapsed, the church having inherited its temporal scepter, boldly embodied its principles of government in her own structure and organization. The ascetics that yet remained true to their vows, when perceiving the new interests that had seized the church, left the fold and fled to the desert where they lived as hermits, until later on, under the influence of ideas from the Orient, they congregated to form secret religious societies governed by more or less rigorous ordinances.

In these secret societies of Christian ascetics we find the nucleus to that powerful and formidable agency used by the Roman

Catholic church in her struggles for temporal supremacy—the cloister. The original motive underlying the formation of these societies was undoubtedly pure, and mostly employed in the service of the higher life, looking with suspicion upon the worldly tendencies of the church from which they had separated. But the strength of their ethical ideals was not adequate to withstand the diplomacy and persuasive craftiness of the church. The latter, watching the embryonic strength manifested in these societies, so far from leveling violence and destruction against them, tendered protection and support, and by degrees through the influence of great diplomatic ingenuity, succeeded in amalgamating them as integral agencies of service. Abandoning the transcendent ideals for the attainment of which they once so strenuously had aimed, these secret religious bodies henceforth mustered as organized armies under the leadership and protectorate of the church—forming the Voltaic pile of a formidable papal autocracy. The society which first entered the papal service has in subsequent history been known as the *Society of Jesus*, and its followers, *Jesuits*. The impulse thus imparted to the church was stupendous and the speedy rise in power of the *Society of Jesus* gave the initiative for the other secret societies to follow. Thus originated the secret service system for the furtherance of clerical aims—a system which furnished the Roman Catholic church with an engine of tremendous capabilities, and whose ever-widening range of available power for fifteen hundred years held a controlling influence over the movements of the human mind.

The members of these societies pledge themselves to a life and practice of poverty, celibacy and unquestioning obedience to the orders of the church. To this pledge the Jesuits add still another one, the absolute obedience to the visible head of the church—the Pope. Taken in its individual sense and significance, nothing is to be said as to the propriety of this pledge; every person as such has a perfect right to live in voluntary poverty and to surrender his individuality to the guidance of a recognized superior.

But from an ethical-social point of view, the matter assumes quite a different character. For on a basis of this pledge, which is known as the "triple-pledge," the society is bereft of the means of individual support, of racial perpetuity and of intellectual growth. The universal poverty sure to follow the establishment of such principles would result in a commonwealth of beggars, where industrial unfoldment would come to a stand-still, while the unconditional, unreasoning subordination of the will and judgment of the individual to a clerical, resting authority on dogma and creed, must necessarily give rise to a despotism, under the pressure of which the faculties of thought, motive and personal responsibility had to cease functioning and perish. Hence, the triple pledge is both anti-social and anti-ethical, and the only guaranty for escaping the culture and industry-dissolving forces involved in its practice, is found in the very failure of the members themselves to comply with at least two-thirds of the pledge.

So far from being capable of effecting a moral and spiritual purification of humanity, the work of these societies, when subjected to the searchlight of unbiased historical inquiry, has been found powerless of even maintaining the purity of life within their own ranks. In the course of time the pretended moral reformers needed themselves a reformatory purging. Rapacity, voluptuousness, intrigues and all kinds of moral perturbations, flourishing in some of these sequestered dens of pretended holiness, whose pseudo-sanctuaries often served as places of rendezvous for profligacy, frequently made the interference of worldly powers necessary.

Notwithstanding all this, the cloisters, undoubtedly, even they, had once their sphere of usefulness in the evolution of humanity. Once upon a time they constituted centers of learning and industry, schools of art and science, and ministrants to the nobler instincts of human nature. Magnificent translations and transcripts of valuable literary works were accomplished by learned monks, and the libraries of the cloisters were often found to be repositories

of ancient learning, which, through this safe-keeping, were safely tidied over the surging rapids of the stream of time. Luther, who in the Vulcan-blows he leveled at the Roman papacy, shook the very foundation of the cloisters, was himself a monk, and had inside the inclosures of these institutions found the means of construing the formidable artillery with which he was to shoot a *breche* in the clerical intrenchment of the Roman church.

But in the sweep of human progress a constant displacement of means and methods of usefulness is carried on. Only when a movement is introduced at the right time, in the right place and in the right spirit, does it fill an evolutionary office. As in the ceaseless march of evolution new phases and aspects continually are brought to the front, the instrumentalities for human progress, in order to meet the new needs of life, must evince ever higher capabilities of adaptation and application. The cloisters failing to recognize this law of evolution, persisted in discharging their outlived functions, and when no longer able to advance with the world, propose to call this world to a halt. For centuries the phenomenal strength of this formidable clerical amalgamation actually seemed capable of carrying out the task. The world ceased to move for a season. But powerful as the church was, she had yet finally to yield to the pressure of undercurrents over which she had no control. Quietly, but resolutely, the people over which she held her dominion, one by one, released their necks from her yoke and turned their liberated faculties into new and more fruitful endeavor.

The cloister is displaced. Her functions are successfully supplanted by the phenomenal development in modern times of institutions of culture in all domains of thought and intelligence. Universities, colleges, public libraries, parochial schools, scientific bodies, clinics and hospitals, and the avalanche of manufacturing establishments have filled the functions of the cloisters. No longer useful, the cloisters became hurtful, as whatever is not for progress is against it. Refusing to retire voluntarily from the field of action, the cloisters had to be forced to surrender; and so

commenced that far-reaching, world-stirring conflict between a *new movement struggling for its right to live*, and an *old, trying to escape a natural death*. The vital processes exhibited in the evolution of society resemble very much those at work in the evolution of nature; any obstacle found in its course is speedily rendered harmless by isolation. Thus, for instance, when an alien substance is found in the human organism, a cell-wall is immediately built up around it, followed by its ultimate expulsion from the system. A rational study of the history of the cloisters will disclose a similar process now at work in their relation to society. So far, so good. But the so often exhibited in history craftiness and diplomatic subtlety of the cloisters, have endowed them with almost protean characteristics. Defeated under one guise, they immediately reappeared under another, ever continuing to serve the cause of papacy and clerical despotism. Gradually realizing the precariousness of their position as spiritual administrators, the cloisters headed by the Jesuits changed tactics and entered with great vivacity the arena of modern industrial life, engaging in industrial enterprises such as factories, mining, banking, contracting of railroads, telegraphs, etc. The sanctuaries of old, where the monks once sold salvation to penitent souls, are rapidly turned into sale-stores for manufactures.

This departure from the spiritual to the temporal field of action is an exceedingly clever move of the monks on the political chess-board. If not checked anew, their baleful influence on the evolution of society will again be felt. As industrial powers they are already *sans concours*—their religious influence procuring them immunity from taxation and tariff. It lies in the nature of things that under such conditions any competition from secular industrial enterprises not favored by similar privileges is likely to be frustrated. The hostility which the people of Spain harbor toward the cloisters is, in the main, due to these conditions. Again and again the representatives of secular Spanish industries petitioned the government of that country to levy adequate taxes on the

clerical cloister-industries, but so far without success. The following is a short extract from one of these petitions:

"Spain has become transformed into an enormous cloister. The clerical societies unburdened from taxation and tariff engage with triumphant success in industries of perfumeries, bookbinding, printing, brewing of beer, distilling of liquors, soap and shoe factories, etc. Their immunity from taxation placing them safely above the reach of competition."

Another petition refers to the anything but Christian treatment which the clerical manufacturers administer to the devotees. The latter impelled by religious considerations are made to give their work to these cloister industries for mere board and lodging. Children are largely employed in the factories and pressed to the utmost, working over-hours with the mere pittance of a meagre board in compensation. Even from France such complaints have come, and the church has felt the pressure of the general indignation, to the extent that not long ago the bishops themselves sent a writ of remonstrance to the Pope, in which the "Sisters of the Good Shepherd" were accused of having subjected the fatherless and motherless infants left in their care, to "the most cruel exploits."

Free from taxation, and receiving their work almost for nothing, it is easy to realize that the clerical industries are capable of turning out enormous dividends, which immediately are used for Jesuitical propaganda. Heavy sums are vested in political schemes and in efforts to resist the tidal wave of popular education.

The object ever held in view by the leaders of these societies and their industrial pursuits, is the subordination of the state to the church. The civic laws and statutes of the countries are mostly ignored by these moral freebooters, who utilize every opportunity to mystify the state authorities. Thus, while some of the more pernicious Jesuitical societies are by law forbidden to exist in Portugal, Spain, Italy and France, there seems to be nothing to prevent these very societies from leading a most flourishing existence

in the countries mentioned. Of the one thousand five hundred and seventy clerical societies at present existing in the French Republic, seven hundred and forty-four have no legal authority whatever. Since the Dreyfus scandal, the French government, realizing the extent of unscrupulousness to which the Jesuitical societies have resolved to carry out their plans, held a closer watch over this movement. M. Waldeck Rousseau, in his great speech in the French Senate, made the expression that "if on the one hand the impudence and villainy of the Jesuitical power had been more daring, and on the other hand the French government had exercised less vigilance and determination, France would unavoidably have been plunged into a civil war!" The new ordinance passed in consequence of the Dreyfus affair deals rigorously, though justly, with the Jesuits, by placing their societies under the immediate supervision of the state—a measure which will prevent these bodies from continuing the baleful influence held over the youth of France, in whose fertile minds they have been sowing the seed of ruthless and fanatic hatred to every religious and moral concept not in conformity to their own.

In Spain and Portugal are similar legislative measures under preparation, and even Italy is evincing a tendency to follow in the wake. Whether Austria has courage to advance with the rest, remains to be seen, as the pressure of the clerical power weighs heavily on this government. The same fatal pressure is felt in Germany where, in the *Reichstag*, the *Catholic Center* reveals powerful undercurrents. A clerical movement has been set *en scerie* for the suspension of the lately passed Restriction Bill, through which the spread of the cloisters and Jesuitical orders are placed within certain limits.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that Germany at present suffers more from the clerical power than do Italy, Spain and France. Thus, for a few months ago, the *Wiener Reichs-post* made a statement apparently based on reliable statistics, that the clerical and Jesuit societies found in Germany relatively

outnumber those of the same character found in Austria. While Austria, with a Catholic population of 36,000,000, has something like 36,000 members of organized clerical orders, the German empire, with its Catholic population of 18,000,000, has over 33,000, showing the gain by the Jesuits in the latter country by more than fifty per cent. This fact is taken close account of in foreign clerical journals which praise Germany for "her tolerance and liberty of religious belief" in suffering the spread of a religious movement, in itself destitute, on any principle or instinct of tolerance. A growing sentiment of the true character of this movement seems, however, to begin to make itself felt and realized in the popular consciousness in Germany, and the legislative power of the *Reichstag* regards the "priest question" and the increase of clerical orders as a matter of greatest importance both from an ethical and politico-social point of view.

The public statement made a few years ago in the Austrian "House of Lords" by the Cardinal and Prince—Archbishop Schwarzenberg—at the passage of the "Kloister-Gezetz," has an undermeaning of ominous import to all lovers of mental and spiritual progress. "In the warfare against sin," the Archbishop said, "the Holy Church possesses cloisters and secret orders which constitute her forts and armories, and on the proper equipment and maintenance of which she places the greatest stress. For, like every other power engaged in war the church, behind the protective walls of these fortifications, disciplines her young warriors for successful warfare, and it will be from these fortifications that forces will be marshaled, which, at the proper time, are to meet the 'enemy' in open battle."

This tactic holds good wherever Jesuitical societies are permitted to carry on their dark, light-shunning schemes. The history of civilization has been the history of the conflicts taking place between the forces of light and forces of darkness, between religious and secular freedom, and Jesuitical enslavements. Yet it is to be hoped that the eloquent words of John Fiske, the famous

scientist and historian, did not only express a deep, personal conviction, but also a historically realizable truth, when he said: "I hardly need argue that no revival of the methods of Catholicism is ever to occur, except as the concomitant of a wholly improbable retrogression of society toward the barbaric type." Of the latter alternative we need reasonably harbor no fear.

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

Irony is the salt of existence; it enables us to tolerate beautiful sentiments, which, without it, would be too beautiful. —*Daudet*.

Great authors are born of great successes. —*Orville Dewey*.

Persistent persons begin their successes where others end in failure. —*Edward Eggleston*.

When a person falls in a rage let him be silent. —*Koran*.

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought, go out from us thronging every hour; in them is a power folded up which moves them to and fro over the earth; and the marvels which they work are mighty on hearts that we do not know and which may never know. —*Faber*.

Heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed that man shall always stand in need of man. —*Theokritos*.

The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me:—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see everything and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one. —*Ruskin*.

When man is born to take action upon this material plane, he then possesses a dual nature—the outer and inner. All creation implies the taking on of a material form as an adjunct to a pre-existent form. Material nature is, as it were, a veil connecting essential being. —*D. E. Wagenhals*.

Every man's work is superficial till he has learned to content himself with the approbation of a few. —*Renan*.

THE ONE FALSE NOTE.

I dreamed I stood where only God had stood,
And viewed with His all-seeing eye the limitless expanse
Which we call space. Before me and around
On every side was spread the universe,
Sublime! Majestic! Grand!

And through this mighty field of space,
This trackless sea without a shore,
A countless myriad of worlds did move
With one accord; and each one seemed to say:
"This is harmony."

And as I looked, the grandeur and the awe
Of this divine arena swept through all my soul
With such o'erwhelming force that I could look
No longer on the spectacle sublime, but hid
Mine eyes and prayed.

But though no sound could break the calm
Of that great silence, yet it seemed to me
That through my soul a mighty anthem pealed
Such as no ear could bear, and to myself I said:
"This is the 'music of the spheres.'"

And then again I looked, and searched with piercing gaze,
Until at length amid the galaxy of greater worlds
I did discern that tiny speck which we call earth,
Where I myself had passed my life thus far,
In careless ignorance.

Only a grain of dust it now appeared to me,
 As, floating in that sea of light, it onward rolled
 In unison with all the vast array,
 Seeming to do its own small part as though
 That part were all.

Again I closed my eyes to meditate upon
 The mighty scene of harmony sublime
 Which filled my soul with strange new thoughts
 Of God, and God's great plan of love and peace,
 But most of all—of harmony.

Yet through these thoughts, which seemed to lift
 My spirit on the wings of joy and hope until
 It touched the universal mind and felt
 Its oneness with this mighty whole, there ran
 A strain of *sorrow* and of *shame*.

For I could not forget that nowhere else
 In all the grandeur of that universal chime,
 In all that infinite and eternal song of worlds,
 Nowhere in God's great symphony could any jarring note be found,
 Save only in the heart of Man!

ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

The greatest of all things is a reverent piety and religion; and;
 on the other hand, the greatest of all evils is impiety.

—*Julian the Emperor.*

There is an idiom of truth beyond the imitation of falsehood:

Absolute certainty is unattainable even by the very best historic
 evidence.

—*Freeman.*

SOME SYKO CONVERSATIONS.

No. 1.

CHARACTERS:

A little plant and its syko.

SCENE:

A wayside pool. A naturalist is very carefully thrusting his hand into the water in search of plunder for his microscope. He is looking for a certain tiny plant called a Desmid. He has had warm discussions with his brother naturalist as to whether a Desmid is a plant or an animal and now he desires specimens for further study.

DESMID (at the bottom of the pool)—Oh dear, I tremble with fear. A great mass is moving under me, lifting me up out of the water; I shall die.

SYKO—No, you will not die. You will soon find yourself quite comfortable in another pool of water, in what is called a tumbler.

DESMID (crossly)—Who are you and what do you know about it, anyway?

SYKO—I'm a very near relative of yours. In fact, I am your psychic factor.

DESMID—In the name of all that's fit to eat, what is that?

SYKO—Oh, it's only a hard name for a very simple matter. You can call me Syko for short. I'll explain it to you. People who are making a study of you don't know whether you are a plant or an animal. They declare you to be a one-celled little creature, with one body. In short, that you are a single-you, while in fact you are a double-you. Now this is of much more importance than whether you are a plant or an animal, and *I* am your other you. This mistake the students have made, namely: That you are only a single you, quite throws them off the scent, and in the meantime they are hunting me down with a pack of the worst-sounding names you ever heard. They used to call you *awful* names.

DESMID—I don't care a drop what they call me. What are they going to do with me, that is the question.

SYKO (soothingly)—Now don't fuss. They will put us into a pool of water with glass sides; then they will stand the pool in a warm, bright place in the window. Now I have what is called a "sunshine sense." This will help us to find the warmest, brightest spot in the pool,—in fact, the best possible quarters for us to get our living in and to get on in the world. It may take a very long time, but I can see a chance that our children's children may one day be eligible to membership in the Society of American Rhizopods.

DESMID (with a sneer)—Oh, indeed; and as you seem to know it all, will you kindly tell me what that last word you used means?

SYKO (graciously)—Certainly, I will tell you. Rhizopods are the recognized first families in the *animal* kingdom.

No. 2.

CHARACTERS:

A Syko and an African ape.

SYKO—Friend ape, friend ape, why will you run on all fours like that?

APE (pausing and looking about him)—That's my business, not yours. Who are you and where are you going, anyway?

SYKO—Oh, ha! ha! Excuse me, but it is irresistible. To see an eagle walk and a monkey run is about as funny a sight as there is to be had. You roll along touching the ground with your fists, first on one side and then on the other like some silly clown.

APE (savagely)—When I find you these same fists will strangle the life out of you.

SYKO (laughing harder)—Oh! ho! that's funnier still. You can't—oh! ho!—you see it's this way: I'm wiser than you, and I happen to know that you possess a two-form body. This is no doubt news to you, but, ape, learn to know thyself. One of your forms or bodies is of flesh, the other is of mind. That's me. Your fists have no power over me. That is the awful mistake humans make; they

think they can kill themselves, when they can only kill a part of themselves.

(The ape starts off on a swift run.)

SYKO—Hold on; that's no use. You can't run away from me, any more than you can get rid of your skin. I am the best friend you have in the world; and as that friend it is my bounden duty to see that you rise in the social scale. In fact it is my business to teach you how to be less of an ape and more of a man.

APE (pausing and growling)—If I can't kill you, and I can't run away from you and you will go on talking, I suppose——

SYKO—Exactly. You must listen and I hope you will profit by my instructions.

APE (savagely)—You need not think to make me like the tame men of the cities; I hate them.

SYKO—Of course you do, but I will tell you how to be more like the wild men of the woods. They are not so bad. My first duty is to show you how to carry yourself in better form. Ahem—let me see. We will begin with position. Just let go of the ground with your front hands, will you? Now stand on your hind hands, with head and body more erect, palms down, chest out, straighten your knees; that's better. Now take a deep breath; keep up your shoulders; shut your mouth; now breathe; now walk—slow, slow. That's good. (Ape sways unsteadily.) Ah, I see you need a cane. Here is a stout branch; break it off; that's the way. Now put one end of it on the ground and hold onto the other end. There, do you not see how easy it is to walk? Using your hind hands in this manner will after a time develop them into flat feet and you will then soon come into the possession of regulation toes.

APE—However, then, am I to climb trees?

SYKO—Oh you soon will not want to climb trees; all of your interests will be on the ground floor, so to speak. If you will do as I tell you, and see to it that your children and grand-children constantly practice the exercises I give you, there will one day be a marked change in those of our race who come after us. Their arms

will grow shorter and their fingers shorter and their thumbs longer, and then the wild men of the woods will not be able to distinguish the sons and daughters of our race from their own relations.

APE (getting down on all fours and speaking in a determined tone)—May such a change never come to the children of my race. The sons and daughters of the wild men would catch them and make them labor. No, no; better leave things as they are. I can run now four times as fast as a man. Why should I learn to walk? Walking is too slow.

SYKO (soothingly)—Now, don't look on the dark side of this matter. The blackest cocoanut has sweet milk inside. If the children of your race must work for the wild men, they will learn much they do not now know. After a time they may be able to build huts for themselves, and make warm shirts for themselves out of bark and sew them firmly with a bone needle and sinew. Wouldn't you be proud to see such a day? Now, admit it.

APE—No, no, no! It is quite bad enough as it is. Even now I do not dare to wander into the cities for fear of them putting a poll-tax on me, along with the Jews, Turks and other aliens. Then can't you see, when my great grand-children grow to be so much finer and smarter than I am, they will be ashamed of me and deny that they were ever of my race? No, leave me to run and don't try to turn my front feet into hands, and don't try to make me stand upright.

SYKO (sternly)—Comrade, heed what I say. You will never look upon the sky until you learn to lift your face towards it.

No. 3.

CHARACTERS:

An Inventor and his Syko.

SCENE:

The library of an inventor of electrical apparatus. The fittings of the room are of mediæval pattern. The tracery of the bookcases of geometric design signifies the mysteries of

the rosary, while carved rosewood serpents make their way in graceful curves up the Gothic arches to meet in a cross at the top—typifying the brazen serpent of the wilderness—from a tall clock of like fifteenth century carving, sounds the toll of the midnight hour, of the mid-century year.

The electrician is seated before his library table; on it stands his latest invention. He gazes at it in deep meditation; suddenly there is a faint sound and he springs to his feet, exclaiming: "Joy, joy; the instrument speaks."

SYKO (in faint but distinct tones)—Yes, I am very glad you have perfected this machine. In truth, you have done a greater deed than you know.

INVENTOR (in a tone of astonishment)—I am amazed, not that my machine speaks, but at the very familiar tone and language. I looked for a message in an unknown tongue, which I yet hoped in some way to decipher, but your voice quite reminds me of—

SYKO (interrupting)—Yes, I know what you are looking for; you thought to catch some stray intelligence from the planet Mercury and you caught me instead.

INVENTOR (politely)—I am very glad to have caught, as you say, any intelligent being who will make use of this, my latest invention, as a means of communication. But, pray tell me, who you are, and am I to have the pleasure of seeing as well as hearing you?

SYKO—Well, you see it would be very difficult, in fact I may say quite impossible, for you to see me. It would be fully as difficult as the feat of viewing your own brain. (A little pause.) The real truth is, that I am "your other self."

INVENTOR (amazed)—Bless me, you don't mean it! Then do tell me how does it happen that when I can not see you because you are a part of me, you still can *talk* to me?

SYKO (a little sharply)—Haven't you ever talked to yourself before? Of course you have, many a time, only you didn't know it could be done by machinery. Then, too, this goes way beyond the old way, because it permits self to talk to you. But just think of

the number of times in your life when you have been bothered and bewildered over matters generally. You have gone off to some quiet place and talked it all over with me, and I have always given you the best of advice.

INVENTOR—Dear me, why certainly! But I must admit that your way of putting it sounds as if there was more than one of me, which is not at all a pleasant theory.

SYKO—You need not mind it in the least. There is only one of you, but you have a double, nay, a triple existence. One form of existence is your flesh-body, which is an envelope to your mind-body; that's me,—and I, in turn, am the shell of your spirit-body. You know already pretty much all there is to know about your flesh-body. You have traced it from its simple first form, way back in the animal kingdom, to the intricate form of the human being, until now, you see, you were totally ignorant of my existence, but I am in hopes this machine of yours will interest you in looking up my pedigree. (Gravely.) The life-history of the spirit-body is written in a certain sacred book. You will do well to study it.

INVENTOR—You suggest my looking up your pedigree. How about your grandmother; who was she?

SYKO—Same as yours, of course.

INVENTOR—Did you ever visit at her house?

SYKO—Why man, I went there every time you did.

INVENTOR (suspiciously)—Now just tell me what sort of things she expected of you.

SYKO—Why she used continually, and every day, to call on us to help her move the furniture and rehang pictures.

INVENTOR (relieved)—That settles it. That was surely a house of unrest. Then, too, one room was always being overturned into another for cleaning purposes. The swimming was fine or I would not have staid my vacation through.

SYKO—Yes, she had too many things in her house. Then she was extremely æsthetic in her tastes, and always striving for better effect in line or color-arrangement. And, we must remember, in

criticizing the old days of our grandmother's time, that life was not so simple then as it is now.

INVENTOR—Indeed, it was not. I can well remember how all the labor of the house was done by hand. It took the full round of the week to get through it, with little margin for recreation.

SYKO—However, it was the servant question that brought about the great reform. When the servants grew inefficient and correspondingly exacting, it became absolutely necessary for the housewife to do her own work. This gradually resulted in the adoption of the pneumatic contrivances, with their automatic registers, that furnished cleanliness as easily as heat and light were furnished. Then came the day when even a course dinner could be delivered at the house by the pipe line, delivered in beautiful order, attractive to the eye and the palate, and after it had been served the plates and dishes packed into tin baskets and returned without the labor of cleaning them.

INVENTOR—I did not realize how automatic service had simplified living.

SYKO—But the sorriest feature of the old economy was when its pressure reached down and took in the lives of the children. There was no such thing as childhood in those days. You see, children can hear a Syko voice much quicker than a grown person, but when we were boys you dressed yourself like a man and thought like a man and were filled with a man's ambition.

When at the age of seven you donned a full dress suit, I gave up in despair. I thought I would never be able to speak to you. You see the child-nature, untainted with worldly cares, responds to finer vibrations, which is the condition of my communion with them. (Suddenly.) Look out for that Rembrandt picture. It is going to fall and will damage the things on the shelf.

(The inventor crosses the room, examines the picture and satisfies himself that it is secure, then returns to his seat at the table; there is a crash.)

SYKO—There! I warned you; and while I was trying to save the

vase the picture swung to one side and struck that valuable bowl. I am sorry, but I told you.

INVENTOR (ruefully)—But the picture hung firmly enough; I tried it.

SYKO—Not firmly enough to allow for my being so active just now. You see that sets up more rapid vibrations; this acts like a magnet and affects things lightly placed. But the time is passing and I have not given you my message. You must take up psychical culture.

INVENTOR—Why so?

SYKO—In the first place, to assist in the elevation of character. What a mirror does for your personal appearance will be carried further and deeper. You will see yourself reflected in your friends' minds. It is not the best basis for character-growth, but it is one means of obtaining improvement, and you in turn will be able to read friend or enemy literally like a book. No more chance for undue suspicion or jealousy or misjudgment of any sort. Gossip and Mrs. Grundy will be forever defunct.

INVENTOR—What you say calls to mind the old superstition that the burning of the ear denotes that some one is speaking ill of you. Is it possible to tell in that way?

SYKO—Certainly. Denunciatory vibrations can sting physically.

INVENTOR—And how am I ever to study this art that is to elevate life generally?

SYKO—There has been a book recently published that will give you the needed instruction. It is called "Psychical Culture," a manual of home exercises, showing the best and correct exercises for the development of the psychic faculties. It is published by the manufacturers of the Sense-Extension machines. Then do strive to call me by my right name. I have suffered untold miseries at the hands of the schoolmen. To them I am innerconsciousness, sub-consciousness, sub-ego, subliminal self, physiological factor. Now my name is simply Syko—SYKO—I have even found it restful to be called by the Eastern philosophers an astral body.

INVENTOR (vehemently)—I beg you do not waste the energy that runs this machine on a vain discussion of the degenerate and exploded idea called "astrology."

SYKO—I promise not to waste energy of any kind. You are much more likely to do that yourself. But, let me tell you, the rays from sun and planets have a direct influence upon my nature, the influence being beneficent or malignant according to the angle of the ray. Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Francis Bacon and you, yourself, were born under the same planetary influences, namely: the Zodiacal sign that stands for a deep interest in natural laws.

INVENTOR—Ah, that *is* rather interesting.

SYKO—Now this is the era of delicacy of mechanism. You can make an instrument that will record the influence of planetary rays, and so test the claims of astrology by direct measurement. The whole thing that I am trying to urge you to study is along the line that you have already begun. Record the finer vibrations first and then learn how to use the force that produces them. Why, man, man, there is a power you can attain by which you can dissolve this very machine through which I am speaking. Take it apart, atom by atom, decompose, unmake it, remove it to some distant spot and put it together again, exactly as it is now.

INVENTOR (excitedly)—Perhaps that is the way I am to get my communications from the inhabitants of Mercury—to transport my machine to the planet itself.

SYKO (laughing)—Well, that would be a pretty ambitious bit of labor, but with the attainment of this great power there will come the desire to use it, only for the highest purposes, and the man who can and will find and use this power for the highest possible purpose will indeed rank as the prince of this century of 1900.

INVENTOR—Ah, you inspire me. With you to lead who knows what I may do? but pray tell me why do you style this century any other than that of the twentieth century?

SYKO—Because it is more convenient. A century in history is more or less of a box to hold events and their dates. Why label

the things inside the box one thing and the outside of the box another? Why ticket the Battle of Waterloo 1815, and then say that it occurred in the nineteenth century; I consider the method confusing and unnecessary.

INVENTOR—Oh, I see you are trying to get around the question as to whether the twentieth century began fifty years or fifty-one years ago; but seriously, when did it begin?

(No answer).

INVENTOR—Now for instance, to run back a little to get a better start, when would you say that the year one ended?

(No answer.)

INVENTOR (politely)—Of course if you do not wish to discuss this matter, we will talk of something else.

(Still silence.)

INVENTOR (examining the instrument, exclaims in a tone of chagrin)—The machine has run down. Oh, why did I waste its energy in so foolish a discussion.

MARY LOUISE STRONG.

He who aspires upward and onward must resolutely avoid useless discussions on topics which do not immediately concern him. There will be no fear whatever that in so doing he will run the risk of lagging behind his contemporaries in knowledge of the world; for the development of intuition, which is one of the results of this abstention from "a perpetual state of quarrel and contention," will very soon prove of practical service.

—Arthur Lovell.

He who has art and science has also religion. —Goethe.

The perfection of history is to be disagreeable to every one; all sects and nations would be displeased by an author who told the truth about them.

—Boyle.

Manual labor has been found to be the best foundation for the greatest work of the brain.

—Andrew Carnegie.

The faculties of men supremely great were not implanted by instruction in any school of learning. There are no schools for genius.

—Andrew Carnegie.

DEPARTMENT
OF
INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.*

EDITED BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

I AM PEACE.

I am Peace. No power on earth or hell
Can master me, or the foundations shake,
Of that eternal temple where I dwell.
Though storms beset me, and the whole world quake
With fear, or tidings of foreboding fate,
I rise above them all in calm estate.
For I am imperturbable. I know
That all is well how else the world may seem,
And God is mightier than any foe.
How gruesome or portentous be the dream
My senses see, I know their false attest,
And in the Truth I calmly wait and rest.
I am where music of the spheres regales,
Where violet vapors float like doves of peace
Around my breast, and over purple vales;
Where strident and discordant noises cease,
And whispering voices mingle in soft prayer,
To free the heart from festering fear and care.
I float among the stars, and soar above
The darkling centers of the earth and sky,
Where fury fumes and hate befouls fair love,
And men forever gnash their teeth and sigh.
I cry to all the world, "Let anguish cease,
And hearken unto me, for—I AM PEACE."

H. F.

*Unsigned articles in this department are from the pen of Doctor Frank.
The writers of articles, alone, are responsible for the ideas expressed therein.

DREAM-IMAGES AND AFTER-IMAGES.

"It sometimes happens in the waking state that subjective impressions leave positive and negative images. Thus Féré has stated that he is able to visualize, for example, a red cross so vividly that it is followed by a negative image, showing the complimentary greenish color. Meyer also states that, with closed eyes, he evoked, in the middle of the dark visual field, the image of a silver stirrup, and on opening his eyes continued to see before him the same image, only dark instead of light. He observed similar phenomena after dream-images. Thus he dreamed that he was walking on the edge of a dark canal when he was suddenly attacked by a light-yellow little dog that barked and tried to bite him. The dreamer awoke in fear, and on opening his eyes continued to see the dog-image of his dream, except that its color was dark instead of light. Burdach tells us in his "Physiology" that he dreamed that his daughter, who had recently died, was taken up into heaven, and on awakening continued to see with open eyes his daughter's form rising in the air. Gruithuisen dreamed that he saw lightning, and on awakening he actually saw a feeble luminous line which then gave place to a sensation of special blackness. On another occasion he dreamed that he was looking for a book on the shelves of a library; he then awoke, and before his eyes the backs of the volumes continued to pass from left to right. A similar case has been recorded by Strumpell of a lady who dreamed that a coffin was in her room and that a mass of blue flowers was lying on it. Awakening at the moment she continued to see both coffin and flowers.

"It has happened me on several occasions to see, with open eyes, on awakening, the images of my dreams; and under such circumstances I have observed that the chief condition for preserving the dream-image on awakening is to avoid changing the direction in which the eyes are turned. It thus appears that we may continue to see the image we saw in dream if we awake at the moment of a distinct and vivid dream, and if this awakening is produced without

shock or movement, the eyes retaining the direction that they had in sleep when gazing at the image. Consequently, the cases in which one may best see the dream-image on awakening are those in which the dreamer is aroused by the influence of the dream itself, and on awakening is neither deafened by noise nor dazzled by light, so that on opening his eyes he naturally remains in the same position which he occupied during the interrupted dream. The slightest movement of the head or eyes dissipates the image."

M. DE MANACEINE (*Physiology of Sleep*).

I present the above, apropos of my article in the May issue on "Photographing the Soul." It may be that some time these very mental images will become our permanent property, if we wish to preserve them. Just as our spoken words are now preserved, and even the intonation of the voice, in the phonographic record, so sometimes every flitting image of the mind may be caught and imprisoned in the photographic camera.

THE HUMAN BODY AND THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE.

Society is naturally organized as much as is the human body. We do not commonly appreciate this fact, for we are wont to regard a human being as an individual and society as a community of human units. But as a matter of fact, each human being is himself constituted of a myriad of individual lives, and all together they constitute the so-called individual merely because they are harmoniously related. The functions of the human body are the result of the correlation established between its infinite cells and specialized organs. Biologists tell us that originally each cell constituted an independent life, and even to this day carries in its tissues the registered effects of its antecedent history. Only as these infinite lives or individualities come together in some co-operative relation do they establish an individual organism; but such precisely is society. Each human individual constitutes a separate life, and is a valuable feature in the social order only as he

is related to the entire social body. Society could not exist without the individual; neither could the individual long exist without society. Man thrives only as he lives in communities.

The organs of society are very much the same as those of the human body. The body has its blood and the circulatory system. So has society, namely: its systems of exchange and transportation. The body has its heart, the great manufacturer of life-forces and materials; and so has society its manufactories of textile fabrics and industries for the production of the necessities of life.

The body has its great nerve-system and ganglionic centers; and so has society, namely: its great centers of commerce and industries, and its central points for the distribution of material product and intelligence. The body has its brain and electric will-force; so has society as represented in its great educational and publishing institutions and newspaper press.

All of these functional organs are more highly developed and specialized in the later and better developed states of civilization, just as they are in the individuals of the later stages of evolution. Even special particulars of functional resemblance may be pointed out. For instance, the blood of the human body consists of red and white corpuscles, whose functions are specialized. The red corpuscles are devoted to rehabilitating the wasted tissues and building up the material elements of the organism, while the white corpuscles are the police force driving out all vitiating intrusions of foreign and unassimilable substances. Precisely so in society: the industrial elements are the red blood of the social organism, manufacturing the necessities of life which are wasted in the common consumption; while the ever-present moral and reformatory elements of society are their white corpuscles, always on the alert to sound the alarm at the intrusion of any new elements of danger which may threaten the social order.

It is clear to see from these illustrative parallels that society is as closely compacted an organism as is the human body. The illustration might be extended much farther, even as to the especial

functions of individual organs, and it would be seen that each of them has its counterpart in the social body. The only object in drawing these comparisons and undertaking to prove that society is an organism, as is the human body, is to demonstrate that each individual is as essential to the entire body as is each element of the human body essential to its existence. It is plain that if even a minute cell in the human organism is affected pathologically, in some degree the entire body is affected similarly.

If a single cell is diseased, to that degree the entire body is diseased. So if even a single individual in the entire social organism is denied his rightful privileges, as a citizen or member of the social order, to that degree the entire social organism is disaffected and its largest freedom and development limited. When groups of organs, however, are affected, then the disaffection of the entire social body is more apparent. If any one part of the human body is maimed or diseased, the entire body is proportionally abused. If the foot is destroyed, eye and the heart are also to that degree affected. Thus in society, if the most menial of the race is the subject of injustice or remedial wrong, to that degree the entire body social is pathologically affected. If the most obscure member of society be diseased, to that degree society is diseased. How startling must the result be when entire groups and vast sections of mankind are the immediate subjects of injustice, and scatter throughout the social atmosphere the diseases of poverty, degradation, degeneracy and deterioration.

"THE GOLDEN RULE."

It is now commonly admitted by scholars that Jesus was not the first moral preceptor who enunciated the Golden Rule, although he may have been the first who emphasized its positive qualities in distinction from its negative possibilities. Of course there is a vast difference between the saying of Jesus, "Whatsoever things ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them," and that of Rabbi Hillel, who said, "Do not unto others that which it

would be disagreeable to thee to experience thyself." The saying of Hillel would put us on our guard merely against hurting the feelings of others and thus avoiding harm; whereas, the saying of Jesus would enjoin upon us the desire to assist others in all conditions wherein we ourselves would desire to be assisted. But it seems to me that not much is gained either for scholarship or morals in the mere discussion of the priority of the proclamation of the Rule, whether in its positive or negative character.

A greater question, and one involving the very essence of ethics, and to that extent the moral progress of the race, is whether the command involved in the Rule is the highest of which the human mind could conceive, and whether if Jesus were the exalted spiritual teacher that he is said to have been he could not have materially improved upon it. Modern teachers seem to have overlooked the all-important question whether the Rule is of universally beneficial application, and whether if it were followed by all classes of people it would not lead to a final destruction of morals. If this result should follow a closer study of its injunction then it would be clear not only that Jesus was not the greatest possible teacher of the race, but that he had indeed failed to enunciate a final and universal rule for the ethical guidance of humanity. After considerable investigation of the problem I am driven to the conclusion that in this regard Jesus has failed and a greater teacher may yet be looked for.

To begin with, it is a correct conclusion to state that the positive character of the Rule is a safer guide for the race than the negative? Was the putting of the Rule by Confucius and by Hillel a less useful declaration than the positive phrasing of it by Jesus? The negative injunction, at least, prevents injury to another, because no man ever wishes to be the subject of harm. Negative selfishness always results in positive benefit, for it fastens man's attentions upon his own injuries from which he desires to escape. Therefore, the Confucian and Hillelian command is at least devoid of the possibility of conferring moral deformities on the race if obeyed.

But this is likewise true of the positive injunction? "All things whatsoever ~~that~~ ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them," is founded in positive selfishness, and is, therefore, a dangerous rule to make for universal application. The rule is a noble one for one who is nobly developed; it is the foundation of virtue for one who is virtuous; it is the fundamental inspiration to patriotism for those who unselfishly love their country. But does it apply with equal safety to that larger portion of the race which is as yet but partially developed in ethical principles and virtuous aspirations?

Study the criminal, for instance, with the Golden Rule to his advantage. Be he a thief, who prowls in the night with the hope of purloining the property of others, it is his highest wish that he go undetected, and if arrested that he be released without further annoyance. When, therefore, the thief is called upon to apply the Rule *he would insist that thieves, robbers and marauders should go unpunished and unhampered by law, courts of justice or the police.* Should thieves, then, be in control of the State they could, on the ground of the Golden Rule, put such a policy in authority, in that as thieves they desire to go undetected, unmolested and unpunished. The first great social principle of civilization, therefore, the protection to life and property, would be annulled by a strict and literal application of the teaching of Jesus.

Again, what does a mendicant more desire than that everybody who has money, food and raiment shall divest himself of such possessions for his unearned and unmerited benefit? To the beggar, then, the golden rule would mean that every Rockefeller, Carnegie and Huntington, should straightway disburden himself of his weight of gold and make of him their immediate beneficiary. If Rockefeller were a beggar he would wish this as earnestly as the sorriest mendicant on the streets. Therefore Rockefeller, rich, should do unto the beggar as Rockefeller poor would desire that he should do. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." Thus the next great principle of

civilization and progress, namely, ambition, acquisition and the aggrandizement of the individual would be shattered by the literal application of the Golden Rule. And what would virtue be in the light of this teaching? The virtuous man will, of course, be assisted by it, for his promptings are toward the nobler art of morals. But what of the vicious, intriguing and malicious man? He who desires to molest the home of another, to shatter its peace and domestic purity,—what does he more desire than that when perchance he is overtaken in his crime, the innocent victim shall not punish him but shall wink at his escapade and mayhap assist him in his further machinations? Thus by a literal application of the Rule, the very foundations of domestic purity and social integrity would be undermined. It is manifest, therefore, that this rule must be modified, that it is not applicable in its literal sense to all conditions of the race, and that for the larger part of humanity the safer interpretation of the principle involved would be the negative form as expressed by former sages.

I am not intending in one whit to derogate from the glory and supremacy of Jesus Christ as a teacher and Savior of the race, but I must insist that even the declarations of God himself cannot go unchallenged by the intelligence of the age if they conflict with its moral instinct and rational powers. In my judgment the hour has arrived, not for the mere academic or inconsequential discussion whether Jesus was the first or the last to enunciate the Golden Rule, in whatever form, but the Rule itself must be called into the court of reason and prove whether it is a universally safe and justifiable guide for the morals of mankind. Because this Rule is hoary with age is no reason why it should not be subjected to rational analysis. We know that society, as at present constituted, is not founded on the Golden Rule as commonly understood. As society is now constituted, each person desires everybody else to treat him according to his selfish wishes, while he is unwilling to accede to the selfish wishes of others. What Jesus seems to have meant by the Golden Rule may, perhaps, be thus expressed,

"Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do you even so unto them, provided ye all become as gods, and perfect as is your Father which is in heaven."

PREACHMENTS FROM THE MOUTH OF MT. PELEE.

All civilized mankind are to-day pale and horrified in the presence of one of the most appalling disasters that has darkened the pages of earth's history. Human language is inadequate to describe it; the imagination of those at a distance is insufficient to conceive it. Yea, even to the handful of the rescued the frightful scenes through which they have passed must now seem like a half-faded nightmare, leaving little more than a pain in the heart and a scar in the mind that will haunt them to their graves. Forty thousand human lives, and more, literally swallowed up by the gaping earth and the boiling sea, or encysted in hot sheets of lava and choked to instantaneous death by whirlwinds of sulphurous smoke and blinding showers of burning ashes and debris! Who can conceive it? who can realize it? At such times the truly devout, with bated breath, must cry with the old Psalmist: "What is man that thou art mindful of him; or, the son of man that thou visitest him?"

To me, one of the saddest, one of the most pitiable of all the terrible scenes described, was that which narrated the wild, frantic rush of the simple-minded devotees of the church through the cathedral doors and around the altars of God, beseeching Him for his protection and deliverance. Oh, what terrible thoughts must have run through their minds—the minds of these simple, almost primitive religious folk, who literally believed that the arm of the Lord could be lengthened to deliver them from this indescribable fate! And when he came not, when they went down in that awful sea of bubbling lava and boiling water, if consciousness survived but one moment, how wantonly must their simple faith have been swept away, while blank horror seized their crazed and rebellious minds.

But we who are unaffected save by a wave of profound sympathy, may well think calmly of the meaning of it all, and try if we can to fit this unspeakable horror into our philosophy of life. First of all, we cannot but be mindful of how little weight in itself the immensity of human life is as compared with the infinite worlds and forces that ply through universal space. Time was when our theological forbears taught us that God's one only and constant business was the supervision of man's affairs, which were indeed of such infinite consequence that God arranged the laws and processes of Nature with reference to them. Time was when such disaster would be construed as Divine interventions pronouncing judgment upon those afflicted and destroyed. But to-day we smile at such puerilities. We realize that God is not a Somewhat outside of nature, but that whatever He is He must be involved in and one with nature, else there is in the universe neither rhyme nor reason, logic or assuring certitude. We have stopped sweeping the spiritual heavens with long-ranged telescopes, hoping to catch a real glimpse of some personal Deity, and have learned to discern him in the whole drama of existence—in the order of nature, the laws and processes of the Cosmos, in the stately march of human progress and the grandeur of the moral law. We do not now ask: "Who has sinned that he must needs endure the judgment of the Lord;" but we seek only the apparent end toward which the trend of human and divine events impell.

In the presence of such a disaster as this what are all the weak promises of an irrational religion or the prophecies of irresponsible rhapsodists? It is vain, utterly vain, to assume the stability of the existing universe. We do not really know what the final intention of nature may be. We only know that at present the conserving tendency of natural processes is paramount, and that in all probability this tendency will infinitely continue. But to say that it is a foregone conclusion that it will so continue; to say that because alleged revelation declares that it will continue or that modern science intimates the same, it may, therefore, be accepted as an

axiom, is to make a mockery of religion and run counter to the most elementary scientific conclusions. When we realize that our little globe is but as a grain of sand swinging in the vast void; that there are also countless millions of formed or still forming worlds thus oscillating, like myriad pendulums suspended by invisible chords, covering comparatively but minute arcs in the infinite circumference, and that the slightest jar or deflection, even to the thousandth fraction of an inch, would neutralize if not destroy the stability of the universe, it seems not only absurd, but most presumptuous to postulate anything positive concerning the fate or final status of the world.

When we know that whole planets have been shattered in the process of world-formations; when we are taught that the hundreds of minute orbs that constitute the asteroids are either the remnants of a once shattered planet or the slowly gathering sections developing the formation of a new planet or constellation; when we survey the blazing wonders that recently flared through the heavens in the constellation of Perseus, which some construed, although perhaps rashly, as the birth of a new world leaping from a womb of flame; when we appreciate the occasional proximity of truant and unharnessed comets whose exact course cannot always be computed; when we apprehend the possibility of myriad meteorites falling upon the earth whose weight would be incalculable and whose crushing momentum might shatter a continent,—we would indeed be wise if we were modest in our religious or scientific forecasts as to the fate of this globe and of the millions of human beings who inhabit it. As compared with appalling possibilities, the present disasters—the bursting of Mount Pelee and La Soufriere, the swallowing of Lisbon or the catastrophe of Vesuvius—are but little more than the bursting of a bubble on the ocean's surface compared with the wrecking force of a raging tempest. What is the destruction of 40,000 people compared with the demolition of the entire globe, its billions of inhabitants, its centuries of civilization, its age-developed harmony, beauty and perfection?

But who can deny that this dire and unspeakable event is within the range of the possibilities of nature? Some think this globe was destroyed once,—if not, indeed, many times,—in the infinite centuries that have glided into irrecoverable oblivion. Who, then, shall be rash enough to forecast the horoscope of this planet's future?

Are, then, my conclusions pessimistic and destructive of rational faith? I think not. I propose to point the way to a clear and hopeful faith that shall rest on scientific knowledge. We shall, in future civilizations, cease to fly to God or any imaginary Power for rescue in times of disaster. We shall learn that man, himself, is the only deliverer, and that rescue from every approaching catastrophe shall be the boon of his own superior intelligence. Man shall save humanity and the globe by himself stealing from the heart of nature her inmost secrets and utilizing them for the benefit of the race. The time must surely come when man shall know so well all the laws of the universe and what are now her mysterious methods that he will as easily forestall an earthquake, a volcanic eruption or a tidal wave, as now he foresees the approaching storm and warns in time all outgoing vessels, or foretells eclipses and obscurations in the solar system. Man must learn to have faith not only in God but in the possibility of making nature his absolute friend.

This is the age of science, and while such destructive catastrophes as this Caribbean horror demonstrate the comparatively paltry knowledge man yet has of the powers and possibilities of nature, they also show to him from what depths of darkness he has ascended, where once universal ignorance and disaster prevailed, and prove his destiny to forge ahead through fortune and misfortune, till all the so-called mysteries of existence are laid bare to his keen intelligence and analytic apprehension. Knowledge only is a true ground-work for religious faith. Blind faith that flies in the face of facts and scientific discovery and clings frantically to a creed that was constructed when men were more ignorant than are

the school children of to-day, must vanish forever from the convictions of the future. If we cannot have a religion which is in absolute harmony with the legitimate conclusions of scientific discovery, if we must have a faith that constantly belies the experience of man and the manifest intimations of nature, then it were better that we had none at all. But the glory of our era is, that it has shown that true religion does not conflict with true science; knowledge and faith may go hand in hand, provided faith looks forward to increasing knowledge. But it must be knowledge of nature, knowledge of truth, knowledge of fact; not imaginary knowledge or mere vain dreaming.

IDEAL SOCIALISM.

The socialism which is commonly animadverted upon by the popular agitator is not necessarily that social state which shall ultimately prevail. No man can forestall the future, and that genius does not exist that can catalogue the virtues of a coming society or draw the sociological map of coming ages.

The human mind can but grasp tendencies, natural prophetic indications of approaching states of civilization, and from these he may logically draw certain conclusions. The ideals of socialism which fascinate the dreamers of the race are not those which forestall a future slavery, but those which prophesy equality and justice to all. Nevertheless, in order to reach this larger attainment of universal equality, it may be necessary for the race to be subjected to future states of slavery, that through such discipline it may evolve to a proper sense of sympathetic brotherhood and justice.

It is manifest that there are to-day two diverse tendencies which are apparently equally strong and are contending for the supremacy. The one is the tendency toward the centralization of wealth in the hands of the privileged few and the subjection of the masses to the control of corporate power, and the other is the rise of independence among the wage-earners, seeking to wrest this power from the capitalistic forces and wield it themselves. I insist

that in the present stage of civilization it would be more dangerous to have the lower and less-educated class secure and wield the tremendous power of wealth than the present privileged few. By the force of public sentiment the few can be controlled and urged to use their acquired wealth for the benefit of the needy. But if the undisciplined and uneducated masses to-day should secure the power of wealth, it goes without saying that they would pervert its uses through selfish indulgence and menace the safety of society through the impulse of vengeance and natural hatred of their present superiors.

I insist that to-day the poor are as responsible for the existence of enormous concentration of wealth in the hands of the few as are the rich. The poor envy and hate the rich merely because of their wealth. They are jealous; revengeful. In short they are covetous.

The existence of wealth itself and all its possibilities is the cause of the mutual antagonism between the classes of rich and poor.

As long as the poor will pay their obeisance to the rich merely because of their wealth, cringe and scrape and obsequiously courtesy when a pompous money-bag passes them on the highway; as long as the poor will swarm in crowds of curiosity around the palaces of wealth on the occasion of social functions for no other purpose than possibly to catch a glimpse of the splendor of their royal personages,—so long the poor must be blamed for the existence of immensely wealthy individuals, as well as the rich.

The poor man practically says: "I hate and curse you for your riches, and yet I cannot help worshipping and humbling myself before you merely because you are rich. Why cannot I be rich as well as you? If I cannot enjoy the wealth you enjoy I'll at least try to make it impossible for you to enjoy it. I hate riches in another and yet I covet riches and yearn to possess them myself. Wealth, wealth, its privileges and possibilities are what I covet and shall yet have, even though I must wrest it from you."

While this spirit prevails among the poor, they are as blamable

as the rich. The spirit that must seize the world before the millennium shall come is indifference to the advantages that accrue from the mere possession of money. Mankind must learn to value genuine merit, whether of brain or brawn, regardless of the possibility of its conversion into a money value. Our motto must be not "Will it pay?" but "Will it profit the heart and soul and life of humanity?"

All things to-day are subjected to the debasing limitation put upon progress by the popular estimate of merit in money values. Art, science, literature, genius, scholarship, the drama, are all thrown into these paltry scales and their value estimated by their weight in gold. How much money can I get out of it? is the abominable cry the meritorious toiler ever hears in the nightmare of his disappointment as he strives to evolve the fruit of his native genius.

When wealth shall be sought after simply for the good it can bring to the race; when men shall be ashamed to possess enormous accumulations of capital for the mere purpose of piling up additional riches; when a man shall feel, after he has acquired large properties that he dare not face his fellow-man if he hide and hoard them; that he will be hounded by the popular ostracism unless he freely squander it for the popular good,—then we may begin to think about the possibilities of such socialism as shall put men on the basis of equality, knowing that having acquired the sense of sympathy and respect for justice their wealth will not distort and debase them but rather uplift and ennoble.

The present century will prove this; not that men shall be run after and idolized merely for their wealth; not that the poor will feel that the few who have become enormously wealthy are their best friends because they have the opportunity of becoming their largest benefactors, but that the rich and the poor alike have come closer together, less envious and less suspicious, because each has lost his exaggerated eagerness for wealth; each shall be more ambitious to be great in deeds of goodness and nobility than in the

possession of mere riches, and whosoever becomes rich through injustice and oppression shall be looked upon as the enemy of the race, and so ostracized by popular disgust that he shall be forced to flee for his life and leave his possessions to the multitude. At that time a man shall be called a robber alike whether he steals your pocket-book or your reputation.

"Good name in man and woman dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Tis mine, 'tis his and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

HENRY FRANK.

LANGUAGE OF THE GOSPEL DISCOURSES.

No criticism has found out in what language the Lord Jesus uttered his discourses. If in Greek, did the Galileans understand Greek? If in Hebrew, the *words* are forever lost; and are we to suppose that what he spoke in Aramæan was brought afterward to the remembrance of the compilers of the Gospels in Greek?

—*Westminster Review*, January, 1865.

THE FIRST TRINITY.

Primary natures are essentially eternal, and such as have not an existence according to the participations of time; but of these is signified an immutable essence which is an inseparable trinity in primary—Being, Life and Intellect.

—*D. E. Wagenhals*.

WHY THE LAW IS NOT ESTEEMED.

The costliness, the delays and the technicalities of our law amount to a denial of justice that is eating deep into the hearts of the people. Only the rich can get justice; only the poor cannot escape it.

—*H. D. Lloyd*.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PHASES OF JUDAISM.

The Rabbi Pereira Mendes, some weeks ago, made several significant utterances to the congregation on West 70th Street. He spoke first of the revised creed of the American Presbyterian Church, declaring that it was a matter with which Jews have nothing to do. "Their resolutions, articles of creed, and reports concern them, not us," said he. "But," he remarked, "as custodians of the Holy Word, and as men and women interested in the Jewish view of any question touched upon, we must keep ourselves and our younger members informed thereon.

"First, as to infant damnation. Such a question from the Jewish standpoint could not be considered. It could not exist; it is so utterly abhorrent and detestable. We do not believe in the eternal damnation of anybody. We believe that the righteous of all creeds have a share in future bliss. Our sages are emphatic in this. But we do not believe that because our first parents fell we must therefore suffer. Children may not, according to the book of Deuteronomy, suffer death through the fault of parents. How much less, then, can we suffer eternal damnation."

On the question of the Sabbath, however, the learned doctor is very positive. A convention of American Rabbis has recently witnessed the novel spectacle of prominent divines pleading for the adoption of Sunday. Dr. Mendes remarks: "As to Sunday observance, we believe in Christians keeping Sabbath reverently. But we do not believe in the keeping of Sunday as Sabbath for these reasons: 1. The Scripture declares that, the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.' 2. The founder of the Christian faith

kept the seventh day Sabbath. 3. To keep Sunday as Sabbath is the honoring of the Nazarene at the expense of the Father. 4. The Sunday Sabbath was made by men."

Rabbi Schaffer, of Baltimore, is even more positive. "Our Sabbath is the most vital part of Judaism," he affirms. "If the Sabbath should be buried, Judaism at large would be dead."

The Convention of American Rabbis was characterized by the pleading of prominent clergymen in favor of the change which their "Portuguese" brethren so earnestly deprecate. "Sentiment must be thrown to the four winds," he declared. "We must realize that it has come to be with us a question of economic and industrial life, or economic and industrial death. We have no right to put aside opportunity to do good for others simply because sentiment demands that we remain idle on a day of activity. No lawyer has a right to place his client's freedom in jeopardy because his sentiment will not permit him to go to court on Saturday. No merchant has the right to imperil his independence by closing his store on the Sabbath.

"There has been much loose talk lately about the tyranny of the Sabbath laws. I am not here to defend the Blue Laws of New England. But I can say that the sound sense behind those narrow and bigoted laws has preserved the manhood of the people. The Sabbath sentiment has thrown around the American workingman the rampart of protection. It has given him what no other laboring man on earth has—the feeling that on one day out of seven he is a free man, free from the shackles of slavery."

Dr. Hirsch then reaffirmed the doctrine that the Sabbath is for man and not man for the Sabbath. "I do not quarrel with the man or woman," said he, "who believes that God in heaven declared that the last day of the week should be set aside as a day of rest and worship. *But the seventh day was not ordained by God as the Sabbath-day. Religion and all its institutions are for men to decide, and not for God.* Religion is for man and not for God. God does not need us. Religion is for man and not man for religion.

"The Sabbath was not made in heaven. It is an institution of earth. It is the outgrowth of the yearnings of the soul. The Jews being in the majority in Palestine set apart Saturday, the seventh day. Yet they might as well have selected Monday or any other day. The Decalogue says that God made the world in six days and rested the seventh. 'God resting is a human figure. Can you conceive of God resting? But it is meant simply that we should take one day of rest—a seventh day.

"For ages the Sabbath of the Jews was the universal Sabbath. Then it was changed to Sunday to make the day—not as a day of rest—but of resurrection. We can not even reconcile ourselves to the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ. Others, however, who do not hold to that belief recognize Sunday as the universal day of rest and observe it as such. The Sunday has become, to all intents and purposes, our day of rest. It lacks only the one element of moral conservation and inspiration.

"*Our* Sabbath is a dead institution. Only the millionaire and the peddler can observe it. The millionaire stays at home and transacts his business over the telephone. In that way he seeks to hoodwink himself, and even to hoodwink God, if God can be hoodwinked. It would be an excellent idea for us to preach in graphophones and let our sermons be sent to the homes of the business men before they start for their places of business on the Sabbath-day. They will never be heard unless we do something of the sort."

"The Sabbath of the Jews is dead. Let us bury it. God never ordained the Sabbath-day. It is an institution of man. The inspiration of the Sabbath can be restored only by participating in the flood of life about us and recognizing as our day of rest the day set apart by the nations in which we live."

Our Hebrew neighbors, it must be acknowledged, are very practical and reasonable in their views. We admire their superior estimate of the divine character. In regard to the Sabbath it is an institution older than Judaism and all its patriarchs. It has outlived its founders. Whether Judaism will perish because it is

perishing, it is idle to guess; but the ulterior result, the establishing of a permanent holiday, transcends all other considerations, and in this matter the American Rabbis are likely to win.

THE CLOUD ON OUR HORIZON.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, gives the following view of the present situation in public affairs: One cloud as big, at least, as a man's hand is visible on the horizon since our war with Spain; a gust of militarism disturbs the clear atmosphere of the nation's life. There has been a yearning for the flesh-pots of barbarism; brute force has been glorified; might has been exalted at the expense of right; the animal struggle for life resulting in the survival of the fittest,—that is, the strongest and most cunning,—has been elevated to the dignity of a law of human conduct, which tends to replace the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule with Clough's formula: "the devil take the hindmost." Patriots, preachers and prophets who proclaim the everlasting glory of peace are treated as weaklings, lacking gall, and pigeon-livered; and war itself is held up as the best school for noble character, a discipline in all virtue and in every perfection.

MOHAMMEDISM MISUNDERSTOOD.

A German missionary who has spent many years among the Moslems declares that the common notions in regard to them are far from true or just. Like the poet Dante, he regards their leader as a sectary rather than as an adversary of Christianity. "Honesty compels every candid student," he insists, "to acknowledge that the old view formerly entertained concerning Mohammedanism, according to which the teachings of the great Arabian prophet are nothing but Devil's doctrines and dogmas, is altogether incorrect. In reality, Mohammedanism is nothing but a rationalistic type of Christianity in the form of a most unfortunate State religion. The times are past when scolding about the Moslem creed as the production of the Devil will satisfy; and the struggle

against Islam on these premises is a failure. Practically all the mission literature that was written against Mohammedanism in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is useless."

EXCERPTS.

The party in place never gives way till the other is ready to make its own terms.

The nineteenth century came into existence with the watch-words Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood; but it failed to realize them.

To impose broad views upon the narrow is one of the things that a party leader exists for.

The want of the time is a leader with the whole cause in him.

Editors have abandoned newspapers, and they have become printed counting-rooms.

Literature requires substance, ideas, knowledge, convictions, or profound impressions—art. Written with the intention of being read, it must possess human interest.

THE HONORABLE FEW.

All honor to the comparative few in every walk of life who, amid the strong materialistic tendencies of our age, still speak and act earnestly, inspired by the hope of rewards other than gold or popular favor! These are our truly great men and women. They labor in their ordinary vocations with no less zeal because they give time and thought to higher things.

It is a general rule in ancient mythology that the birthdays of gods were astrological.

The wish of the bad king to slay the new-child is the specific object of many myths.

HAIL THE KING.

Lift up your heads, ye gates,
And let the King of Glory enter in.
 (Who is the King of Glory?)
Have ye not heard the story
Of love who conquers death, and hell, and sin?
 Behold, he stands and waits;
Lift up, lift up, O gates,
And let the King come in.

When Love is on his throne
He rules his kingdom with a potent sway;
 No brooding curse, nor sorrow,
 Nor dread of the to-morrow
Can cloud the splendor of his perfect day.
 The world is all our own
 When Love is on his throne
And we his law obey.

O, kingdom of the sun !
Kindle within us thy celestial flame,
 In thy still glory living,
 We learn the joy of giving
The good which in thy service we may claim.
 In thee our goal is won,
 O, kingdom of the sun,
We conquer in Love's name.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

A WORD FOR SUPERSTITIONS.

Take any one of what are called popular superstitions and on looking at it thoroughly we shall be sure to discover in it a firm underlying stratum of truth.

EFFECT AND CAUSE.

Morton County, in Kansas, with a population of four hundred, reported that there had not been a case of sickness in the county for a year, and that there was not a practising physician in the county.

WHAT IN AMERICA DISPLEASED THACKERAY.

An American once asked Mr. Thackeray what displeased him most in the ways of individuals in the United States? He promptly replied: "The abuse heaped by the newspapers on one another; and," he added, "it was not cleverly done, with the exception of a Philadelphia editor."

RELIGION.

Cicero derives the term "Religion" from *relegere*, a going over again in thought. Servius and Lactantius form it from *religare*, a binding, and thus, obligation. Hence they made it include worship.

Religious people are the most immoral.

WHAT LITERATURE REQUIRES.

Literature requires substance, ideas, knowledge, convictions, profound impressions, art. It must be written with the intention of being read; in short, it must possess human interest.

A PREHISTORIC ART-GALLERY.

Dr. Capitan has explored a cavern in Combarelles, Dordogne (France), which abounds with specimens of art. Some of them are engraved on the living rock. Out of one hundred and nine figures

are twenty-three horses, three oxen, two buffaloes, three reindeer and fourteen representations of mammoths—the elephants of archaic time. Nineteen of the figures could not be identified. The most curious thing, however, is when these representations were made.

AN OVER-TRUE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

There is a great deal more for medical students of the next (twentieth) century. We put into their hands plenty of failures. We have failed to cure gout, asthma, rheumatism, cancer, consumption and paralysis, without speaking of other "plaguey" diseases which afflict mankind. All that we can do at present is to recommend habits and diet which shall, perhaps, be preventive. We can cure none of these diseases. Will our successors prove more competent than ourselves? —*Sir Walter Besant.*

THE COMING PROPHET.

He must be a man of great intellect and of great love for God and his fellow-men—a great head and a great heart, of great courage and steadfastness also, that he may not quail in the storm that will beat upon him from every side.

It is possible that he may come and go without observation. The Athenians laughed at Plato's *mots*, but they knew nothing of Plato, the philosopher. Copernicus wrote in cryptograms in order that he might conceal himself from his contemporaries. More than one hundred years passed after Shakespeare's death before the world knew that he had lived and written. So God sometimes comes in the thunder and the earthquake and fire as to Moses, and sometimes in the still small voice as to Elijah.

The nature of this reform, we may infer from the past and, indeed, from every epoch-making work of discovery—will be in divine simplicity. All the tendencies of human thought are toward that unity which centres in God. —*The Interior.*

BIBLICAL STORY ALLEGORICAL.

Upon careful examination of their whole national and former Biblical history, from the fall of Adam to the ruin of Zedekiah for disobedience to the king of Babylon, it will be seen that the most prominent feature of it consists in a system of allegories showing the imperative necessity of obedience in a reign of religious and political despotism. The history of Saul and David is apparently allegorical.

—*M. B. Craven.*

Who breathes must suffer, and he who thinks must mourn.

—*Matthew Prior.*

SAVAGERY NOT THE PRECEDENT OF CIVILIZATION.

The theory that modern civilization represents the flower of a growth whose early sproutings we see in savage races, is outworn; and there is at least as much reason to regard savages as decayed relics of past elevation as to consider them the rudiments of future growth. As to our civilization, it is becoming more evident that the arts we have prided ourselves on inventing are in reality but a small *recovered and reconstructed* installment of a far more extensive knowledge possessed by the ancients. The endowments of civilization may possibly in some respects place us above the wilder races that fringe our borders; but, when we compare ourselves with the ancient civilizations from which we are descended, we shall do well to consider if we have not perhaps lost beyond memory more than we have gained in the few centuries of our progress.—*H. T. Edge.*

PLEASURE AND LOVELINESS.

There is no pleasure where the happiness of a fellow-being is endangered, nor is there loveliness in anything where there is either adding or taking from the handiwork of the Most High God.

—*Inscription of Ali, son of Abulfeda to the Princes of the World.*

MAKING OF POETS.

The moral note, of itself, never made a poet. Universality made Shakspeare; imagination and style made Milton; passion and imagination, Shelley; beauty and passion, Keats; passion and romance, Byron; passion and humanity, Burns. Writers who live under restraint never attain the supreme. The faintest idea of fear is enough to put a damper on the creative instinct. The fear of this or that school, this or that critic, this or that belief, puts out the fire of inspiration. The spirit of originality and fearlessness are one.

—*F. Grierson.*

MATERIALISM EVIL IN INFLUENCE.

It is a corrupting doctrine to open a brain and tell us that devotion is a definite molecular change in this or that convolution of gray pulp, and that if man is the first of living animals he passes away after a short space like the beasts that perish.

—*Frederick Harrison.*

HEALTH THE FIRST DUTY.

Get Health. No labor, pains, poverty, nor exercise that can get it must be grudged; for a sickness is a cannibal which eats up all the life and youth it lays hold of, and absorbs its own sons and daughters.

—*Emerson.*

HOW MEDICINES ACT.

All foreign, irritating or poisonous matter—as medicine, powders, etc.—which gets into the system, immediately excites the efforts of the natural excretory apparatus to get rid of them, hence the vomiting, purging actions of the bowels, perspiration, etc. These processes mislead many, among whom are to be found members of the medical profession to the conclusion that poisonous stuffs, “medicine,” produced the effects.

—*F. E. Bilz.*

NOT SYNONYMOUS.

Independence is not synonymous with liberty. They are often confounded, but they are quite distinct.

—*Lyman Abbott.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

IN THE WORLD CELESTIAL. By T. A. BLAND, M.D. With an introduction by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D.D., President of the World's Congress of Religions, Chicago. The Plymouth Publishing Co.

The author of this story is one of the "plain people" that President Lincoln so much admired. He is well known by reputation to all who have opposed the concerted effort of the last half-century to introduce anew the oppressive medical legislation which the American people had so generally repudiated. He has always been one of the most zealous and vigorous champions of all rights and equal opportunity to every one, that ever pleaded before Committees of Congress and State Legislatures. Dr. Thomas says of him: "Those who have known him longest and best esteem him for his high intellectuality, integrity and ability."

Dr. Bland is also a firm believer in immortality under conditions similar to those foreshadowed by Socrates in his famous *Apologia*. He vouches positively for the substantial truth of what he is telling. It is the recital of a man who, while his body is entranced, has visited the several spheres of the celestial world. He there holds familiar discourse with Pearl, his former child-lover, and also with Socrates and other distinguished personages upon the various spiritual and scientific problems that are now engaging the attention of students and thinkers.

Dr. Thomas has given the story an appropriate introduction. "The large and better faith and hope of the new," he declares, "is taking the place of the old. Nor are we called upon to doubt or deny what is real to others, so long as it is within the bounds of the probable and in harmony with the good. . . . This beautiful story will help to give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the sun-lit clime of the world celestial."

THE UNSEALED BIBLE; or, Revelation Revealed, Disclosing the Mysteries of Life and Death. By REV. GEORGE CHAINEY. Vol. I., Genesis, or the Book of Beginnings. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. The School of Interpretation, Chicago.

The claims put forth for this work are equal and similar to those which are usually advanced in respect to the text of the Bible itself. "By means of intelligent conscious seership, similar to that of Swendenborg," it is averred, "Mr. Chainey has arrived at his positive, unshakable conviction that he knows the Final Things and that he bears a Divine commission to give to the world the knowledge of the mysteries of life and death." This volume, the first in

a contemplated series of thirty, is described as introducing new principles and methods that will do much to influence thought and life. It claims to teach the eternal meaning of Revelation, the Knowableness of God, and to be of great value for the awakening and education of the Consciousness. To those who have an aptitude for literature of such a character it offers extraordinary attractions. Like Swedenborg, in the *Arcana Cælestia*, the author takes up portions of chapters and interprets them briefly, giving an esoteric meaning. The method seems to the superficial reader to be arbitrary and imaginative, yet to one who understand the principles underlying, it will be found coherent and plausible.

The "higher criticism" is described as a new school of interpretation that claims to have evidence in the Scriptures of "a kind of patchwork of different writers, with different ideals put together in final form by an editor, who selected according to his pleasure from these independent sources." The author, though not sympathizing with those who have adopted this explanation, is far from regarding it as without its advantages. It aids in sweeping up and casting out many of the dogmatic and materialistic ideas of the past. Nevertheless, he insists, revelation is more than what they think. "The secret meaning of these writings can only be known in the conscious intelligence that is married to the actual hearing of the Living Word."

It is hardly necessary to remark that the interpretations which are given to the various accounts in the book of *Genesis* are of an esoteric character, somewhat after the manner of those of the *Arcana Cælestia*. To a superficial reader, or to one who has not the key, they may seem arbitrary and artificial, mere phantasies woven of the woof of the imagination. Nevertheless, though the method may seem novel, the style has its attractions and the lessons which are educed are invaluable. Whether they are the proper explanations or not, they have unusual intrinsic merit, as selections made at random in the book will show. Any one familiar with Boehmen, Eckhard and other mystics can recognize them.

"What any one has done worth the doing, is done for all. Each lives in all and all in each. No man works alone. The way of truth is the King's highway, in which all feet may walk."

"The age in which we live is one of unrest and of indecision. Conflicting voices are heard on every side. There are no lack of prophets and self-chosen guides, each of whom professes to hold in his hand the desirable keys of knowledge. While such guides have their bands of followers, there are but few of these who are content with the result. We have new theologies that are only rehashes of the old. We have new sciences, that are still but empty vessels, made of the dust of the earth, but holding no living soul. We have new religions, that are but the chaff of the dying faiths of yesterday,

instead of the good grain of earth's ripened harvest, winnowed with the fan. Yet these, to those who can read, are signs of the advent of the true."

"This that is called the Fall is the first beginning of the ascent of man up the Seven Steps of Evolution, that lead at last to the all-perfect fellowship of the heavens and the earth."

"If God cherishes man, then man in turn cherishes God. The life of the spirit in man is not more desirous towards God than the life of the spirit in God is desirous towards man."

"In the years to come this quality of labor in the service of truth will be the first in honor among all the many glorious achievements of mankind. This should be no empty fame; for in the years to come our knowledge of those with whom we live will embrace not only what they are, but the things they have achieved for the benefit of man in other lives. Fame is no empty bauble, a mere puff of praise when you are dead, but the grateful love and praise of man rightly and justly bestowed upon all the faithful toilers of the world."

"Though our spiritual visions come only to do us good, we make them appear the ministers of evil, whenever we allow ourselves to seek to obtain them by the sacrifice of any natural and lawful allegiance. All use of opiates, all forcing of experience, all love of spiritual ecstasy apart from the labor to know the whole meaning of life, is of this trustful nature. Many will eagerly seek to obtain the joy of spiritual intercourse before they have reached to the strength of mind and the moral purity that can maintain such intercourse with safety. That which belongs to the sincere seeker after old perfection cannot be possessed by the mere seeker after a new sensation."

DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. Longmans, Green & Co. London, New York and Bombay.

This book is chiefly valuable for helping investigators in their research. The author himself, despite all that he has brought to view that will seem to unprejudiced readers to be conclusive, acknowledges that he himself, personally, is able to go no further in the matter than agnosticism. The agnostic attitude he defines as "very near the indifferent attitude." So, after he has given three-fifths of his book to the casual dreams, to vagrant dreams and their "originating causes," he completes the volume by material collaborated from the stores in possession of the Society for Psychical Research. Under the former head are accounts of experiences sent by correspondents, with what "science" has to say about them, their association with ideas of immortality, divinations, and a classification of the more frequent dreams. These are of interest

to the student of psychology, and we can agree with the author in his conclusions that dreams have had a powerful influence in inducing a belief in life after death, for a time at least, though not necessarily for an endless term of living. A man will perform mental operations during sleep of which he retains consciousness on awaking. Dreams have played a great purpose as history-makers. The sentence "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" is scarcely as true, our author thinks, as if it were a little inverted to "We are such stuff as dreams have made us."

Among the remarkable peculiarities of dreams perhaps the most startling is the apparent loss of the sense of right and wrong. Another is the absence of any concept of time. Lord Holland fell asleep while a book was being read to him, had a dream which seemed to extend over a considerable period, and awoke to hear a sentence completed which had been begun before he went to sleep. This is almost paralleled by the famous night-journey of Mohammed, who overturned a pitcher as he set out went to Jerusalem, ascended to the highest heaven, conversed with the patriarchs and then returned home to Mekka in time to prevent the spilling of the water. If, however, the sentence which Lord Holland went to sleep over had been a characteristic one of the late William M. Evarts or Samuel S. Randall, he had abundant time for a long dream.

The author would have been more philosophic if he could have cognized that events and experiences are impressed upon our consciousness and are henceforth constituents of our interior being. They crop out every now and then into vivid remembrance, and we seem to witness them more or less modified or even distorted. Such are dreams in sleep and even when we are awake.

But there are dreams, clairvoyant and clairaudient manifestations, telepathic communications and premonitions which far transcend all these. We live on the threshold of another world, or, more correctly, the world of real being is all around us in this lesser world of existing and sublunary change. The thought and emotion of one individual are often impressed upon the perception of another, near in spirit though distant in person. Examples are given which would convince any one who was not indifferent or wilfully skeptical. Doubtless certain readers of the METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE have verified this in their own experience.

The illustrations of "dual personality" which are cited afford abundant light for those who wish to see. Most of them are furnished by Americans who are still living, and they cannot be explained by any hypothesis of hallucination or remarkable coincidence.

Nevertheless, the chapter on "Premonitory Dreams" will be found the most interesting to the inquisitive reader. We are now

at "a class of dreams that has been ignored, evaded, sneered at, disbelieved in, and, finally, *investigated and proved*." We have heard explanations that were attempts to bring the whole within the realm of ordinary fancy and imagination, but such explanations require a vast deal of morbid credulity to enable one to accept them. The literature of the world attests the fact of such premonitions, and every tribe of human beings acknowledges them. Man is a soul rather than a mere framework of body with soul as an excrescence; and of that soul, imagination is the active quality. What it perceives is, in a way, not easy to define, real. Seership is a faculty as real as any we possess. As the light of the sun causes it to be perceived several minutes before it has actually arisen above the margin of the horizon, so to the person of clear vision, coming events display their image before. The numerous instances which Mr. Hutchinson has given in his concluding chapter are confirmatory and indisputable. The collating of them has truly "added solid treasures to the public wealth."

THE SHRINE OF SILENCE. A book of Meditations. By HENRY FRANK. With some Embellishments. By H. BENNO REISSMAN. Published by the Abbey Press, 114 Fifth avenue, New York.

Theodore Parker once remarked that men in mature years delighted in proverbial sayings. To such this little book should be acceptable. It is arranged in brief sections, and every sentence is a distinct paragraph having its own lesson and moral. It seems to hit everything; there appears to be some word for everybody. There is admonition, suggestion, encouragement. Every reader will be instructed and strengthened in purpose by something expressly for him in this book of oracles.

We make a few selections to show the tenor of the work.

We are our own Creators; we mould our morals, we build our frames.

Intelligence utilized in Morals is the beginning of Character.

Be thou the master of thy Fate and conquer as a god.

The spirit abides in the atmosphere of Freedom.

All nature thinks by reason of Omnipresent Mind in dwelling in all, through all outworking.

What is Force but push, potency, power?

Be not as others, but as Thyself must be.

The preservation of Order depends upon the Persistency of Individuality.

None is evil, no, not one; save as coercion and limitation repress the Divine Nature and make that which is Good seem to be Bad.

He only is a Hero who dares to think: and who, by thinking saves the Race from Sin and Suffering, is indeed a god.

The hope of expression is the spur of inspiration.

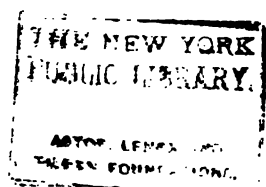
ATOMS AND ENERGIES By D. A. MURRAY, A.M. Some Time Instructor in the Government Shogyo Gakko, Kyoto, Japan, New York. A. S. Barnes & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This little treatise is an endeavor to give in form easy to understand, the laws which underlie the facts and phenomena of physical science. The author does not hesitate at dealing with the hypothesis with which scientists begin their demonstrations. He maintains that the Ether, which is assumed to exist through all space, is simply energy as an entity; and he classifies *substance* under the three forms of concrete existence:—Material Substance or Atoms, Kinetic Substance or Energies, and Psychic Substance, Mind or Soul. He bases his discussions on the three elemental facts:

1. The attractive energy known in some manifestations as Gravity;
2. The expansive energy, which is an observed feature of access of Heat.
3. Matter, the ultimate elements of which are called Atoms.

The two Energies thus set forth are concrete energies, not qualities or attributes of Matter, but co-ordinate with it. From the relations and conjoint activities of these come all the results and manifestations which exist in the world of nature. The illustrations are plainly put forth and plausible; but the acceptance of the deductions would produce a great revolution in the modern modes of thinking on scientific subjects.

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WEST FACE PARABHA-DEVI HINDU TEMPLE AND TANK, BOMBAY.
Scale by height of veranda posts, 7 to 8 feet The largest Pipal tree in Bombay.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.

BY ALEX EMIL GIBSON.

Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form.—*Plato*.

Ancient and modern music, notwithstanding the long, eventful centuries, and mental epochs intervening between them, show many points of inner, vital relation. Especially is this true with regard to sacred or church music, which all along its course from hoary antiquity to modern times, forms an unbroken chain of technical and harmonical relations.

To trace the evolutionary path of music as it winds through the ascending and descending arcs of human culture, is by no means an easy task. No other art presents so many difficulties to the student. Thus while, for instance, the student of Grecian sculpture has a relatively easy task to follow up and uncover the lines of the Greek genius as related to that art, being gauged in his researches by a speaking, yet inflexible marble—the student of Greek music will find no Phidias whose masterpieces can furnish him with a standard of judgment relative to music. Prior to the excavations in Delphi, the heritage of ancient music left to posterity amounted to three hymns and a few fragments of quite mediocre value, and of no older date than the second century of our era. The above mentioned excavations, however, have added essentially to our store of knowledge, permitting an extension of our lines of inquiry into the third century B. C. Two hymns, dedicated to Apollo, were discovered, but the anticipations this acquisition gave rise to, did not fully materialize.

While incomparably surpassing the hymns of the second century, the hymns dedicated to the Delphian Apollo offer yet an incomplete insight into our subject. Unable from these fragments of a mere theoretic music to establish a living touch or train of feeling with the products of this art in Greece, we can, nevertheless, on the basis of doctrinal testimonies arrive at a rather complete and reliable conception in the abstract, of the value as to the character and moral force of Greek music.

Music consists of four elements : Melody, rhythm, harmony and color of tone. In our modern music, the two latter predominate, while the music of the ancients consisted exclusively of the two former. Hence the monotony of Greek music ; but hence also its impressiveness and solemn strength.

Homophonous to its character, the Greek music was only to a slight degree adaptable to instrumental uses. In this case, however, it was supported by the simplest contrivances, such as the primitive harp or lyre and flute. The limitation of the lyre, whose seven or eight strings could only respond, each with a single tone, explains the peculiar absence of symphonies in the antique world of music. Its range of instrumental execution was limited to solo presentations and duets. In preserving works of music, the elements of melody and rhythm—ever present in the Greek art—are of more importance than harmony and color of tone. At the same time it is in rhythm and melody the peculiar power inheres, which in the execution of music so enraptures and spellbinds the mind. The truth of this statement can easily be verified by comparing the heights of mental tension arrived at in the rendering of a modern Opera-Finale or liturgic Credo, a Marseillaise, or a prayer.

The fact that in ancient music, the rhythm constituted the central or basic element, does not lessen the importance of melody as a vital factor in musical structures, for it is through the melody, that beauty and ecstasy is added to the rhythmic forcefulness and depth. Thus while rhythm engenders the substance or character of a musical production, the melody clothes it with its transporting vestures. Rhythm is the soul, melody the body, and though, in the true valuation of things, the soul extends higher claims than the body for being an expression of the eternal and *real* in life, the latter, nevertheless, in its quality of evolutionary

agent, holds a position of indispensable importance in the advancement of the world. Melody and rhythm stand to each other in the same relation as an operator to his instrument. The genius of the former would be sterile and unproductive, if not rendered potent and actual by the medium of the latter, and no true master or musical critic ever underrated the vital importance of melody in the life of music. We even sometimes find melody to assume the leading and central position in a musical rendering. The unison Folk-lied consists almost solely of melody.

Until the deep-wrought experiences of a more advanced ethical culture had imparted motive and subjective grasp to the musical conception (the rise of the rhythm)—the melody with its burden of outer, objective, natural life, sufficed to express the simple notions of pure, primitive human existence. Yet the function of the melody is by no means exhausted on those primitive levels of life ; it follows the onward march of the evolution of music, entering as a vital factor in its highest achievements. T. A. Gevaert, the famous Belgian musical composer, goes so far in his estimation of melody as to impute to it the character of a seed from which has sprung the Polyphony itself—a Fugue of Bach, a Symphony of Beethoven, or a Symphony-Drama of Wagner. In "Tristan" Wagner has twice acknowledged the power of pure melody, and unreservedly expressed his admiration for its beauty; in the "Sailor's Song" in the first act, and again in the "Elegy of the Herder" in the beginning of the last. And whatever the polyphonic and symphonic genius of Wagner has accomplished in this masterpiece, he never succeeded in adding to the pathetic touch, the sweet melodic emphasis present in the theme itself. In the pure melody, the human soul finds a vehicle for the expression of its primitive, instinctive impulses of joy and sorrow, hopes and fears.

The Greek melody, though ever held in abeyance to Greek rhythm, has nevertheless, when compared to modern melody, several points of advantage. Thus while our melody is reared on a mere dual scale with a twofold division of its ground-tone, the Greek melody arises from three basic gamuts, with a four-fold division of its ground-tone. Furthermore, we find that the tone-genera, operative in the Greek melody, amounted to seven, while in modern melody they are limited to two: *dur* and *moll*. In

ancient, music moll-accords predominated, being the expression for the solemn, deep-going, soul-heaving tragical in human nature, while our music is mostly freighted with dur-accords—the manly, the grand and the joyous. A study of Greek melody must necessarily be lacking in depth, owing to the limitations of working material left at our disposal. All we know about Greek melody, results from the study of a few musical fragments of undetermined age and origin.

In our study of ancient rhythm, we have been favored with better opportunities. Our comparatively intimate acquaintance with the Greek rhythm is almost entirely due to our knowledge of Greek poetry, through the persevering media of which, the former has been transmitted across intervening centuries, without losing any of its characteristic qualities. Gevaert leaves us in no uncertainty as to the dominating influence exercised by rhythm over Greek poetry and song; and it is to this circumstance we are indebted for our knowledge of Greek rhythm.

The composers and poets of Greece regarded rhythm as the agency through which character and purpose were to be imparted to poetry, music and dance, while the beauty, grace and artistic measure of a musical production were accredited to the function of melody. The latter expressed to them the feminine, rhythm the masculine element of music. Again, melody to them revealed feeling and color; rhythm, intensity and endurance. The former is intuitive to human nature; the latter becomes appreciable to the mind through the stress of subsequent mental and spiritual evolution.

This view furnishes the key to the character of a people's culture. The Greeks with their high appreciation of the rhythmic in every presentation of time and measure, indicate a position of far advanced evolutionary growth, and as this rhythmic dominance is characteristic even in their earliest musical creations, it follows that this wonderful people had already passed their stage of mental childhood at the time when they made their first appearance on the stage of history.

In their painstaking studies of ancient music, Gavaert and Croiset have brought to light the marvelously complicated tone-structure of Greek rhythm. A few of the more striking details may be here quoted:

The execution of Greek music involves three basic rhythmic relations: 1-1 (one long and two short); 1-1½ or 2-3 (one long and three short). The first mentioned is the Dactylic (two-footed); the second is the Iambic (three-footed), and the last the Peonic—mystic—used mostly at religious observances, mystical initiations and as accompaniments to the movements of the gods. In modern music we find this rhythm represented in the sonnet in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, "The Waves of Song."

The second rhythm in our enumeration—the Iambic—is warmer and more vivacious, and is reproduced in the opening ecstasies of the "Eroican." The third or Peonic rhythm, was the most common among the Greeks, and has recently been introduced into the Orient and Russia. In our Western countries this rhythm is very seldom found.

Besides these three basic rhythms a great variety of others have been discovered in Greek music, being produced by an ingenious shifting of the feet. In the course of time these minor, or *derived*, rhythms were arranged into orderly and specific measures, later on to be formed into periods. Again these periods gave rise to the formation of joints or intermodes in musical structures or *organisms*, with a subsequent evolution of Strophes, Systems and Commata, each one constituting an integral part in a unified, poetic whole. Carefully analyzing the "Alceste" of Euripides, the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, and the "odes" of Pindaros, Messrs. Gevaert and Croiset have shown that these wonderful structures of beauty, sanity and strength of Greek rhythm were possible of being produced only through rhythmical unification into a perfect whole of the two qualities, systematic order and functional freedom.

There is a symmetry and order in this system which without giving the impression of severity or rigor, nevertheless control with undeviating certitude, even the minutest of its parts. The division of rhythm and melody into *quadratic sections*, which seems to be so necessary for our appreciation of music, was entirely unknown to the Greeks. Nor is the rolling or waving movement which is so characteristic of our modern rhythm, at any time to be found in the rhythm of the ancients. The indeterminable sweep in our modern melody is likewise unknown to the musicians of old, who used to beat the time with appropriate instruments

and not unfrequently with the wooden-soled stage sandals of the tragedians.

In a very learned treatise on the evolution of music published some time ago in the French magazine, *Le Revue des deux Mondes*, the Frenchman, M. Combarieux, has called attention to the fact that Greek rhythm is still extant in the so-called classical music of our present time. In his admirable analyses of modern and ancient music, this well-informed Frenchman has discovered the striking rhythmic analogy existing between the productions of Bach and Beethoven and the dramatic creations of the Greek poets. This may be so, yet in the musical productions of our immediate time, a tendency is noticeable to demolish the rhythmic forms of the ancients and substitute them with fitting, self-sustained melodies. "*Panta Rhei*"—everything is afloat, everything is moving—is the device adopted by our modern composers. And in a deeper sense this device expresses a great truth; but while formerly the ever-floating, ever-moving current of music was regulated by rhythmic law, the process at present seems reversed, and an unregulated current of melody is striving to free itself from all rhythmic restrictions.

If this tendency of modern music to free itself from the sway of ancient rhythm were permitted unrestrained to pursue its course, our time would be threatened with the irreparable loss of an agency, through the operation of which human nature has been made to yield some of its deepest secrets—some of its grandest truths. But in the midst of this musical image-breaking, a growing reaction has set in, followed by a tendency to return to the heroic virtues and simple strength of ancient measures. It is especially in the genius of that great Bavarian mystic, Richard Wagner, that the spirit of ancient music found a true and befitting *reincarnation*. Yet Richard Wagner has never slavishly imitated the *forms* and mannerisms of a gone-by past. His mission has been to array the antique genius with all its heroic craft, in a more representative evolutionary appropriate garment. No one has more clearly than Wagner, realized the futility of a resurrection of once out-lived forms. "Art," he once said, "being a bearer of living power, has its sole guaranty of survival by the ceaseless vigilance with which it adopts ever new and more plastic vehicles of expression. The moment Art claims infinitude for

her forms, as she does for her ideas, she shall lose herself in the nebulous and the bizarre."

The burden of Wagner's life as philosopher and artist was contained in his grand endeavor to ensoul music with motif (purposive unfoldment). Drawing his themes from the innermost springs of human nature—its consciousness of universal identity and oneness, Richard Wagner, through the agency of music, translates this vague, only subjectively experienced feeling into cognitions of objective and palpable certitudes.

Through the magic of his master genius, the spirit of ancient idealism descended as a living, adjusting factor into concrete wants and necessities of nineteenth-century life. Above all other considerations, the workings of Wagner's genius had always ethical and humanitarian ends in view. To the deep *rhythmic* currents of *subjective* life—so dominant in the Greek rhythm—Wagner has added the *melody* of *objective* life, and inflated the monotone of mysticism into the variations of vital—practical issues. Through his sometimes almost to the unendurable extended bars of rhythmic intensity, this master genius fired nearly to the point of conflagration by the divine flame of inspiration, sinks his shafts of rhythmic energy into the mystic depths of human feeling, lifting the latter through steps of melodic variants into the daylight of practically verifiable and realizable truths. Wagner's great absorbing themes are the *Unity of Life* and *Brotherhood of Man*. In the former he saw the *end* of evolution, and in the latter the *means* or methods indispensable for its attainment. As a bearer of this philosophy, the Wagnerian music has furnished the present and the future with enduring guide-posts for moral and spiritual conduct. An expositor of human brotherhood, in the service of which he spent his noblest energies, Richard Wagner, like Antæus in the tale, through a constantly renewed touch with the earth—humanity—derives an ever increasing, ever triumphant strength:

Oh, ye millions, I embrace you,
Here's a kiss to all the world.

In ancient Greece, poetry, dance and music constituted a closely allied trio, and mostly in co-operative touch with each other. The one suggested and complemented the others. Song imparted life to poetry, and both of them received from dance

their plasticity and motion. The independence existing at present between music and poetry was unknown amongst the Greeks. The word was adapted to the music and formed with the latter an integral and organic part. Hence the assistance which the student of Greek song or music is rendered by his knowledge of Greek poetry. If, for instance, the music to the celebrated verse of the elegiac poet *Tyrtæus*, "Aget 'o Spartas, enoploi!" was lost, an attractive study of its text and metre would readily reproduce its rhythm. Not so with our modern poetry. If the music to a modern song should be lost, its reconstruction by the mere guidance of the surviving text would be impossible. From the first verse in the *Marseillaise* not an atom of musical sound could be rediscovered. And yet, strange enough, the rhythm of the *Marseillaise* is precisely the same as that of the above mentioned *Elegy of Tyrtæus*.

In true poetry, music precedes the words. Inspiration descends, as rhythm, into the soul of the poet, and his attempt to translate its message into concrete terms of understanding, results in the text—the rhythm and metre bearing testimony of its musical source. The words are temporal and conditional, while the music is eternal and self-sustained. When Palestrina was requested to write music to the liturgies of the Roman Catholic Church in order to add intensity and depth to their text, the result of the work was more advantageous to the music itself than to the words to which it was administered. The polyphonic genius of the composer gave through his labor, a stronger impulse to the general evolution of music than to the strengthening of the liturgic text. In the "Mattaus Passion" and in "Don Juan," the unfoldment of the art of music receives another impulse, and the unified effort of a symphonic Germany, puts the crown of supremacy on the art of music in its quality of rulership over the soul. The drama yielded to the inherent nature of rhythm and became a song. Illumined and transfigured by the witchcraft of music, the word became endowed with a new beauty and intensity. It is not the word in the Wagnerian Music-Drama that stirs and heaves the soul like the ocean—it is the music which breathes in and through—the music that lives, sings, weeps and smiles. The word merely calls attention to the presence of passions and feelings; it is the music which analyzes, describes and imparts them. In one

of the duets of "Tristram," and in the closing scene of "Gottterdammerung," this musical transfiguration of the word has reached its highest manifestation of lofty passion and vital intensity.

As with poetry so with dance. Our modern music—save in its lower forms—has divorced itself almost entirely from the dance, mainly because the latter has ceased to be an art. To the Greek, the dance was an inspired art, and everything plastic, spiritual and graceful was comprised in its movements. In his descriptions of the arts and modes of culture in his neighboring country, the Roman poet, Lucianus, makes the observation that in Greece 'the dance was a sculpture, endowed with motion, life and intelligence.' For their symposiums, dance and impersonation of character were inseparably combined into a harmonic and symbolic whole. The dance even rose to become a function in the religious life of the Greek, as evidenced in the sacred temple dance. Dance developed from the gesture, and the mission of the latter was to assist the word in expressing the rhythmic energy inherent in the genius of the poet. From this it follows that the union of music, poetry and dance has its root in the very consciousness of man, philosophically and ethically indissolvable.

The philosophers of Greece considered music the most effective means and method by which to impart a true education to the popular mind. Plato once said that "music is an art endowed with power to penetrate into the very depths of the soul imbuing man with a love for virtue." The following we quote from his great work on the Republic:

"Though not acquainted with the inner nature of the harmonies, I feel satisfied to know of one single harmony, which is capable of producing the tone and manly accents of the brave and heroic man, who, when thrown into danger by force of his conception of duty, stoically and unwaveringly accepts the blow of fate. And to the knowledge of this one heroic harmony I shall seek to add still another, which represents the man engaged in the performance of civic and domestic virtues invoking to his aid the mercy, wisdom and guiding intelligence of the gods; praying, loving, working; with affections for all, and words and deeds of benevolence and trust for every phase of suffering and misfortune; ever satisfied with what life has in store for him, modest, humble and eager for instructions at all times and circumstances. These two har-

monies; the one energetic, the other calm; the one preparing for death, the other for life; the one finding its path of duty in the sacrifice of life, the other in the maintenance and cherishing of life—are representing the inspiring accents of heroism and wisdom, of renunciation and absorbing joy. A knowledge of these harmonies equips the citizen with courage and power to discharge his duties to the individual and to the state; to himself and to others."

Ancient music knew little of the overwrought, abnormal conditions of the soul, and its convulsive struggles, which are so characteristic of our modern descriptive music. Every age or era of human history is characterized by its special kind of music, expressing the inner life, the emotions, hopes, fears and ideals sustained by its people. The music of the ancients elevated the soul into contemplations of the ideal and sacred in life. Brought under the ennobling influence of seraphic harmonies the individual becomes porous and receptive to the afflatus of pure untainted life; and as he re-entered the arena of public life he brought with him the rejuvenating affections and inspiring loftiness of soul, derived from the touch of the soul-stirring harmony. When modern society to the same extent as the ancient, has learned to understand and appreciate the stupendous power active in music, either for good or for evil, the moral forces of this world shall become equipped with a new armament in their crusade against the tyranny of selfishness and vice.

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

Men of the highest order show themselves in thought like brilliant rays of light, as their style is straight forward; others of a low grade, on the contrary, speak and write in circles and periods, and therefore are so agreeable to material ears. —*Emerson*.

There is an idiom of truth beyond the imitation of falsehood.

There is no need of multiplying instances to reach generalizations; every person and thing we look upon puts its mark upon us. If this is repeated often enough we get a permanent resemblance to it, or, at least, a fixed aspect which we took from it. Husband and wife come to look alike at last, as has often been noticed.

PHILOSOPHIC MORALITY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER. M.D., F. A. S.

"It seems his newer will
We should not think at all of him, but turn,
And of the world that he has given us, make
What best we may."—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

There is no better way to virtue and excellence, the great teacher of the Akademeia assures us, than to endeavor to *be* good rather than seem so. In this, indeed, the quality of all genuine ethics consists. Morality is the sway of a superior aim. Every thing which subsists in appearances, which is apprehended by observation and sensuous perception, is transitory and temporary, and must wane and perish when the cause which gave it existence, shall cease to impart to it life and vigor. But when we seek to do that which is right, we are reaching forth as with antennæ, toward the enduring, the permanent, the eternal. For the secret of the moral sense and feeling, is the presentment of eternity. Most appropriate was the maxim of Kant: "Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a rule for all intelligent beings."

The supreme purpose of our life in this world and condition of existence, is discipline. Every experience that we undergo, every event that occurs, has direct relation to that end. In this matter, too, each individual must "minister to himself." We, every one of us, have our own lesson to learn, and do not derive much instruction from what another has done or suffered. Indeed, it is hardly more befitting to adopt for ourselves the experience of another, than it would be to wear that person's clothes. The ethics which should govern our action will not be found set forth in a code. Good men, will not obey the laws too well, says Emerson. Nothing tends more to bring confusion and death into arts and morals, than the blind imposing upon one period or upon individual souls, the experience of other persons or of a former age. We may, perhaps, do very well with general notions, but not with specific personal conclusions. The snail that entered the shell of the oyster, found it a wretched dwelling, though it contained a pearl: and the snail on gathering food for the winter after the example of the provident ant, was the reverse of wise.

The right-thinking individual will be the law for himself. Our varied experiences have for their end, the developing of this condition for us. The ancient sages taught accordingly that manners or ethics, are certain qualities which long habits and practice have impressed upon what they denominate the sensuous and irrational part of the mental nature. Moral virtue does not consist in the uprooting or suppressing of the passions and affections. This is not possible, or even desirable. Indeed, if they were to be rooted up from our being, the understanding itself would lose its vigor, become torpid, and perhaps even perish outright. It is their province, like that of the fire in the furnace, to impart energy to the whole mental machinery, while the understanding takes note, and under the direction of the superior reason, directs how that energy shall be employed. Mankind act from impulses, and the true morality consists in the bringing of these into good order and the disposing of them to laudable purposes.

Casuists have affirmed that our first sense of duty was derived from the concept of what is due to ourselves. This is instinctive in every living being. Even the ethics of the New Testament are founded upon the criterion: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self;" "He that loveth another hath fulfilled all law." We are able to define what is just to others by our appreciation of what is right for ourselves. These premises, it will be apprehended, will establish selfishness as the measure of moral virtue, and even as its basis. This is by no means unreasonable as it may seem. Selfishness, in its proper place and function is necessary and orderly. It is the first of our natural instincts. The babe that we admire and often praise as the emblem of innocence, is hardly less than absolutely selfish. It regards everything around as its own by right, and every individual as its servant. It knows no higher motive than its own enjoyment. Nor can we by any art of reasoning, show this to be immoral. It is not necessary to plead in its behalf, that this is right because the child was born, etc. We can perceive it readily from intelligent consideration. The highest usefulness of which an individual is capable, is the highest good that he can accomplish. In the case of the babe, its utility, so far as others are concerned, is only possible and in prospect. All that it can perform well, is summed up in eating and growing. This is really the state which is usually denominated selfish, and

yet we perceive that it is essential to the ulterior purpose of becoming useful.

It may be well to give a philosophic explanation of evil itself. We are generally too prone to restrict our concepts of the operations of the universe to the limitations of our own door-yard. Yet what seems in our brief vision like an infringing of order, may be a perfect harmony in the purview of the higher wisdom. In the objectifying of the world of nature as the work or projected outcome from the Divine, it must of necessity be distinct, limited, inferior. We apprehend this to be true of every created thing. If it could be otherwise, then man and all the universe would be not simply divine in origin and relative quality, but would also be very coördinate Deity. Hence, therefore, imperfection and evil are unavoidable in all derived existence. Nevertheless, they are full of utility. They certainly enable us to obtain the necessary experience and discipline. In this way they are actually beneficial, and a part of the Divine purpose. The child that never stumbled, never learned to walk. The errors and mistakes of the man of business become his monitors to direct him in the way of certain prosperity. Our own sins and misdoings, are essential in an analogous way to our correction and future good conduct. The individual, however, who chooses to continue in these defaults and evil conditions, thereby thwarts their beneficial objects. The shortcomings become turpitude. All such persons, thus turning their backs to the Right, will be certain to "eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own desires."

The sense of individual right, which is commonly designated as selfish, will be found capable of exaltation and expansion, till it shall attain the rank and dimension of the highest benevolence. From the consciousness of what is due or belonging to ourselves, proceeds the intelligent apprehending of what is proper and right for another. The child when coming into contact with playmates and others like himself or herself, will soon learn that every one of them has personal rights which may not be interfered with. The concept may be only an imperfect one, yet it is a discipline and will exalt the view of things which will be taken thenceforth, above the attitude of an unmixed selfishness. When in riper years the attraction of sex is superadded, the field and opportunity are afforded for completed and nobler development. It may be in-

terposed, however, that in this instance the individual too generally, aspires to possess the object of regard without due consideration for the wishes or well-being of the other. In this view, the new emotion will be but a new form of the radical selfish impulse. Yet it is not possible nor would it be desirable that the earlier nature should be superseded. However high the head may reach toward the sky, the feet of necessity rest upon the earth. Even the eagle must come down from its highest flights in order to solace its natural wants. The most gifted human soul has like need of earthly repose and ailment. Without them, it will cease its aspirations to the higher life and thought. Eros, the sages affirm, drew the divine order out from chaos. The attraction of the sexes inspires a desire of pleasing, which is in itself, a tendency toward self-abnegation. In due time the relations of household, neighborhood and general society proceed from this root and set in activity the extending of individual aims to universal ends. Selfishness must then be relegated to the background, or it may become manifest as a monster of arrested growth and hideous deformity.

In its primary function as impelling us to maintain ourselves in normal health, it is permissible, and in the helpless and immature, it is perfectly laudable. But the individual of mature years who remains in this rudimentary moral condition, whether living in a wilderness or among the most cultured, is for all that, little else than savage. Circulation in its genuine etymologic sense,* denotes the art of living in social relations, and hence is vitally dependent upon the just regard of every individual for the rights and welfare of others. Whoever promulgates and lives by the maxim that "every one must shift for himself," irrespective of such consideration, has not yet passed beyond the confines of uncivilized life. However rich, cultured or scholarly he may be, he has yet to learn the simple alphabet of morality.

Perhaps we shall find the Pauline ethics as set forth in the New Testament, our best exposition of moral virtue. It is an indispensable condition of a morality that is to be efficient, says Jacobi, that one shall believe in a higher order of things, of which the

*The root word is the Keltic term *Kyu*, which signifies *together*. From it comes the Latin words, *civis*, one living in social relations; also *civicus*, *civilis*, *civitas*, *civilisatio*, all denoting the condition of social life, and the institutions pertaining to it.

common and visible is an heterogeneous part that must assimilate itself to the higher; *both to constitute but a single realm*. Paul affirms that all superior virtue consists in charity, or love to the neighbor, and utterly ignores self-seeking. "No one of us lives for himself," he declares, "and no one dies for himself, but does so for God." Writing to the Korinthian disciples he extols the various spiritual attainments, and then having included them in one summary, he avows that charity infinitely surpasses them all. He then depicts wherein it is thus superior:

"It is forbearing, it is gentle;
It is never jealous, it never boasts,
It is not swelling with pride,
It acts not unbecomingly;
It seeks not wealth for itself,
It is not bitter, nor imputes ill motives,
It has no delight in wrong-doing,
But rejoices in the truth."

Then with philosophic discrimination he names the several spiritual endowments as being incident in the lower stages of development, but cast into the shade by charity. "When I was a babe," says he, "I prattled, thought and reasoned as one; but when I became a man I set the things of babyhood aside." Whoever with all his heart seeks the general good, the best interests of others, making the advantage to himself a subordinate matter, has passed the term of childhood, and is adult man in full measure and development.

It will be readily perceived that true morality is not a creature of codes, books or teachers. It is always inseparable from personal freedom. It is character and substantial worth as distinguished from fictitious reputation and artificial propriety of conduct. The man who keeps all the precepts of the law, is not complete till he yields himself and his great possession to his brethren. The cross of the life eternal may not be taken in the hand, while one grasps eagerly the sublunary good.

We thus trace from its incipient manifestation the moral quality in our nature as a duty which we owe, upward to its culmination as a principle by which we are to live. It fades then from view as a system enforced by rules and maxims, because of being lost in the greater light of its apotheosis as an emanation from a divine

source. We are taught by an experience of results, to shun evil and wrong doing as certain to involve us in difficulty and peril, and now the higher illumination reveals them as turning aside from the right way and sinning against the Divine. Our highest duty is to perfect ourselves in every department of our nature by the living of a perfect life,—or, as Plato expresses it, becoming like God as far as possible,—holy, just and wise.

Such is the aim of all philosophy, and it is attained by whomever in earnestness and sincerity pursues the way of justice and fraternal charity.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

MATTER.

Matter is the manifestation of spirit. Matter is permeated and saturated with spirit as a sponge can be permeated with water, with this difference; that water can be pressed out of the sponge, but matter with the spirit pressed out is NOT. The different forms of matter are different rates of vibration of their component particles. Particles can be infinitesimally divided. Infinitesimal division having taken place, or matter having been reduced to the tenuity necessary for the experiment, and rates of vibration thus made to coincide temporarily by one or several WILLS working harmoniously together, *matter can pass through matter*. The aggregate weight of gases (air) and solids (human and other bodies) are different rates of vibration; when, then, rates of vibration are made to coincide, as above, levitation can take place.

—H. W. Thatcher.

REFORM IN GOVERNMENT.

Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind; it is not in monarchies or aristocracies or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and a wiser humanity. —J. R. Lowell.

PHILOSOPHY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

The question which you ask is difficult to answer—has puzzled the philosopher and the sage for ages; but this is undoubtedly the best philosophy: that Evil, to say nothing of the penalty for evil, is of brief duration; that God alone is imperishable; that our actions and thoughts shape themselves in immortal conformity to the laws of the universe.

—Carlyle.



COMBINED BANYAN-PIPAL TREE 200 YEARS OLD,
at S. E. corner of large tank. A few Pipal leaves visible each side of, and below
the street lamp. Priest squatting in the open veranda on the
extreme right. *Near view.*



COMBINED BANYAN-PIPAL TREE,
at S. E. corner of large excavated built tank, 400 feet square, on Bombay-Agra
Road, Bandra, a suburb of Bombay. *Distant view.*

THE BO-TREE OF CEYLON AND ITS INDIAN CONGENERS.

In the editorial comments, in the Christmas Number of *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE*, on the Sacred Bo-tree of Ceylon, you rightly state that it is of the Banyan family. There is however, no such Indian name for the tree. It is the designation by which it is known to Englishmen in India, probably because the "Banian," (a merchant or grocer)* sat under these trees to sell his wares at Surat, which was the original trading port or "Factory" of the English 300 years ago, when they first arrived in Western India. The trade-union or caste of merchants in Surat is called by that name, and the trees grow luxuriantly in the Surat district. In the same article you state that a slip was taken from the sacred "Pepal-tree" etc. You thus confuse the banyan with the pepal tree, a common error with Englishmen even in India. But the trees are utterly different in appearance and growth. Both belong to the Indian fig genus, and both exude rubber sap when cut. Here the resemblance ends.

The banyan is the Indian Fig tree which gives its name to the genus (bot. *Ficus Indica*). The pipal is pronounced like "People" (bot. *Ficus religiosa*). There are probably hundreds of species of each of these genera throughout India, the tropical East and the South-Sea Islands. Every district in India has its own specific varieties developed by quality and depth of soil, nearness to water in the subsoil, and equable quality of heat or the reverse. The true India-rubber tree is the *Ficus elastica*, not much cultivated in Indian towns, as it is not a good shade-tree, and is rather straggling in growth. It is common enough as a single stalk handsome pot-plant in London windows, and therefore should be known in the United States. These three species are quite unlike the Indian wild fig-tree, which again has no resemblance in leaf, stalk or trunk to the edible fig-tree of Europe and the Bible, which was originally brought from Persia. All these genera are alike however in the shape of the fruit, in that remarkable characteristic that the flowers and seeds are inside the fruit adhering to the inner surface of its skin, and that the seed-

**Banya* from Sanskrit, *vanti*, a merchant, or dealer in commodities.

fruit is not in a separate capsule at the foot of the corolla of the flower. This characteristic is I believe possessed by no other fruit. The fig bears a remarkable resemblance to the womb-envelope in animals and man. A spiritual symbolical significance is given to it from this characteristic by Dr. Anna Kingsford in her "Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ," which is worthy of close study.

The vernacular name of the banyan-tree in Western India is "wud" (the "u" pronounced as in "rut") or "*burr*" (pronounced as in "purr" with guttural "r") according to the language of the district. The Sanskrit word is "*wut*" (as in "hut") This apparently got corrupted into "bo," a Pali vernacular corruption, probably adopted because it is like the Sanskrit root word of "*bodh*" (as in "road"), "understanding" "knowledge," the same root word as in "*Buddha*," the wise, the enlightened one (the "u" pronounced as in "hood").

Though the banyan and the pipal are *par excellence* the sacred trees of India, I do not think that this sacred character is referable to them as bearing figs. The symbology of Dr. Anna Kingsford is true, but it does not appeal to the Hindu mind. The Sanskrit sacred name of the banyan-tree is "*Ashwattha*," derived from "*Ashwa-stha*" "for horses—a standing place," *i. e.*, a shady resting place in the noon-day heat. It gives the thickest, coolest, largest mass of shade of any tree in the East. Ordinary trees decay and die:—so does not the *ashwattha*, because, from the time of its early youth, pendent roots begin to grow down from the main boughs at every few feet: and these rootlets as soon as they touch the ground thicken out into separate trees, thus forming a series of columns for the support of other boughs which, though gnarled and crooked in shape grow out horizontally somewhat as does the cedar. When this tree is planted in a deep loamy soil, in bottom land near a river or tank, it grows rapidly and spreads out to an enormous area, limited only by proximity to cultivated ground, for no cultivator can get a crop when shaded by trees. Hence the charitable pious Hindu is accustomed to bequeath a plot of land alongside a public path and to plant it with mango-trees, the shade-tree next best to the banyan, both of which grow new leaves before the old leaves fall. He also digs a tank or builds a well. He selects the mango because

of its luscious fruit. But when he builds a temple, he also builds a well or tank and plants the banyan. Why? Because the property of growing roots from the boughs makes it everlasting. It never dies, and has thus become to the Hindu, the living symbol of immortality.

Indian histories describe a banyan-tree which is said to exist on an island in the river Narbadda (Sanskrit, *narma-da*—joy-bestowing) in Western India. This tree is said to be half a mile across, large enough to shelter several regiments of soldiers. I have camped for months under a banyan 300 feet diameter, the root-columns growing about forty feet apart. Cattle eat the rootlets greedily, and so prevent the tree from becoming choked by its exuberant growth. The above word "*stha*" is the root word of "stand," "stay" and "station," both through the Latin and other European dialects. "*Ashwattha*" was debased in later Sanskrit into "wut."

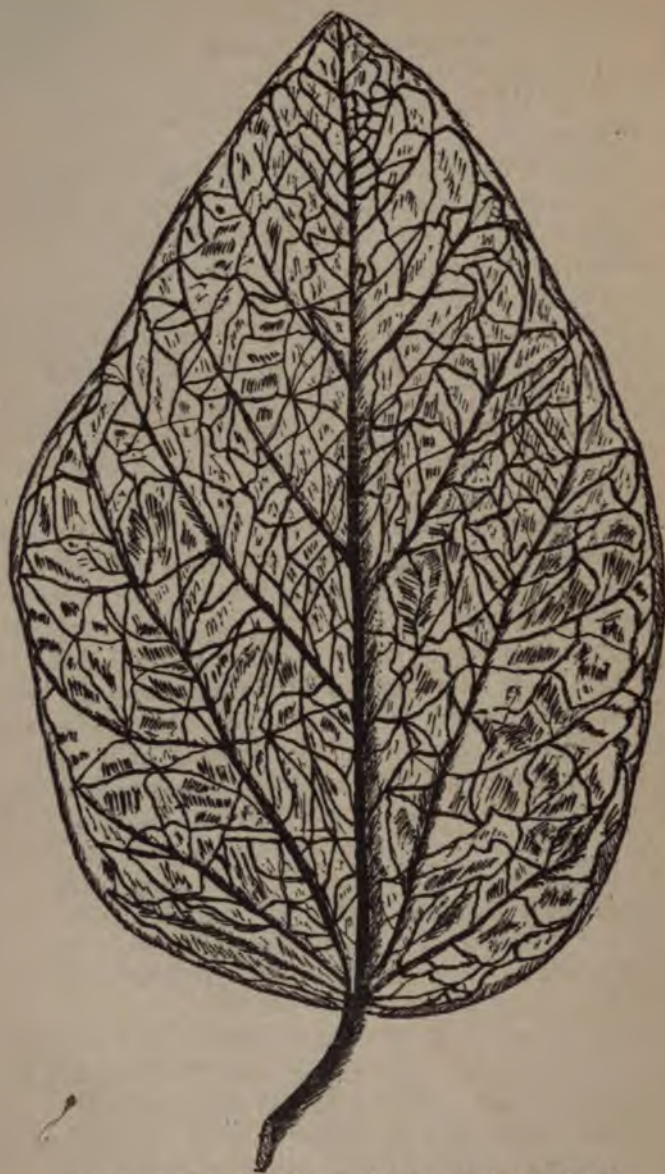
The characteristic of immortality and the shade-giving quality of the banyan are beautifully described in the *Bhagavad Gita* xv v. 1. "the Parable of the Indian Fig-tree." "They speak of the eternal Indian Fig-tree. Whose roots do from its spreading branches grow. Its broad thick leaves give grateful covert in the noon-day heat. He knows the secret teaching, who the meaning of its growth hath learned." Sir Edwin Arnold in his translation, "*The Song Celestial*," has missed the meaning in the line, "Its leaves are green and waving hymns." The columnar roots make the tree stable as a rock. The leaves and stalks are too thick to wave.

The leaves measure five by eight inches and are thick and massive, like the boughs growing horizontally, on stout sturdy stalks. Thus overlapping each other the shade is perfect. I send you a box of leaves* with the stalk on which they grow, a month old. Also a root of three years, nine feet long, cut from a tree in my garden thirteen years old.

The banyan is perfect in its nature. Its shade is a blessing in the tropics; its leaves have kept many cattle from starving during the still current famine, and it points to that longed-for state of immortality into which we enter when we pass over the river, and leave this changing life behind.

But the sacred pipal-tree is a fraud, a lazy useless parasite.

*See p. 94.



LEAF OF THE BANYAN TREE. Average size, 5x8 inches.



LEAF OF THE PIPAL TREE. Full Size.

The banyan-fig is half an inch in diameter, the pipal three eighths of an inch—Both are eaten greedily by birds, squirrels and monkeys. The pipal is sacred because its leaf is heart-shaped, with a long depending tip* which makes the leaf an emblem of nature—and a symbol of the female creative form. Hence it is made an object of worship by debased Hindus. These leaves hang vertically from a long pendulous stalk, and as they grow sparsely on tall boughs, their shade is worthless. It loses all its leaves just when wanted for shade, at the commencement of summer heat. The pipal is self-planted by the droppings of a bird lodging in the fork of a tree. The seeds are the smallest in the world, and they grow into a tree sometimes 100 feet high. The roots grow rapidly down the trunk on which it started life. Root after root grows around the parent trunk, the young roots interlacing each other till the original tree is smothered, choked and dies. The pipal then grows out thick buttress-roots just above the ground and so gains strength to stand alone.

The pipal is planted by Hindus in their gardens. It is picked off the tree on which it has begun life, and is propped up till it grows strong. It is planted for "good luck" for the same reason that a horse-shoe is nailed on the door-sill, as being an emblem of the creative force of nature.

The bark of the pipal is white, that of the banyan dark. The pipal-roots grow down both trunk and branches. I send you some of the leaves of the pipal. On the stalks of the new season the figs are half-grown.

I send you two photographs of the banyan and pipal trees, both apparently planted together, and now 200 years old. The near photograph† shows the interlacing roots of the pipal round the banyan trunk. The far photograph‡ shows the tall pipal-boughs bare of leaves, the lower spreading banyan-boughs giving the only shade. It is at the corner of a very large excavated tank on which grows the giant rose-colored lotus-flower eight inches in diameter, a true water-lily. On the right are priests seated chanting in a temple-hut. The shadow of a Roman Catholic Cross is in the foreground. A strange contrast! This banyan-tree shows many roots which being on the road, cannot reach the ground

*See illustration p. 95.

†See illustration p. 89, ‡*ibid*, p. 90.

The tank is at Bandra on the high road from Bombay to Agra. I also enclose a photograph of the largest pipal-tree in Bombay.* It is six feet in diameter. It is at the junction of three roads in front of the Parabha-devi-Hindu Temple. In the Symbology of plants, it is possible that the Hindu pays homage to the pipal, because it is a destroyer of exhausted, worn-out trees, and is thus an emblem of Shiva the Destroyer and Regenerator, who takes the life from worn-out forms in order that new lives higher in evolution, may grow in their place.

A common object in the Bombay landscape is the large number of Palmyra palms growing to the height of a hundred feet on the low ferruginous hills. Each of its dozen fan-shaped leaves measures four to five feet across, the bunch of great leaves on the top of the tall naked stem having a weird appearance like a magnified umbrella. The Indian name of this tree is *tad* and the name of the intoxicating juice drawn off is *tadi* (toddy), from which the favorite beverage of our Scotch friends takes its name. When the tree dies, the bunch of great leaves drop off and the trunk remains upright for years, a straight stick. The bird-droppings find a resting-place in the stumps of the old leaves, and the pipal in due course of time, takes the place of the Palmyra, having used its stem for temporary support.

In the photograph of the joined banyan-pipal tree is the dead stump of a large banyan, the bough protruding through the trunk of the pipal. When this bough decays, an oval upright hole will be left in the pipal. This hole the priest will daily paint a scarlet color, and a crowd of devotees will worship the new form of the creative, nature-powers. In the course of hundreds of years, the pipal will kill the banyan. The holes will fill up with new swelling roots, until the pipal will emerge as a perfect tree. Though there are hundreds of varieties of the banyan and pipal, only the variety of each which I send you, are used in temple-worship and for good luck,—probably because the one gives the best shade and the other grows to the largest size of all the varieties.

In the photograph of the Parabha-devi temple you will notice the rows of knobs and recesses on each stone pillar. Each of these supports a separate lamp of cotton wicks all round a saucer of cocoanut oil. The pillar thus forms a pillar of light ("I am the light of the world") on festival nights. The Sanskrit name

*See p. 89.

of these lights is "*dip*," from which the rush-lights (called "farthing dip") of our grandfathers took their name. These cocoanut oil lights have the property of not blowing out in the wind. Hence they are always used in temple-worship and especially in the inner shrine which, kept supplied with oil, never goes out.

D. GOSTLING.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good and great man very often lie hid and concealed in a plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.—*Addison*.

The social life of any century is made up of men and women and institutions.—*Grierson*.

A man is worth to himself just what he is capable of enjoying. This means the utmost enlargement of his capacity. He is worth to the world just what he is capable of imparting, and this means the utmost development of every power. These two, capacity and power, form the truest standard, the most accurate measure of every man.

—*Canfield*.

In any great industrial change, the workmen who are permanently displaced are those who are too dull to seize upon changed conditions. The workmen who have knowledge and insight, and who are in touch with their time, quickly reorganize.

—*Miss Jane Addams*.

The Lord does not say: "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary to worry his brain over my words of institution in the Eucharist; whosoever will be saved must have a definite opinion about the resurrection of the body; whosoever will be saved must compare twenty opinions and thirty books."

—*Dr. Oeser*.

If our business teaching relates to nothing better than obtaining a livelihood, it is comparatively worthless. The pig, the ox and the oyster have that much knowledge; we should do more for our children than the animals do for theirs.

—*President Gates*.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE SOUL.

Let us sing the glad rejoicing at the dawning of the day,
That with its golden splendor chases Ignorance away,
When Justice is triumphant, and Love holds its mighty sway,
For Truth goes marching on !

Let us march to higher levels in the light that Truth affords,
Let us chant our battle anthems as we buckle on our swords,
Our Masters lead us onward, and our victory is the Lord's,
For Truth goes marching on !

Let Ignorance and Bigotry be trampled 'neath our feet,
Let the tares of Superstition grow no longer with our wheat,
But tear aside the curtain so that heaven and earth may meet,
For Truth goes marching on !

O Brothers, heart to heart we stand by knowledge rendered strong,
And fight the battle side by side for Right against the Wrong.
Ne'er weary in well-doing, though the hour seemeth long,
For Truth goes marching on !

In the glory of the heavens glimmers now the Mystic Sign;
In the temple of the spirit stands the Consecrated Shrine;
In the heart of man now burns the flame of Righteousness Divine,
For Truth goes marching on !

O Power Benignant, Life Sublime that filleth endless space—
O Sun of Wisdom Absolute, whose radiant track we trace—
O Thought supreme and tender we are quickened by thy grace,
For Truth goes marching on !

EVA BEST.

FAITH.

ASPIRATION, CONFIDENCE, TRUST.

To every intelligent being, Faith in some form is essential ; and in every phase of human life, some degree or some kind of faith is required in order that even the simplest duty shall be performed, in our relations with our fellow-men. Yet, in spite of these facts, the way of the worldly-minded is to decry faith ; and with the self-satisfied intellect of the sense-bound man, faith, in any form, always stands in disrepute, being defined as a state of morbid imagination or superstitious sentiment, which he thinks gives evidence of a weak mind. This opinion is the result of wrong views of the nature of faith, and consequent failure to comprehend its true character or to recognize its right relation to the activities of individual life.

Faith is more than a mere sentiment—it is an emotion of the soul ; a responsive activity of the higher spiritual nature. It is more than a superstition—it is a confident knowledge of things too fine for external sense to even recognize. It is more than is usually included by the worldly-minded in the meaning of "Imagination," yet it is a natural result of the pure operations of *real* Imagination ; because, it is the spiritual man's consciousness of the presence of the activities of spiritual Principle within his own being. This consciousness (true faith) results next in the direct recognition of Ideas, through which the activities of fundamental principles are formulated into laws of being. These ideas, in turn, become real things of spiritual substance, and constitute the soul's UNIVERSE OF REALITY.

Dealing with these real Ideas, the mind images the formulative activity of each, until a pure picture of the idea itself, in its living operation, is impressed upon the sensitive-plate of the Understanding. Here the mind deals with the fundamental idea, through its conscious recognition of the nature and character of the activities expressed in the Image, which, to the mind, *represents* that idea. The intellect now takes up the operative processes, and, through reason, examines the Image and pictures out all of its expressive action, until both the reality and the expression of the original idea are understood by the mind and made practical in

every-day life. Thus the imagination is the most practical as well as the most marvelous faculty of the human mind ; and, in its pure operations, it gives the mind the spiritual evidence of *things unseen by sense*, which is necessary to the real act of faith.

Faith is the confidence which the soul-being reposes in its own irrefutable evidence of the reality of spiritual principles, the activities of which are its daily experience. To the sense-mind this confidence seems groundless, because all the evidence, so clear to spiritual intelligence, is absent in sense-reasonings, and the statements of the higher activities of mind seem empty of fact, and appear to be mere delusions of a disordered brain. Sense always, reasons invertedly; and its deductions under this line of evidences are, as usual, entirely wrong.

While the mind trusts the evidence of sense, it is in the same state of delusion that sense asserts of the one who trusts the higher laws of reality ; but, when it turns from the evidence of its external senses, and, through exercise of its great and natural powers of reason, develops its own intuitive forces, it soon reaches higher ground, where finer activities and operations of the universe become intelligible, where ideas themselves take the place of sense objects, and real things occupy the attention of the thinker. Then by means of this recognition of the real existence of those spiritual principles which constitute wholeness of being, the mind develops confidence in the right working, for eventual good, of each activity comprehended ; and faith becomes the easy and natural response of the mind to the KNOWLEDGE POSSESSED BY THE SOUL.

Faith has been described as "The substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things unseen." This goes beyond the usual worldly interpretation of the element of faith, but it does not quite show the real aspects of its nature. In the first statement, the phrase "hoped for" suggests only the weaker features of confidence, which are scarcely worthy of the name, faith. The word, "hope" is greatly misused and the idea, or, rather, sentiment, is overrated in emotional thought. Hope and faith, far from meaning the same, represent quite dissimilar conceptions. One "has faith" because he sees, realizes, and *knows* that what he intellectually deals with, is his by virtue of possession ; but one "hopes" for that which he believes he *does not possess*, and which

he wants to own, so *hopes it may* come to him. In the emptiness of his nonrealization of its oneness with himself, he hopes (usually in vain) that he may obtain it from some outside source or reservoir of things which are absent from his own presence; if he has sufficient confidence to believe that he may receive it, he considers that confidence the act of faith and trusts it accordingly. But, if his confidence be so deep as to amount to faith, it is founded upon the soul's knowledge of the unseen and at once becomes the act of *realization*, in which the mind *sees, as really present*, the object of thought, and **REALIZES THE PRESENCE** of its being. One never hopes for that which he *knows* he possesses, but only for that which, being absent from his comprehension, exhibits the emptiness of nonrealization.

- True faith is a perfect degree of absolute confidence in the allness and wholeness of reality, which makes each individual one with the whole, and a coequal participant in all its goodness and truth. Such comprehension as this enables the mind to realize the permanent possession of each principle of the reality of being, as an essence of and within his own being; then there is nothing left to want or to "hope" for. This realization renders hope a useless word. It is, at best, a word of want, and a sentiment signifying separateness, absence, and deprivation; and in-so-much as we mentally realize these false notions, so-called hope thwarts its own purpose by withholding the mind from the realization of the everpresent reality. If hope rises to the plane of confidence, where it expects the object of its thought to be gained, it becomes trust, which is akin to faith, and indicates that the inner nature is asserting itself to the degree of affirming its innate recognition of facts. From here it is but a step to the operative ground of pure faith—the soul's recognition of that which is its own by virtue of the absolute oneness of reality.

Hope is entirely a theological word. It has been given us, for use as a last resort, by those who have striven to destroy faith; to annihilate trust; and to weaken confidence in anything other than the self-made graven image of material separateness, which has been set up as the only right object of our worship. It means nothing except that with all the hideousness of this separateness in life, being and reality, there *may be* some unknown power that will save from destruction. "I hope" always means "I doubt,

though I would like to be able to expect the desired end.''' When you *realize the possession*, either actual or potential, of any thing or entity, to hope for it, never enters your thought—you already have it. It is yours. In such experience, you want nothing, you desire nothing, you simply *possess* the object of your thought. It is the same with knowledge and with understanding.

The pure realization of the wholeness of the subject and its right relation to the universal reality of being, gives perfect confidence in the power of each one to appropriate and use any principle of life or law of action that exists in man's comprehension ; and he has perfect faith in the power of his being to thus draw from the fountain, at any time when right living demands it, whatever may be required for his sustenance or to use for the good of others ; then the soul is satisfied and content with its lot. What need, now, for hope? What desire yet unfulfilled. What want still unsupplied? What longing not yet annulled by satisfaction? None! The vacuum is only in the unappreciative thought, which fails to consciously reason about the subject until reality is understood.

Faith is the substance of things KNOWN IN TRUTH AND DISTINCTLY SEEN IN REALITY. It operates through the spiritual insight, in the knowledge of principle and its activities. It can make no mistakes, because grounded in this inviolable knowledge, and nothing whatever can shake its confidence in the reality which has once been seen. The inverted reasoning of the world never moves faith in any of her undertakings. Faith is the direct evidence of things *seen and known* on the plane of reality, where sense cannot operate.

Faith is always optimistic. It knows so well that reality actually is, that it sees the full possibilities of the grandest success in every reasonable undertaking. Great care is needed, here, lest the mind go wrong ; for, unless the requirement of FULL REALIZATION of the nature and character of each principle involved, be recognized, and the powers of mind be so exercised as to produce it, the act, falling short of realization, will be diverted into the channels of mere belief ; and misplaced confidence is as disastrous as true faith is beneficial. The soul possesses absolute knowledge, and, in itself, will never go wrong ; but the mind is pivoted between knowledge and belief ; between reality and

appearance ; between evidence and supposition ; between faith and belief ; and through its instrument of reason, it can turn in either direction, therefore, it needs the guidance of the strong knowledge of the soul—never more so than when it begins to exult in the recognition of its own relation to, and co-operation with divine reality.

Through right reasoning, the mind is capable of rising to the greatest heights ; but, as with either logical or mathematical calculation, one false step may lead to confusion which will render progress impossible until the error be corrected. Through the pure act of faith, the mind turns its activities upward to the source, in aspiration towards that which it recognizes as real. In this aspiration it first finds its own soul ; or, that soul-being which is its spiritual self. Then, comprehending its own soul-nature in its spiritual activity, it becomes the soul-man, operating through spiritual consciousness, and the soul's pure aspiration toward the absolute truth of being, carries man forward to the superconscious ground of spiritual intelligence, where sense-desires, wishes, and longings have no presence and consciousness is free from every selfish taint. Only faith—pure, unadulterated faith—can lead the mind from the wiles and snares of sense-life, to this high level of pure perception ; but faith rightly exercised, and trusted in patience, will render the result certain.

On the highest plane of pure reality of being, man is permanent spiritual principle, and he knows it. There, his life is a perpetual conscious realization of Truth in Reality—actual consciousness of being. There he has no need for faith—he *realizes* all. On the next plane, he is the conscious individual soul, comprising all of the perfect laws of spiritual activity, an ideal realization of the goodness and perfection of truth in being. The Idea, which his conscious realization now form, become, to him, the active things of the universe ; and he lives, consciously, in an ideal universe composed of Ideas, which are formed of spiritual substance in living activity. There are no dead Ideas. Here, also, the only sort of faith required, is the highest and purest aspiration towards the pure principle, which is exercised, not at all through desire, but through the realizing activity of pure consciousness. In such an act of consciousness, supplication is necessarily unknown. The soul has the perfect faith of absolute knowledge, which goes with pure realization.

The next plane of experience for man, is a step further outward comprehension, consequently more dense to vision, and slower action. Here, we find him as mind ; still spiritual, but scarcely knowing it ; still manifesting the inviolable principles and laws of actual Being within his *real* self, but not fully aware of the fact ; still real and active being, but almost unconscious of the truth of . Consciousness is still his, however, and Intelligence is the activity of his life ; though half asleep to spirituality, he can be aroused by the presentation of Ideas, and by dealing with them through a proper development of reasoning powers. At this juncture the need of faith comes in with emphasis. Without its beneficent guidance he is on well-nigh hopeless ground ; with it, he will generate that full confidence of the higher nature which will lead him to examine more carefully the darker evidences of his outward plane ; to judge more accurately and decide more wisely, than if left to the false appearances which so easily beguile. In this plane he must have faith. Not that credulity which would take as real anything which did not present an unpleasant aspect, but that confidence which is rightly born of the inner comprehension of the presence of reality, only visible to the eye of spiritual comprehension ; and which, once it is clearly recognized, can be submitted to the highest and purest processes of reason, for verification, in order to satisfy the intellect on its own plane of eternal operation.

Here, faith may be exercised by the mind, tempered by judgment and tested by reason, until it becomes a simple and natural operation of the mind, based upon knowledge which was brought from the soul-plane, and which really is the knowledge of the soul applied to the varying necessities of this darkened plane of mentality. If, at this point, the individual will cultivate his consciousness of spiritual reality, through his higher powers for recognition of the principles and laws of the unseen universe, he may retain his knowledge of soul-life and have it for practical use in everyday life ; then, when it is necessary to deal with any of the higher laws, faith will be its easiest task, and comprehension of truth his greatest delight. The usefulness of his life among his fellowmen, under those circumstances, can scarcely be estimated. This renders faith intensely practical in everyday life, and shows it to be of vital importance to every member of the human family. It is the only means of approaching the Infinite.

The disrepute in which faith stands with the worldly-wise, rests entirely upon the ignorance of its nature and character. The relation existing between faith and imagination, also, is misjudged for the same reason. Neither of these appeals in any way to the action of sense, or to the seeming powers of sense-reasoning. Both are real, however, on the plane of spiritual activity, and, in the right exercise of the faculties of spiritual intelligence both may be understood and used for the highest purpose. Man cannot live rightly or with permanently good effect without them. Remove either of them *entirely* from the activities of his being and only an animal would remain ; because, with these must go all the finer qualities, which depend upon faith and imagination as avenues of expression.

The self-satisfied man of sense-intellect, who worships earth-mechanism as life, scorns any suggestion of faith, and openly boasts of skepticism as evidence of his superiority of intellectual balance. His familiar ejaculation : "Well, you know, I am naturally very skeptical!" is always given with a self-satisfied air of contempt for those who can trust anything other than what they can lay hands on. Yet, this same deluded dupe of the sense-intellect exercises the most profound degree of faith, every time that he allows his body to rest in the oblivion of sense, known as sleep. Here, he has to abandon every sense, every (to him) known avenue of life, has to render his body inert and useless; even leave it subject to every imaginable sort of danger, and in an entirely helpless and defenseless state, should danger come its way. Yet he does this with perfect equanimity, without a fear or a doubt ; he even courts this unknown state, in every way that he can, and if it does not come regularly and easily, he does not hesitate to drug himself into complete insensibility. He exercises, I repeat, the most profound degree of faith (confidence in the outwardly unknown) every time he goes to sleep.

And not alone in sleep, but in a thousand paths of material life, is man obliged to abandon his boasted knowledge of the senses, and enter the realm of the sense-unknown, in order that he may continue even the most external features of his seemingly separate life. If absolutely faithless in all of his mental operations, both conscious and subconscious, he would not even breathe ; the heart would fail to beat ; the nerve-fluid would never circulate ;

"Comprehendingly. He should understand a little, at least, of what is meant by the breath of life. In the beginning the Creator breathed into that which he had created—Man—the breath of life ; and, my little ones, man is breathing that same breath of life today. With every filling of our beings with the life-giving air about us, we are drinking in food for both soul and body. But we may return to this subject another time ; there is much to occupy us today. "

" Oh, what—please, what ? "

" Come and see. "

They followed him, a joyfully expectant little company, into the cave. In the farthest corner of all they discovered a square, white radiance that gleamed from no apparent central flame, yet so clearly luminous was it, that its light was diffused in soft splendor over the objects in the curtained space within the cavern.

For a little while the children stood regarding the strange light. They felt that it meant something to this teacher, and that he would explain that meaning to them in his own good time.

When after a long look, youthful eyes turned to question each other as to the probable meaning of the light, the children discovered that the faces of their comrades were flooded with the pure, white glow that shone upon and reflected itself from each wondering countenance. And the walls and the floor and the rocky ceiling as well as the objects prominent in the room began to be made visible to the eyes, growing accustomed to the effulgence, which at first had been almost too dazzlingly bright to be borne.

" *'This then, is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.'* "

" No darkness at all ? Who said it ? "

"John. No darkness at all, my children. Feel that beautiful thought—let it fill your hearts, as your eyes dwell upon this clear light before you, No darkness, no shadow cast by any doubt, no faintest color of mortal opinion to tinge the white purity of the wonderful light gleaming in calm splendor upon us all,"

"Light itself may never be seen. That which we gaze upon, is merely its material manifestations."

"And to make a light so soft yet so dazzling as this, there must be an intense illuminating power back of the square of thick, white glass."

"So powerful, Violet, I do not believe your strong young eyes could endure to even glance toward it. This intervening glass suggests something to me—this medium that mellows the light to a bearable radiance. What is it?"

"Love?" asked Violet.

"Are you a mind reader, lassie, or did the thought come to you of its own accord?"

"Of its own accord. I thought of that just before you spoke of the suggestion. The thought occurred to me of how powerful the mighty source of light must be—of how no mortal eye could have it, and yet how it shines for us all, for very love of us all, and makes visible all objects upon which it falls."

"It is so very white," said Snowdrop.

"Yes, purely white, my child. What a pity it must be robbed—no, not robbed, my little ones, but not allowed to come to us as it would come if the mortal minds of men did not interfere with the full outshining of its beautiful glory."

"How do men do that?"

"Come with me to the steps outside, and help me to show you how that has been done ever since man first conceived an idea concerning the Source of light,

The rock steps leading from the cave to the sea-level below, dried by the winds and warmed by the sun, were comfortable resting-places for the Urchins, who left the dark cave with its burning mystery to seek places upon the four irregular tiers of stone.

The Wise Man disappeared within doors for a little while, and while he was gone the children talked together of the light they had seen, asking each other what it might be that could blur the beauty of it, and how men could rob it of its whiteness, as the dear Teacher told them, they certainly had done.

"We'll find out directly, for he is going to show us," said Goldie.

"He said we were to help him to show us."

"I know. I always like that way of hearing things. A fellow never forgets such lessons. It's as if he was the lesson himself, that it was part of him or he of it, and as, of course he *knows* because he *is* it."

"If only they'd teach us that way in school," sighed Snowdrop. "The words in books never tell a body much, somehow."

A person doesn't seem to be able to very often grasp the meaning of what the writer of the book tries to tell people ; and sometimes, you know, it's told so that teachers themselves don't always (or even often) get quite the same meaning out of the same sentence. Then how can they expect to teach children correctly if they don't get it positively clear themselves? But when you act out a lesson your very self, then, as you say, Blackie, *you know*."

"It's queer to me—mighty queer—why there need be any mistakes made as to the choosing of the right words by folks who go to work to try to tell other folks what they know or what they think they know. Perhaps it's just because they only think they know ; or maybe the English language needs a lot of words it hasn't got yet. I mean," said Brownie stoutly and yet with a low laugh of boyish embarrassment, "to be a professor of some sort when I'm a man, and if I think things I can't tell in English words I'm going to invent some, and give their definitions in a glossary, like the text books do."

"And that," smiled Violet, "will be exactly what the writers of books are doing now. Besides, Brownie, how will you be able to define in English the words you invent, if they are to describe something the English words we already have, won't describe?"

Brownie's perplexity was plain to see ; Violet had fairly cornered him.

"I think," went on the girl, "that it's in the person who reads whether the writer can make himself understood or not. When we are evolved enough to *feel* the writer's thought, to perceive his meaning, the words will be readily comprehended."

"Yes," admitted the boy, "I think, too, it's in the person. But, then, if the person can grasp the meaning he won't need to read the book at all. He'll just *know*, you see ; and why study what he already knows? He might as well have written the book himself."

"That's right," declared Snowdrop. "I wish we never had to learn out of books. I like to read, of course, but I like to learn from the real things themselves—to see them, and to do them, and be them ; for it seems to me a person could do all this."

At this juncture, the Wise Man emerged and cut short their discussion. He brought with him a flat, square box, which ap-

parently had some weight, and which he handled with care. Upon his lifting the cover, the children discovered that it held some panes of glass, one for each child. These, he bade them place carefully upon the pieces of stiff cardboard with which he supplied them, and rest them upon their knees. He then provided each Urchin with a large pointed sable brush and a little tube of transparent paint, each boy and girl being allowed to choose from the well-stocked paint-box he presented to them in turn.

"All ready?" The Wise Man asked, as the faces of the children were lifted expectantly, and bright eyes propounded one single question. "Very well. You may each of you draw me a design of some sort—I care not what. You have all learned to do conventional designing at school? I thought so."

"But if we only knew," began Blooy.

"I shall give you no hint to assist you. You are to help me to show you how some men have done and are doing that which had best be left undone. If these men 'only knew' they, perhaps, would not do that which I wish your doing to represent. Now begin, dear children; do not hurry, but take plenty of time to do justice to whatever design you choose to put upon the glass."

There was a ripple of laughter that ran the round of the little circle of Urchins, then each head bent above a crystal square, and with painstaking effort in line and block and stipple, there grew seven more or less commendable designs. The paint, being of tinted varnish, dried at once upon the glass, and the panes were ready almost as soon as finished for whatsoever purpose the Wise Man had designed them.

In silence the Teacher examined them all. In the matter of execution none of them were unworthy of commendation; yet to the genuine surprise of the young designers (and somewhat to their secret disappointment) the Master had nothing to say. He merely bade them follow him into the cave, and found seats for them in front of the still gleaming square of light.

"It began so long ago," he said at length, as he stood in lecturing attitude beside the box holding the illuminated ground glass, "so long ago that we need not go back to those ancient days. The present will suffice for us, for men are still doing that which had best be left undone. In the beginning (which we allow to remain a mystery) man lived in the rays of the pure, white light of

trust. When and how he first began to question and to doubt ; when and how the mortal self began to creep into his thoughts concerning that which had ever blessed him with its celestial radiance, need not trouble us. That in which we are interested is the now—is his action at the present time.

“ When the white light shone upon him, my little ones, all was purity and beauty. Each living object upon which it fell, reflected its divine glory, and it made its unfailing way into the heart of hearts of men. They were as angels, ignorant of darkness and evil.

“ But, after ages of this innocency, strangely, mysteriously (to us who try to comprehend the ‘whys’ of things) there came a change. One man among men grown conceited, perhaps, by his own vain imaginings, thought to use the light to show forth his own personal ideas. He, perhaps, honestly believed himself inspired, and that his thoughts ought to be the thoughts of all mankind.

“ So filled was he, at length, with this little personal fancy, he mapped out a *credo*, an ‘I believe’ to suit himself, drawing straight lines here, filling in spaces there, coloring the whole with his little, narrow conceptions ; and, calling together the people of that particular little corner of the world he inhabited, he bade them bow the head and bend the knee to his ‘inspiration.’ “ Thus (and suiting his action to his word, the Wise Man took from the Urchin nearest him, the pane the child held and placed it deftly in a groove prepared for its reception in front of the pure, white glass) “was the first mortal thought allowed to dim the divine radiance that came from the Supreme Source of all light.

“ He had his followers ; there were those more ignorant than he to whom his outlined creed appealed. They fell upon their knees before it and him, and, growing confused in their minds, by reason of his false logic, they, at length, turned from their worship of the creed (which they did not realize a mere man like unto themselves had fashioned), and began to worship the maker of it.—They built temples in his honor, and named them after this maker of a chart by which they were to find their way to the heaven he promised them. Only as he dictated, could the multitude be so easily swayed live and move and have its being. At sight of the prostrate penitents, he, the worshiped one, grew bolder, and forgetting

the sweet and simple love the white light shed, he proceeded to send forth his angel against those who were too wise to heed him or accept the dogma of his church. He claimed infallibility, and thundered forth curses hideous to hear (for they were hate incarnate), which seared the souls of the timid, and compelled their allegiance through awful fear.

"Thus began the darkening of the blessed light—no, not the darkening, for it shone on undiminished in glory—but the hiding of its divine radiance from the eyes of man."

"Another time, another man" (and a second glass was placed in its groove), "and again all the people taught a different way to find salvation. The light still gleamed back of the two obstructions, for nothing could hide it entirely. But the lines striped it, and the solid squares and circles blotched it, the colors of the man's ideas marred its crystal clearness to the people's eyes, and they came to know less and less of what was absolutely true.

"A third teacher of man—see with what confusion the *credo* lines cross each other against the white expanse. There is want of harmony, lack of beauty, threatening darkness. No pure, sweet ray can make its way through such a maze of discord to cheer the hearts of men. They feel that the light is there, but it is too hidden to comfort them, to bring them joy.

"A fourth obstacle. Several lines have run together here and there, and the result is comparative darkness—not utter darkness even then, for the lines are transparent,—and the light can never be quite kept back of those deplorable barriers.

"A fifth—sixth—a seventh—where, my children, is recognizable the first beautiful splendor? A touch of confused color here, a dark streak there, cross lines, unbeautiful blotches, with ever and anon, blots almost impenetrable; meaningless forms, imperfect designs—how they disfigure and shut away from us the divine light we remember! Had our eyes not beheld it at first, we could not now, viewing all this mixture of mortal minds' imaginings, realize that so glorious a light is shining back of all this jumble of notions. Is the thought clear to you?

"When the white light is thus obscured, men stumble in the darkness; uncertain where their feet may lead them where once they walked securely in the light. There is no longer joy in men's hearts, because that which was their joy is shut away from

them. There is no longer health, for the light which is the life of men is hidden from them. They walk their dismal paths of pain, suffering for their lack, for if health means happiness, happiness means health, and their first full share of this, is theirs no longer. Why? Because they listen to the makers of creeds and not to the voice of God in their hearts ; because they crawl fearfully in the shadow where once they walked upright and unafraid in the heavenly glory.

"Let me repeat this fact. Never can they quite obstruct the light. It penetrates the darkest creed, and whispers a sweet promise to the one in shadow. When its whisper shall have so filled him with its truth, that he grows strong and ready to demand a tearing away—*when he himself helps to tear away* all that which has through the eyes made dark his life, he will, one by one," and as the Master spoke he lifted from their grooves the panes of painted glass, "remove that which barred him from the blazing light of truth. The whole world of mankind is listening now to the gentle whisper. Here and there a creed is demolished, and man finds himself nearer and ever nearer the infinite glory."

"See, dear children, can anything be more beautiful than the undimmed, unclouded, pure white splendor that falls upon us in its unobstructed radiance ?

"Let us learn resolutely to refuse the veiled light. Let us accept only that which shines into our own beings, the pure ray sent direct from the Creator to his precious creatures—himself shining as that holier part of ourselves whose light and life he is.

"Truth, love, life, hope, peace, joy, rest—these are the seven whole crystal layers through which the white light shines upon mankind. If we have truth we have love, and love gives us life ; life gives us hope ; hope gives us peace ; peace gives us rest, and health follows as surely as the dawn follows darkness."

EVA BEST.

(To be continued).

Can we get the full taste of pleasure sought for pleasure's sake? And is not happiness in life, like beauty in art, a means rather than an aim? The condition of going on, the replenishing of force; in short, the thing by whose help, not for the sake of which, we feel and act and live.

—Vernon Lee.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."

It is plainly evident that Pope had the inside track of things, as it were, and that he was not a pillar of the church, inasmuch as he does not conveniently lay all the ills that flesh is heir to upon the broad shoulders of a God. Man is prone to thus excuse his ignorance of Nature's law, and while it may cover up his folly for a time, it certainly does not contribute, either to the blessings or benefits of his kind. The question may be asked: "What is Nature's law?"—to which we may reply: "It is the constant and regular order of facts, by which God governs the Universe,—an order, which His wisdom presents to the senses and to the reason of men, as an equal and common rule for their action, to guide them without distinction of country or of sects, toward perfection and happiness. We may illustrate what is commonly known to all men as a law of nature:

The sun illuminates. Its presence causes both light and heat. Heat acting upon water produces vapor; These vapors rising in clouds into regions of the air, dissolve into rain and snow, and renew incessantly the waters of fountains and rivers. It is by natural law that water flows downwards, that it is heavier than air, that air is necessary to the life of certain animals, and that in certain circumstances water suffocates and kills them. Now, these familiar facts are immutable, constant and regular, and man has learned that he must conform to these laws, for by the infraction of them, he brings about punishment or pain. The observance of these laws accrue to his welfare and happiness, and also tend toward preserving his existence. Now the evidence of these common everyday facts of the laws of nature, no one will dispute. Man himself, like the world of which he forms a part, is governed by laws, regular in their course, consistent in their effects, and immutable in their essence. Let man then study these laws; let him comprehend his own nature, and the nature of the beings that surround him, visible, and invisible, mayhap to his gross or outer senses, then may he know how to regulate his destiny, know the causes of his evils and the remedies he ought to apply to overcome them. When the Creator formed our planet, he implanted in the beings

that inhabit it, the laws of their individual beings. He made the bird to fly, the fish to swim and man to walk and think.

Man is made in the image of his maker, and he is the artisan of his own destiny. He himself has alternately created the successes or reverses of his own fortunes, that in his ignorance he has laid to either blind chance, or an arbitrary ruler, who capriciously changes the laws of his own Universe, as a political potentate accepts a bribe. But what has this to do with Capital Punishment?—So much, in that man has laid aside his swaddling clothes of infancy, when he lived in the sense world as primitive babyman, when he was naked both in body and mind. He has learned the laws governing the physical or external world. In every department of science are experts, men, who have sounded the depths and measured the stars, and all this knowledge has contributed to the betterment of man's conditions, from the hovel to the palace. Still, the spirit within cries and urges him to greater and grander achievements, and man must begin with himself. He must learn to know *his own nature*, of which, in spite of his wonderful attainments, he is as yet woefully ignorant.

The majority of men are in a state of complete ignorance as regards the existence of an inner or astral man, as substantial and real as the atmosphere which we breathe. Spiritualists are acquainted with the facts of the existence of this astral man, whose home is upon the astral plane: but these good friends generally attribute the occult phenomena of these presences to the spirits of the departed, which is erroneous. They should study for themselves and discover that these phenomena or astral beings are but finer garments of the soul. Still, this astral body holds the soul imprisoned, until the soul throws off this veil, as it did its physical garment or body, and then ascends to higher and finer realms. We must remember that to ascend, means in a spiritual sense to withdraw oneself from the *outer* to the *inner realm*. Each region has its appropriate substance and atmosphere. The body breathes in the physical world and the soul in the soul-world; so there is a body breath and a soul breath, as there is also an angelic and an electric breath.

Now, what is the fate of the real man after death—his state, his power and his activity? It is possible to give only a very general statement of such a complicated matter as this. It must of neces-

sity, in a short paper, be very meagre; not even an outline of so vast a subject can be traced; but we will take for example the average cultivated man of to-day. When he leaves the physical body, the double, or etheric body, which is erroneously termed the astral body, is left by him, with the physical corpse, in the graveyard, and is often seen hovering over it. The real man, the Ego, withdraws to the astral plane, in his astral body, more correctly named the desire body or sensation body. In Sanskrit it is called Kama-Manas. This body retains all impressions, desires, memories of events, and may live, holding the Ego imprisoned for long years, in the astral world, and we in the physical world may be the means of thus prolonging this stay in the Astral, by our desire for communication with them, which is a real hindrance to the departed Ego; for in the course of natural law, the Ego purifies itself, and sheds this astral or desire body, and so ascends ever higher to realms of bliss or Heaven.

This is the law for the average man. For exceptional cases, such as death by suicide, violent deaths, either by accident or by wilful murder, by capital punishment, there are laws filling each one. We will take the last for our special study. The dying thoughts released from the body by a violent death, are a tremendous force; they are intensified by the feeling of hate, injustice, revenge of the executed one. He passes on to the astral plane, where he is a far more dangerous menace to society, than he would be on the physical plane, where he could be confined, treated humanely and eventually reformed, regenerated, not by any fictitious conversion, brought about by the pernicious doctrine of a saviour washing away his sins by the shedding of blood, but by his own crucifixion, his own atonement, (at-one-ment) made intelligently after he has been taught the laws of God, that they are immutable, unchangeable—that a man sows what he reaps on all planes, physical, astral, mental and spiritual. When these laws are understood, capital punishment will be abolished, for the evil of the evil doer minus a physical body, becomes intensified, and the entity has the full range of the astral world before it. It can use forces on this plane, that were not available for it while in the physical body. So, for the better protection of society in general, and especially for those weak, negative, vacillating men and women, whose name is legion, it

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were well, if men would occupy themselves with the study of this most important subject, which has such an overwhelming influence upon the physical man.

If statistics be compared, it will be discovered that after a war, there is an enormous increase in murder. The cause for this may be discovered in the astral realm—that etherial ocean of mind-life, in which is registered every thought of the past; and these thought-currents are never diminishing but increasing infinitely.

The trained seer can read these mighty records. He can see the forces at work, and he strives as much as lies in his power to aid on this plane, those struggling entities, who by their evil lives are cursed, and have found their hell. Especially is this true of those, who have been cut off in full flush of their earthly passions. They gratify their yearnings and lusts through those living in physical bodies, who are ignorant of the laws by which to protect themselves from such invasions. They may provoke their victims to the most horrible crimes. This is the picture that is revealed to the seer, and it is time that the world should know these things.

As men advance to a more perfect sense of justice and love of humanity, there will follow a corresponding change in government. Evolution in this direction has already made vast strides, and we begin to discern the germ of the budding forth of the spiritual soul in humanity. Aside from the reasons given from an occult point of view, there are others that the searchlight of Truth may make clearer and more apparent to even the least thoughtful. We may ask, is it religious, humane, brotherly or brutal to cut off a human being in this wise? To argue "a life for a life" is against the Master's teachings and precepts—that Master, whom Christians profess to follow. He said: "Resist not evil, pray for them that persecute you, and love your enemies!" What about this? Do you say: "We can not carry out those commands of the Christ?" Then is the Christian Religion a sham, a farce and a fraud; a blot upon civilization; and the sooner we do away with it, the better. Men may then live out their own brutal natures at least free from hypocrisy. Let us ponder and remember, that "hatred never ceased by hatred." And the Christ's message is: "Love is the fulfilling of the Law,"

MARIE A. WATSON

AN APPEAL:

BY A BUDDHIST.

To my Brothers and Sisters of the Christian Faith:

However much we may differ in regard to the mission of two of the World's Great Teachers, the Sacred Ethics and moral truths by both are the same. Both, I think, taught their disciples or students a more profound philosophy than the public were prepared to receive or understand.

In regard to their Secret Teaching, Jesus has spoken distinctly at one time. "Unto you it is given to know the Mystery of the Kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, these things are done in parables—that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted and their sins should be forgiven them."* But the Great Teacher of Asia has spoken in clothed language a great many times.

The fact that both had disciples or students who lived close to their persons and were being prepared as teachers, goes to show that back of the exoteric teaching there was a Secret Philosophy too deep for the general multitude to understand, which required teachers specially prepared to lead them to an understanding of the deep things. In regard to this Secret Knowledge I propose to say a few words. Part of it is of a nature that calls forth from the heart of man the profoundest sorrow.

When the dread King Yanor lays his cold hands on his victim and the great separation takes place, the divine potentiality withdraws with the subjective mind from the physical body. The objective mind, the carnal mind of the gross flesh-eating man remains,—being of a magnetic nature an individualized part or growth from the Universal Mind or Consciousness and being too gross to separate from the brain-cells, it is only stunned into an unconscious state by the shock of death, and remains imprisoned in the brain. In this mind is the earthly man with all his memories, loves and hates in the life which he had lived, a stranger to humanity. Now he is alone.

This mind remains in this condition until the decomposition of

(*Mark, iv., 11. 12).

the brain-cells, when, by a law of chemical affinity or attraction it is drawn together and forms a centre of consciousness. Then, in many cases, a great many, it awakens to a partial or full realization of its awful condition. Then there occurs a desperate struggle which often turns the body completely over in its narrow prison—a fact which the occasional exhuming of bodies plainly shows.

Consciousness or unconsciousness, it must remain chained to that portion of itself still in the brain-cells until their final decomposition. It is then able to free itself.

What becomes of it afterward is well-known to all students of occult knowledge, no matter to what form of religion they may belong. It is told more or less plainly in all the Mystic Books of the earth to those who take the trouble to read between the lines.

It was a knowledge of this that induced the Egyptians and other ancient peoples to mummyize or crystallize the brain so that the consciousness might fade slowly away without forming a centre. For certain occult purposes in relation to this, and not for sepulchres for kings as modern scientists tell us, the great pyramids were built.

I would ask you my Brothers and Sisters of the Christian Faith, to look a little deeper into yourselves. Close the books for a short time and look deeper into your own nature. When you return again to the books you will better understand them, as you will have lighted a candle that will make all things clear.

For within you and not outside in churches or in books, is the light of the world. It is truly said in *The Light of Asia*:

"You suffer from yourselves; none else compels
None other holds you that you live or die
And whirl upon this wheel and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony."

CHARLES BAINWELL.

Health is man's highest good, disease his greatest curse. There is no need of being sick. It is even a positive disgrace, to say nothing of its self-denial, expense, pain and so on. Medicines, however, do not constitute the chief element in curing disease, and when given on any other principle than as food and drink, they are positively injurious.

M. J. Rodermund.

IDEA PRIOR TO ALL THINGS.

To attempt an explanation of Designs by saying that man thought or invented them, implying that the thought is the product of Nothing, or at least of cellular action, which is no more than physical, is irrational and not worthy of consideration. But if thought is the product of Something, then it subsists in an effect of some cause, and of necessity the cause precedes the effect; and that which is design subsists primarily in cause, which is Idea, and secondarily in effect which is Product.

Idea is the unity of design and purpose—is archtypal; and this primal unity precipitates thought under the co-operation of dual factors, namely, the Will and Imagination. These factors are not *created* entities, but are emanations from a primal cause in idea, which is unity, and they are the parental cause of the product of Thought.

It cannot be conceded that inanimate natures in themselves can prescribe the design and form under which they exist; for this is irrational. Every material form, in some manner or other, manifests an idea; yet in no sense are these forms essential to it. These forms can not exist exempted from the essence which gives them form; but that the essence giving form is independent is obvious, for were these material forms annihilated, yet, then, the essence would subsist in idea. Idea, then, precedes all natures manifested upon the material plane.

D. E. WAGENHALS.

HOW JESUS HEALED.

It is never to be forgotten that he added to these principles the forces of a personality that stands apart, beyond reduplication. The wisest and most courageous of the modern schools does not hope for a similar professional success; only the purest dwell upon it. But he who studies that supreme achievement learns his subtle formula, if he will, from the "irregular" Hebrew physician whose manly faith in God was the first and last condition of curing, and whose patients found that something like it was the inexorable condition of cure.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

EXCOMMUNICATED.

All brave thinkers of every time have been excommunicated, and many of our greatest and most scientific works are on the Index Expurgatorius.

—*Marie Corelli.*

DEPARTMENT OF POETRY AND FICTION.

NOTE.—In this Department will be presented, each issue, subject matter in the nature of fiction and poetry, that convey teachings in the line of philosophical life and such as may uplift, instruct and interest the minds of both young and old. The picturing operations of thought, as expressed through the imagination, when it is quickened by spiritual insight, are prolific in qualities adapted to soul elevation and much can be accomplished through these beautiful channels of thought in helping to realize truth. Contributions will be welcome from any of our readers who wish a medium of circulation for predictions of this character.

A SPRING CHORAL

This song comes floating down afar,
From true love's joyous morning star:
At-one above
In truth and love,
Then home is everywhere.

Two listening seraphs catch the strain,
And sound its meaning forth again:
When thoughts of love
Are stayed above,
Then heaven is everywhere.

The cherub choir take up the song
In carols to the angel throng
And joyous sing:
The seeds of spring
Are sprouting everywhere.

And this the song the angels sing,
To nerve the throbbing pulse of spring:
If hearts are true
There's much to do
Till home is everywhere.

Then human hearts their chorus raise
In pæans of exulting praise:
If love is true
There's naught to sue,
And God is everywhere.

And waking to the heavenly call .
Sad mortals break their sinful thrall
 And echo, in
 A minor strain,
 The note of love's refrain.

The birds have caught it from above,
And joyous trill the song of love:
 Sweet home is here,
 Sweet home is there,—
 One heart is everywhere.

And every creature on the earth
Now feels the secret springs of mirth
 In glad heyday,
 Of tuneful play,
 They're happy everywhere.

And wafted wide on every breeze,
The fragrance of the blossoming trees
 Is calling out,
 With silent shout,
 That home is everywhere.

With verdant carpet widely spread
For homesick weary feet to tread,
 Come out and see,
 By brook and tree,
 That home is everywhere.

The barren desert waked to bloom,
The mystic type of nature's womb,
 Is still the home
 Of those that roam,
 And love-marked everywhere.

The hills and mountains, too, rejoice
And hail with everlasting voice,
 Not far away
 Eternal day—
 The home of all the Gods.

LOUISE M. FULLER.

WALLS OF JERICHO.

BY MRS. EVA BEST.

It was not until Aunt Ora had left the spring-house that the hidden fun trickled in Uncle Ezra's eyes had been allowed to overflow into the deep little wrinkles radiating from his kindly orbs like spokes from the hubs of wheels.

"Guess my riddle, Bingo, boy, and don't be glum. When are peoples' relatives not relatives?"

"Oh, don't bother!" cried Bingo impatiently, turning to watch Uncle Ezra at the churn.

"When they're dogs in the manger—that's when! How could it hurt Aunt Ora's fat old 'Mazeppa' to take us four miles and back one night in the week?"

"You would really like to join The Culture Club?" asked the butter-maker, peering so closely into the opened trapdoor of the big barrel-churn that he seemed to be questioning the swimming yellow lumps therein rather than the tall lad and lassie who stood beside him in the cool, fragrant spring-house.

"*Want* to, Uncle Ezra?" exclaimed Bingo, "Well—*rather!*"

"And if Aunt Ora—"

"Never mind about Aunt Ora, Nan. Her opinions are to be respected, howsoever they may disagree with those entertained by—others. They are fixed and hard—'adamantine' I call them privately—and no one of them has ever as yet been known to melt or soften. Compared to Aunt Ora, the law-makers of the Medes and Persians were an easy, indulgent lot. I've lived with your aunt for nearly forty years—"

"How *could* you, Uncle Ezra?"

"When mother was dying she asked me to take care of this little sister; mother called her 'spoiled darling.' She told me that she looked upon ugly tempers as she looked upon humpbacks and any other affliction born with a person, and she felt that your Aunt Ora would need some patient person to look after her. But it seems absurd—doesn't it?—and more as if Ora should be taking care of me; for your aunt is a most magnificent person to look at, quite regal and majestic in her personality—and gaze upon me!"

And the little man, who had struck the big youth (the youth

had seen him for the first time three weeks before this conversation in the spring-house) as being a sort of a diminutive "working pattern"—a finished and exquisite model of what should have become a great man, turned about-face, and smiled up at the Challoner children.

"And our physical differences are not the only ones," he continued. "My sister Ora possesses an unusual executive ability—"

"But, Uncle Ezra," chimed in Nan, "can't that make people mighty unhappy! I *do* believe Aunt Ora could keep a whole regiment at work—"

"I *know* she could!" laughed Ezra Bassett. "And to think that, besides myself, the Hoggs are the only privates in the regiment—not even high privates, at that!"

"You're a queer pair of twins, you, sir, and Aunt Ora—no disrespect meant to either of you, Uncle Ezra, believe me. But two people more *unlike* I never expect to see."

The rich buttermilk was relieved of half of its yellow globules before their uncle spoke again. When he did so, a new note rang in his voice, the music of which the children had never heard before. As they listened to the story of his unconsciously revealed devotion to the memory of the mother, who had left him in charge of his twin sister, the young people drew nearer to the man who disclosed to them his life of martyrdom. By the time he had ceased speaking, four young arms were around him, and his small person was receiving little pats of pity and silent sympathy upon shoulders rounded by toil.

"And so you wish to join The Culture Club?" As he asked this question for the second time, Uncle Ezra walked across the small room, and looked out of the door. His manner of locomotion had always amused the young Challoners. Such long strides in a man so little could be nothing but comical. Finding the coast clear for further confidences, Mr Bassett returned, and, as he busied himself about the butter, he added, "Well, you *shall*."

"Oh, Uncle Ezra!"

"The fact is, children, I belong to it myself."

"Oh, Uncle Ezra!"

"And I can readily appreciate your desire to join such a helpful organization. Since it has been decided that you are to spend some time here on the Bassett farm, it would be the best thing

that could come to you. The club meets once a week at Rockyford, as you know ; but as you probably haven't known, I attend it regularly."

"Mazeppa?" whispered Nan.

"No." And now Uncle Ezra's eyes were fairly sparkling.

"Some other horse?" ventured Bingo.

"No horse." Uncle Ezra was enjoying to the full his mystification of niece and nephew.

"My mode of getting there and back is as mysterious to you as is Aunt Ora's whim to have you come and live with her ; but both are easily explained, the one as the other."

"Explanations are in order," cried Nan, who had secretly been wondering why it had pleased Aunt Ora—who was not their aunt, really, but their father's cousin many times removed—to invite herself and her brother to live at Bassett farm.

"In order," echoed Uncle Ezra ; "and in their rightful order I shall endeavor to make clear to you these mysteries. When my sister Ora was nineteen years old, your father came to visit the farm. Children, has anyone ever seemed as handsome and manly, as tender-hearted and altogether loveable to you as was your father?"

The children's negatives came through sudden tears.

"Well, just so Ora thought of him. He was a young man then—barely twenty-three—and my sister was the most beautiful girl in Loraine county. It seemed only natural that these two beautiful beings should imagine themselves made for each other ; and to see them together in church or walking down the lane—children, it was a—*revelation!*" The last lump of golden butter came out of hiding with the utterance of the word that meant so much to Ezra Bassett.

"But father—"

"Soon discovered the flaw in his beautiful pearl. A fit of temper, as fierce as it was prolonged, awakened the dear young dreamer from his slumber. He left the house never to return. And in all these years she who had thought to become his wife has kept track of his children ; and, now that you are orphans, longs to do for you what—Bingo, please hand me that paddle?"

"So *that's* why. Poor Aunt Ora !" breathed Nan softly.

"Now for the other mystery—but, Uncle Ezra, may we each make a guess?" queried Bingo.

"As many as you like." The chuckle as well as the words of permission made it evident to the would-be solvers of Uncle Ezra's problem of locomotion, that he did not look to them for a correct solution.

"You start early in the day," ventured Bingo.

"I have attended the club meetings three times since your arrival three weeks ago. Have you ever missed me at tea time?"

"Then some neighbor gives you a lift."

"No one this side of Rocky River attends—"

"Bike?" knowing pretty well that no such luxury was in his uncle's possession.

"Er—flying machine?" This from Nan, in an eager, hopeful voice.

The little man shook his fine head merrily above the great wooden bowl he now held upon his knees.

"Oh, *tell!*" cried Nan coaxingly, coming closer, and kneeling down beside the big butter-bowl.

"It's a profound secret."

"Yes!" assented the Challoner children.

"It's a peculiar mode of locomotion for a man of my years," and Mr. Bassett vigorously patted the golden mass with the milky paddle.

"Yes?"

"But one that is as simple as it is practicable—"

"Oh, *tell!*" repeated Nan.

Uncle Ezra arose, put the bowl aside, and taking from his pocket a tiny note-book and tinier pencil, he drew upon a blank sheet a triangle whose horizontal base measured about a third less than its upward slanting sides.

"Pyramid?" asked the puzzled boy, when the book was handed to Bingo.

"And," said the impatient Nan, "If it *isn't*. I know somebody that's a regular *sphinx!* Are you *never* going to tell us, Uncle Ezra?"

For answer the smiling gentleman took the note-book, and finished his sketch. In ten seconds the children were in the secret, and actually squealing with merriment.

Stilts! Such a simple solution—even Nan could master it—or rather *them* in time! Uncle Ezra could see no reason why a girl

should not attempt that which would enable Bingo, as it had enabled himself, to cover miles in a marvelously short space of time, especially as the distance was to be traversed in the dusk of day, and along a lonely country road.

The somewhat dubious but altogether delighted Nan was to begin her lessons as soon as her brother had fashioned her first short pair of "walking pins." She watched the manufacture of the light pine sticks into stilts whose "pedals", as Nan insisted upon calling them, were but a few inches above the ground.

For hours thereafter, safely shielded by the long white-washed wood-shed, the while Bingo's axe rang and the white chips flew, Nan stumbled and hobbled and waddled and wobbled, until slowly, surely, as her brother told her she would, the girl began to master that which was to bear her speedily to the goal of her desires.

The "pedals" were placed higher and yet higher upon the longer handles, until Nan, upon the eventful evening of trial, as loftily poised as were her little uncle and big brother, was striding up the long lane that led to the highroad, under stars that blinked curiously down upon as queer a trio of mortals as ever their planetships saw!

"What fun!" cried Nan exultantly, as she propelled herself so swiftly forward that the soft air blew cool and fresh upon her young face.

The sensation was delightful to the girl. To be lifted so far above the ground, to pass the quivering leaves of the trees at their own high levels; to look far across the rich meadows and fallow fields lying cool and moist under the gathering dews; to plunge through the air as a bird flies, making more than three ordinary steps at each slightest effort—it is a question if any bicycle rider ever experienced the real rapture of the little maid, who felt herself one with the very breezes that blew along the fragrant, dusky lane!

"What fun!" and for Nancy Challoner the expression applied as well to the stealthy escape of the three out over the "leanto" roof, which was just high enough to enable them to mount their stilts from its accommodating eaves.

Aunt Ora, who always went to bed with the chickens, whatever her dreams might have been, surely never, in the wildest of them, could have dreamed of an exodus and flight such as this!

"Fun doesn't spell it," admitted Bingo. "How did you ever come to think of it, Uncle Ezra?"

"The idea is, and yet is not, original with me," explained their pilot, as he detoured around a complacent Alderney standing "broadside on" munching the bush grass of the lane. "I worked it out myself on the triangle plan I showed you; yet I'll confess, my boy, that X equalled an unknown quantity for a longer period than it now flatters me to remember. And just as I cried 'Eureka!' I cut open the leaves of a monthly installment of *Travels in Foreign Lands*, and there, perched on his high stilts, was the letter carrier of southern France."

"Really, Uncle Ezra?"

"Really. It seems that they have used this means of speedy locomotion for generations, and a morning tramp of sixteen miles and back is a thing of little moment to them. How are you faring, Nan?"

"Oh, Uncle Ezra, this is glorious! It's next to flying—"

"But doesn't it tire you?"

"I suppose I shall feel it at the journey's end—but I don't now."

"We'll try half the distance this time, and see how you stand it. To-morrow the club meets again, and—"

"I shall go!" cried the girl.

But when next morning she turned upon her pillow to greet the day, behold it was raining! Not a fierce, sharp shower soon over, but a steadily persistent down-pour, that threatened to last all day, and probably far into the night.

"How tiresome!" scolded Nan to her Self—a personage to whom she addressed—privately—all communications of an irritable nature. Uncle Ezra and Bingo would never stop for rain, she knew. The roads to Rockyford were, as the village's name itself suggested, not at all on the mud-road order, and would remain as hard and as easily traveled after as before the drenching rain. But unless the gray, impenetrable mass of clouds above poured out its watery wealth before sundown, Nancy knew what must be her evening's position.

She met Ezra Bassett's compassionate glance with one as merry as was possible under the disappointing circumstances.

"I'm sorry, of course," she whispered, as some lack took Aunt

Ora into the kitchen. "But I always try to think there's some other thing better for me and all concerned than that which I'd hoped to do."

"You're pretty young to take disappointments like that," murmured her uncle. "Looking at things in that fashion usually comes only with years. I've arrived there only recently myself."—and here Aunt Ora returned.

Nancy had helped with the housework since Mrs. Hogg had gone away to attend the funeral of a brother's wife in the next county. The Hogg's were a married pair who had worked for the Bassetts for many years. Quiet, steady-going, well-meaning people, Asa Hogg, and Mercy, his wife, were the small cogs that kept the big Bassett farm in perfect running order.

This morning, in Mercy's absence, Nancy had begged Aunt Ora to permit her to wash and put away the breakfast dishes all by herself. The older woman looked sharply at her, then, silently acquiescing, sat down in the low, wooden rocker by the kitchen window, and began to peel and core the apples she lifted from a big basket beside her.

"Aunt Ora," began the girl bravely, bound upon home-missionary work, "you know how young people want things, and—"

"Let them want. It's good for them," returned Miss Bassett.

"But, Aunt Ora, suppose they *do* want what would only do them good to have—"

"How do they know what's good for them to have?" The rain beat softly upon the weeping panes, the kitchen fire snapped, and the kettle sang. Somehow there was an unusual sort of cosiness in the air of the big, clean kitchen—a sort of shut-in, comfortable feeling that was actually luxurious on this grey, wet, sodden day. Nancy Challoner felt that it was a time for confidences—a seasonable time in which to lay siege to her aunt's heart—to awaken it to a livelier sort of interest in herself and Bingo—and so, with that tact which is born in every heart that goes kindly out to its fellow-creatures, she began her labor of love.

She longed to try to soften the hard nature of a woman whose disposition every one feared—to fetch her a little gift of real and living sympathy, and she began her task by a timid reference to her own dear father.

Ora Bassett listened to the child in silence. Her lips made thin,

hard lines across her handsome face. Between her gray brows two forbidding furrows stood like dark sentinels, and in her nervous, blue-veined, slender hands the sharp knife pierced to the apples' hearts.

Had Nancy been able, from her place at the kitchen table to see Miss Bassett's forbidding countenance, the girl would never have dreamed that her youthful utterances were making any deeper impression upon the older woman's heart than the touch of a tender sea anemone upon the ocean's rocky shore.

Ora Bassett had ever been the central sun of her own small system. Around her all else revolved. A headstrong, selfish child, spoiled by unwise indulgence at the outset, she had developed into an obstinate, domineering woman, whose qualities were the opposite of all that is gentle, affable, and kind.

If beyond the ocean of selfishness with which she had surrounded herself, her ageing eyes caught glimpses of fairer, pleasanter vistas ; if against the clouds that shadowed her monotonous life, happy might-have-beens gleamed like bright mirages, none had eyes to see their radiance reflected in the lonely woman's face.

From the loud vituperation of earlier days, Miss Bassett had fallen into a state of almost habitual silence—a silence which was, however, to those who knew her well, still sufficiently eloquent.

To Nancy Challoner and her brother Vincent, this silence, had, happily, as yet, lacked speech. Simply to have been invited to the Bassett farm by their majestic aunt had been enough to keep them from aught save grateful thoughts of the woman whose one and only bright and tender memory was that of their father, Vincent Challoner.

So Nan, at intervals, chattered on. The rain grew heavier as the day advanced, and the kitchen fire began to assert itself glowingly in the gathering gloom. Ezra and Bingo came in "as wet as water-rats," Nan stopped talking to Aunt Ora to declare, and drew near the fire instinctively, as one draws near a comforting friend.

At this invasion the burden of the conversation fell upon the newcomers, the little man and the big boy having much to tell of a comical happening of an hour ago.

That night it chanced as Nan had predicted. The rain showed signs of abating, but the light, fine, misty drizzle, which, instead

of falling, seemed rather to hang in the air like a palpable pall, kept the disappointed girl within doors.

"Auntie, let me read you this—it's the funniest sketch!" It was past seven o'clock now, and the men, Nan knew had slipped away in the gloomy drizzle. At half-past seven her hostess would retire, and she wished to entertain her until that time.

So, without more ado, Nan began, in the joyous, spirited style all her own, to read a mock-serious essay by a popular humorist of the day. How long she read to "their air," as she afterward confessed to Bingo, she could never know; for when, at the comical climax, she lifted her eyes from the page before them, and turned toward Aunt Ora for sympathetic appreciation, Miss Bassett's chair was empty, and only the clock's labored tick made audible response!

Slowly the tears welled into the girl's eyes. It was no use! If it were not for dear, dear Uncle Ezra, and the beautiful country with its beautiful meadows, hills, and streams, she could wish herself far away from the spot. Ah, well, older folks were peculiar at times—at least *some* older folks were; and it would be better never to presume in any way, nor to imagine younger people could amuse or entertain wiser ones! So Nan slipped softly upstairs to bed, and soon forgot her small chagrin in dreams of delight.

For two days more it rained. Then the sun gleamed forth at sunset, sending a long, fiery shaft of orange light across wet woods, wet fields, and sodden lanes. This was a promise for the morrow—a promise the weather god kept, for a more cloudless day never dawned.

Nan had plied Bingo with a host of questions concerning The Culture Club. *Was the President nice? Did Uncle Ezra tell him all about his niece and nephew?* No; he seemed to know all that without the telling. *Did he tell the President that she, Nancy Chaloner would join next week?* No; the President seemed to understand that also. *Did he seem as glad as Uncle Ezra thought he would be to have them join?* Just as glad; indeed, it would be difficult for Bingo to decide which was most joyful. Then he mentioned a Miss Manners, the Secretary, and told Nan that *there* was a lady she would be sure to like!

It seemed an age until next club day. But at last it dawned in rose and pearl, waxed golden, waned to amethyst, and, when the

world lay a-glimmer under the silver sheen of a baby moon. Mother Nature was putting early to bed its soft cloud cradle, the three conspirators were off and away. Much practice had made Nan's "stilting" perfect, and she strode along as bravely as did her escorts.

On the shore of a noisy, brawling, shallow, little river, Nan balanced herself in dismay; but when Bingo plunged boldly in, and Uncle Ezra followed, Nan, with heart high beating, braved the tide, and strode across the stream in safety.

Upon the hither side, whose high, steep bank had so long made it convenient for Uncle Ezra, the three dismounted, and, after hiding their stilts in the tall river weeds and grasses, they walked into Rockyford.

The club always met at Miss Manners' house. The Secretary was a little lady of uncertain age, whose charming, gentle ways quite captivated Nan. She was taken upstairs to Miss Manners' own room to be regaled with a slice of delectable cake and a dish of fruit.

"Your cavaliers are faring as well below stairs," smiled her hostess. "Ezra is always hungry when he arrives, and must be fed before he can attend to his duties. We defer roll-call until half past eight on his account. But tell me, dear, has it tired you to walk that long distance on stilts?"

"Then you know—" stammered the girl—

"I do, but no one else does. Ezra says it makes the nearly four long miles really only a little over one."

"It's *glorious*, Miss Manners! Why I'm only glad we *daren't* use Mazeppa—he's too fat to do more than to walk—Aunt Ora always lets him walk—"

"Yes, I know." Miss Manners seemed particularly well informed on all *relative points*, as Nan afterwards explained to Bingo.

The club members had all arrived, and the roll was called as soon as Nan and her hostess had taken their places in the big, old-fashioned parlor. As Miss Manners called the names, her voice sounded to Nan like the chimes of some sweet-belled clock.

During roll-call the girls' butterfly glances skimmed over the heads of the assembled members, alighting for a moment now on this bald head, now on that quaintly built bonnet, to rest, at last, on a face beyond them all—a face which smiled sunnily across at

her from the little table behind which her uncle sat. But it was not until a member arose and said—"Mr. President," and Uncle Ezra answered, "Mr. Jenkinson," that the wonderful truth Bingo had hidden from her burst upon her. Uncle Ezra was president of The Culture Club—her own dear Uncle Ezra!

Miss Manners now read the minutes of the preceding meeting. As these stood approved the business of enrolling the new member, Nancy Challoner, was taken up; after which the regular program for the evening was carried out.

It was a happy hour for Nan; and at its close she slipped one slim, young arm around Miss Manners' trim, little waist, and gave her a shy hug. Ezra Bassett beamed at sight of the gentle caress, and Miss Manners' sweet face grew pink as a flower as she caught his approving glance.

That evening's experience was one of Nan's "Never-to-be-forgottens." The night wind, heavy with the odor of unseen herbs and fragrant grasses, blew gratefully upon her rosy cheeks, and no two stars overhead boasted half the sparkle of her dancing eyes! With words that warmed his heart, Nan told her uncle of her pride in him; thanking Bingo heartily for not spoiling the delight of her surprise.

"And oh, Uncle Ezra," cried Nan, as they gained a level stretch of roadway, and breathing was less difficult, "I *love* Miss Manners!"

"So do I," returned Uncle Ezra; "so have I for thirty years."

"Oh!" said the Challoner children—a brief exclamation; but it bespoke an intelligent comprehension of that which might well have puzzled those who did not understand Uncle Ezra Bassett's attitude toward his sister Ora.

Next morning saw the return of Mrs. Hogg. She was a big, strong, muscular woman, capable, energetic, and independent as a man. Nan, supposing, at first, that grief kept her silent, did not presume to approach her in any way; but as hours passed into days, and days into weeks, and she still vouchsafed no words to anyone save her husband, Asa, Nan ventured to storm the citadel, and creep into its stronghold, her heart.

At Nan's first onslaught the silent woman's reserve went down like ricks of straw before a cyclone. She seemed to be another being. That which Nan had described to Bingo as a "heavy-set frown" disappeared for the moment, and the peculiar expression

which did duty for a smile on Mercy Hogg's face took up its temporary position.

"You won't mind, will you, Mercy, if I ask you an impertinent question? Sure? Well, what has made you so silent all this time?"

"Her," replied Mrs. Hogg nodding toward Miss Bassett's sitting room. "We don't speak—hain't spoke fer nigh three months. She wouldn't answer me once when I ought to ben answered, an' I vowed I'd never speak to her as long as I lived. But I'm goin' to, yes, Miss Nancy, I'm goin' to, if it's the last word o' my dyin' breath!"

Nan kept her countenance under control; Mercy Hogg's voice forbade hilarity.

"An' I thought pro'bly you were like yer aunt, so ventured nothin'. I'm glad yer not, an' I hope you'll let me warn you ag'inst the sins Miss Ora's got to answer fer. A person that thinks only o' theirself makes *me* think of a man that cleans his specs with sandpaper. The heavens above give him eyes to see, an' the yerth beneath give him specs; yet every time he puts 'em on he gives 'em a little rub with the sandpaper o' selfishness, an' d'reckly they grow dimmer'n'dimmer, an' he don't know what's a-ailin' of 'em that the hull world looks blurred, an' ugly, an' gray."

"But couldn't somebody tell him where he'd made his mistake?"

"It 'pears not. If anybody could, *an' he'd listen*, they'd never grow dim. Miss Ora's pretty nigh lost sight o' the glory o' things that makes other folks happy. The grit on her sandpaper 's the hardest flint I ever experienced."

Here Nan laughed merrily, and Mercy joined grimly in the glee.

"I 'low to speak to Miss Ora, as I've said, if the last time in my life. I'm only simmerin' now; but when I reach the b'ilin' p'oint I'll take a ram's horn and go blowin' 'round the walls o' her own pertickler Jericho! I don't reckon on allowin' myself seven promenades, fer the note I'm goin' to sound 'll hardly need a second blast!"

Next club night saw a late moon rising in full splendor over a far-away line of misty purple. Mercy, who had been awakened by some disturbance among her chickens, and had gone out to see what had happened to her feathered tribe so long after "roost-time," fell back in amazement at three long-legged apparitions that strode past her from the lane. With a gasp she watched the

strange phantoms disappear around the corner of the house ; then, with a stifled cry, the woman gave a bound, and flew after them.

"Mercy Hogg had the courage of her convictions'—but that was all!" laughed Uncle Ezra, next day, when he and the children were talking over Mrs. Hogg's discovery. "Did you ever see apprehension, incredulity and indignation so nicely blended in any one human countenance?"

"And when she really comprehended the facts of the case," began Bingo, "and—"

"Raised her hands in horror at *me!*" burst in Nan, whose merriment died a sudden death as a quick turn brought her face to face with Mrs. Hogg.

"Oh, Mercy!" added the distressed girl.

"Don't blame yourself, Miss Nancy," began the woman in a strangely gentle tone. "Tain't no fault o' yours, child, as you was driv to it, like. No, don't say nothin' to me, Ezra Bassett, 'cause it won't do a smidgeon o' good. It's come to the b'ilin' p'int, friends, an' I'm a-goin' to speak. You can all hear me as wants to ; but speak I will, an' without bein' put a stop to, if it brings the day o' doom!"

At this the woman turned and went into the house.

"Mr. President!"

"Miss Challoner!"

"I move that the Chair appoint a Committee of One to follow Mrs. Hogg."

"Second the motion," said Bingo

"It has been moved and seconded—bless me, she's gone!"

Nan reached the sitting room to find Mrs. Hogg already seated upon a big old-fashioned rocking chair, and well launched upon the flood of words that followed. She sat so close to the edge of the wooden seat, that the chair tipped forward with an eager, lively air, as if it were about to play leap-frog, and jump over the head of the speaker.

The voice addressing Miss Bassett was not loud, but low, intense, and full of righteous purpose.

"Ora Bassett," began Mercy, "it's time somebody spoke to you. As nobody's willin' to do it but me, ye'll have to hear some home-truths from Mercy Hogg. You've ben pandered to sence you was a baby—ben give up to, an' yoomered past all conscience, an' its

ben the ruination of yer heart an' soul. I've ben wantin' to tell you this for years but prob'ly I'd never' a' come to the p'int if it wasn't that I see you a-drivin' yer own blood relations to desperation an' —STILTS!"

Ora Bassett's fine eyes fixed themselves upon the face of the woman who thus harangued her. There was no change in her bearing save that she straightened herself slightly, and grew more regal-looking in her throne-like chair, as, one after another, the sins of omission of which Miss Bassett had been guilty were laid before her.

It seemed to Nancy Challoner, standing spell-bound upon the threshold, that, as she listened, a mysterious veil lifted itself, fold after fold, before her. It was as if her eyes were beginning to see clearly for the first time in her life. Mercy's harsh words lost all meaning after a time, and their sounds took color and painted pictures on the walls of her imagination. In each vision Ora Bassett made the conspicuous central figure, and surrounding her stretched various environments—prospects at first pleasing, then less satisfactory, and, at least, in fancy, she saw her standing, alone and lonely, upon the great waste of a gloomy desert—a being so unfriended, unloved, and unconsidered, that the girl's grief-blinded eyes suddenly lost sight of it all, and with a sharp sob she sprang to the side of the woman, who, with as unmoved and stately an air as was ever possessed by her noble French ancestors, sat upon the chair as though it were a tumbril taking her to the guillotine.

"Stop, Mercy—stop!" cried Nan, "You have no right to speak like that; for you have none of you—not one of you—ever understood Aunt Ora! You have all helped to make her what she is—all of you!" Nan's flashing eyes, defiant, courageous, pitying, met those of Mr. Bassett, who had by this time gained the doorway. "Because something was disagreeable to you, Uncle Ezra, you put your sister as far as was possible out of your life. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must speak frankly; may I?"

"Surely, dear child," breathed Ezra Bassett, as he crossed to the bench under the window.

"If Aunt Ora had built a wall of stone about herself, and shut herself out from the sunshine, and away from food and water, wouldn't you have striven to give it to her in spite of herself—to

save her from starvation? Well, there *is* a wall built about her—a big, high, ugly, hateful wall you have all helped to build, because it was pleasanter to have certain things screened away from you. And here in this hideous place Aunt Ora has lived alone, starving and thirsting, I'm afraid, for the love and sympathy nobody has ever thought of giving her. Instead of making her see that she was shutting herself away from all the lovely things of life by raising this ugly barrier, you all kept handing her stones so she might build her wall higher and higher—"

"She ought to seen what she was a-doin' herself—"

"You pitied blind, old Dobbin when he walked up against the barbed-wire fence; Mercy Hogg—and, oh, blindness is *always* so pitiable!"

Here a slender young arm ventured about the stiff neck of the woman to whose side the girl had crept, and a small, sunburned hand patted tenderly the angular shoulder upon which it rested.

It seemed to Nan as if she had suddenly grown ages older than the woman she championed—that they had changed places, as it were, and that it had fallen to her lot to protect the silent prisoner at the bar.

"Oh, dear, dear Uncle Ezra, you are so good, and I love you so; but *don't* you see how an awful mistake *might* have been made?"

"Ora, is the child right? The questioner's voice was hoarse and strange to the ears of those who listened.

For answer a slender, blue-veined hand stretched itself out to him. He seized it, and flinging himself upon his knees, before his sister hid his face in her lap.

"Don't take on so, Ezra Bassett," breathed Mercy softly, her eyes wet with sympathetic tears. "You ben a martyr if there ever was one—and you done noble, man, you done noble! Ora Bassett, I hope I'll never have to b'ile over again as I just ben b'ilin', an' that you'll let us help you get shet o' that wall Miss Nancy's blamed us all fer a-helpin' you to build. It can't be did in a day, of course; but it can be did in time, an' I'm willin' to cart away *my* heft o' the rebbish!"

With this, Mercy marched softly out of the room, and Nancy quickly following, left the brother and sister alone together.

"Oh, Bingo, I can't tell you about it—so don't ask me! It was a real tragedy—that's what it was, and Aunt Ora just acted

superbly! Say? Nothing! She just *acted*; and I can understand now how 'actions speak louder than words'!"

An hour later Uncle Ezra found the Challoner children discussing apples in the old red sleigh out under the Rambo tree in a far corner of the yard. As he approached them, he seemed to be bringing a strange radiance with him—a soft yet splendid illumination, that belonged to the sun of happiness which had at last arisen, and was now shining through the gray mists of his past great sacrifice.

Mercy Hogg was right. The demolishing process was not accomplished in a day; but the first joyous ring of the pick upon the topmost stone of the wall of selfishness had been persistently followed by similar harmonious clatterings, and by the time it had, as Bingo put it, "began to grow late early," The Culture Club came in a body to Bassett farm to celebrate not only the return from their honeymoon of its President and Secretary, but the addition, then and there, of Miss Ora Bassett to its intellectual ranks.

The Challoner children are now away at school; but both are counting the days which must elapse before vacation comes again and they may hasten home to their blessed Uncle Ezra, their gentle Aunt Mercy, the honest Hoggs, their precious stilts, The Culture Club, and last, but never least, their dear Aunt Ora, whose walls of Jericho have never been rebuilt!

EVA BEST.

All spontaneous and efficient art is the making and doing of useful things in such manner as shall be beautiful.

—Vernon Lee.

KALEIDOSCOPIC.

Life's a kaleidoscope, so I have found,
 Fate holds the cylinder, turning it round,
 With eyes dispassionate watching the toy,
 Unmoved by sorrow and untouched by joy.
 Calm and relentless, stoical, stern.
 Her mission only to turn and to turn!

Incident—trifles, that when not in mass
Valueless are as kaleidoscope glass,
Huddle together to glint and to gleam
Making an hour as bright 'as a dream.
Separate particles showing their hues,
Fate turning grimly and nothing to choose.

Green bits of jealousy too often seen;
Rose-colored charity's beautiful sheen;
Crystal white purity, emblem of youth,
Rich tints for wisdom and goodness and truth.
Cruelty's somber tints casting a shade
Over the azure by mercy displayed.

Hope gleaming goldenly; clear bits of fact;
Squares of reflection all mercury backed;
Grains of experience, rounded and tough;
Atoms of ignorance, uncut and rough,
Nondescript pebbles of no shape or tint;
Dull tones of mourning and merriment's glint.

Memory's brightness; despair's hopeless hue;
Joy's sparkling prisms and heaven's own blue:
Gleaming and glowing, the pure heart's desire;
Coals of Avernus, and hate's lurid fire;
Martyrdom's crimson, and faith's precious pearl;
Love's dazzling radiance—all in the whirl!

Tints deeply buried one turn will restore
To the gaze of the watcher, but not as before;
For though Fate keeps turning the Fortunes of Men,
The very same crystals will never again
Reflect the old grouping, and no one need hope
To stay the hand turning Life's Kaleidoscope.

MRS. SIXTY.

WANTED.

Wanted—a MAN—who is gentle and just;
A man who is upright and true to his trust;
Who cares more for honor and love than for pelf,
And who holds his neighbor as dear as himself.
Who's sober and earnest, and merry and gay,
Who cheerfully shoulders the cares of the day;
Whose principle's high, whose integrity's strong;
Who'd rather do right any time than do wrong,
Yet who to a sinner shows sorrow and pity—
Do you think I might find such a man in the city?

Wanted—a WOMAN—no saint, understand;
But a womanly woman, who on every hand
Sheds the lustre of purity, goodness and grace,
Who carries her loveliness stamped on her face;
Whose wisdom's intuitive insight is deep;
Who makes living sunshine where life's shadows creep;
Who's poised in her little world's centre, and who
Is gentle, responsive, and tender and true;
Whose sweetness and graciousness fit like a gown—
Do you think I might find such a one in the town?

PSYCHE.

THE CAGED BIRD AND THE SPARROW.

(AN ALLEGORY).

The conservatory door stood open, but the afternoon was so warm and balmy that no hurtful draught of cold air blew in to chill the delicate trailing tropic plants with its deadly breath. Outside in the summer sunshine, the butterflies were besporting themselves on their gaily painted pinions, while the hum of innumerable bees bespoke the industry of the little honey-gatherers. The midsummer heat was intense, the steady glare of the sunshine almost tropical. The flowers, fortified by a rain shower during the previous night, basked in the heavy resplendency, exhaling their varied odors upon the languid air. Both man and beast had long sought shelter, and the feathered tribe of songsters crouched silent and still in the shade of the clustering foliage of their leafy homes.

Only one little winged explorer hopped about upon the deserted lawn, and crossing the broad path-way, paused and looked with wonder and curiosity in his little round eyes through the open door of the conservatory.

It was a region of surpassing beauty that he beheld. Never before had he seen such delicately petaled blossoms, or such long, trailing, green sprays, as he saw in the view before him.

Curiosity piqued him. He was only a dusty little sparrow impelled by the insufferable and stifling oppression of the neighboring town to seek for awhile, fresh scenes and cooler shelter than that afforded by the dirty and sunbaked eaves of the alley which he looked upon as home.

He was not so timid as others of his race; his life in the midst of a great city's slums had hardened him, making him callous to that which would scare his weaker-hearted brethren, and he would fearlessly venture upon that which they would fly from.

Therefore he stood on the threshold of this unknown land, blinking his little black eyes, and cocking his little wise head first on this side and then on the other, until, rendered still bolder by prevailing stillness, he cautiously, though at the same time deliberately hopped across the door step and down the tessellated pavement.

Presently, a sound made him pause. He listened. "Chirp, chirp," he answered the unknown voice. "Tweet, tweet," he heard in return.

This was very nice! So abandoning his hop, he took to his wings, and flying round the corner, perched upon the branch of a flowering shrub, and looking round, perceived close beside him a daintily painted wire construction hanging in mid air.

This in itself was a surprise, but a greater still awaited him, for, behind the bright, gold bars he beheld a brother bird, only, strange to say, he was radiant in a plumage of the richest yellow hue, with a long graceful tail, slender body, thin, delicate legs, and slim palely tinted beak.

"An apparition! I must be dreaming," thought the sparrow, blinking his eyes and chirping confusedly.

"Tweet, tweet," returned the canary, retiring timidly to the furthest extremity of his cage.

Whoever could that brown bird be, perched on that swaying bough! "Tweet, tweet, who are you?" he queried nervously.

"Chirp, chirp, I am myself. Who are you, and what are you doing in there?"

"This is my home," replied the canary, still crouching in the furthest corner of his pretty cage.

"Your home! Where? Inside those golden bars?"

"Yes, and a very beautiful and comfortable home it is," replied the canary, a little piqued at the suspicion of pitying incredulity in the sparrow's tone.

"Do you never get out and fly about in the sunshine?" continued the sparrow, opening his eyes wider and wider.

"No," responded the other.

"Dear me!" returned the sparrow, "how odd. How do you get your food?"

"My mistress feeds me every day, and gives me fresh water and sand. My home is a very happy one; I hardly miss my liberty, perhaps because I can never remember having had it."

"Very likely," returned the sparrow, hopping nearer and inspecting the neat well supplied cage of his companion.

The canary fluttered with fright as the little brown bird perched himself on the top of the cage.

"Don't be afraid," chirped the visitor, "I only want to see your

nome closer. What a wonderful plumage yours is, I have never seen anything like it before," he continued, as a ray of sunshine stealing through the surrounding foliage fell athwart the cage and rested on the golden feathers of the scarcely reassured canary.

"You seem to belong to a very dark and ragged race," twittered the canary.

"We are not beautiful, I know, and are very numerous," replied the sparrow; "still, we lead a lively life, in spite of occasional dangers."

"Dangers? Ah, I have heard of the dangers of the great world. Tell me of some I pray."

"Well, there is our common enemy, the cat, who is a sly beast with great green eyes, a hairy body, and long fierce claws; she catches us when she can, and if we do not keep a sharp look out, she makes a fine meal."

"How horrible! I have never seen a cat save once; but then you see, I hang so high that none can reach me."

"A good thing for you," replied the sparrow, flying to the ground and picking up some seeds that had fallen from the cage above. "Your food is very good," he continued.

"Yes," replied the other, helping himself and scattering more seed around to the great delight of the sparrow who complacently gathered it up.

"Are you fed all through the winter like this?"

"Yes, I always have plenty of food, I am never forgotten, and very often I get extra delicacies such as a lump of sugar, a piece of watercress, or some hard boiled egg chopped fine, which is really very good."

"You are a lucky bird. We in winter, when it freezes and the ground is hard, are nearly starved and frozen, and have to pick up a meal wherever we can, for there are no worms to be had and often no berries. But sometimes we find a good supply of crumbs thrown out for us by some kind-hearted mortal."

"Dear me, how very dreadful. I would willingly share my food with you if only you could manage to get here."

"Thanks," said the stranger gratefully, "you are not a selfish bird though you do lead such an easy life. But in the alley I usually frequent, there lives a little child, in an upper garret, who every morning shares her breakfast with me, and puts out a few

crumbs for me to eat. We are great friends. I often perch on her window sill and chirp to her; there is no danger of her capturing and imprisoning me, like the wicked boys in the yard below so often do to my unwary brethren. It is a risky life I lead, but I would not exchange it for the most gilded captivity—you see I know what liberty is like.

No doubt you are best as you are," responded the canary, "a cage would be torture and living death to you even as liberty would be hardship, terror, and death to me. What we have been accustomed to, becomes a necessity to our existence, I suppose. I sometimes feel I should like to fly out into the sunshine and perch upon the trees, but then I think how terrified I should be of the other strange birds that are flying about, so I content myself with my swing, and think that after all my cage is best."

"You are right," said the sparrow thoughtfully, "as I hopped into this beautiful place, I thought how nice it would be to live here always, well screened from all manner of danger, but I soon felt how monotonous it would be after my knock-about life; and sadly indeed should I miss my freedom, which is, as you say, essential to me. I would far rather keep my liberty, with all its risks and hardships, than remain even in secure captivity. I am accustomed to my life, I love it, and do not fear its dangers, having learnt how to avoid them. Then I should die without my merry brothers and companions. No, no; things are best as they are; each individual is fitted for his particular sphere, whether high or low, it matters not—both have their advantages and disadvantages, but the one counterbalances the other. So I will contentedly keep my freedom, and you your cage."

"Yes," replied the canary, scattering a fresh shower of seed for the benefit of his companion. "But I am very glad you found your way here, it is a rare treat to have someone to talk to. My mistress is a dear kind soul who speaks to me endearingly in her strange tongue, feeds me from her lips, and takes me on her finger, but she cannot converse with me as you can. Come again and see me my friend. Come often and have a chat; there is plenty to talk about, and plenty of seed to spare. But hark! I hear my mistress coming, it is the hour she brings me my groundsel. Farewell, farewell," he twittered as the sparrow prepared to depart. "Come again, I pray you."

"Yes, another day," chirped the sparrow in reply as he flew away past a pretty, youthful mortal, towards the garden, leaving the conservatory echoing with the joyous burst of the canary's song.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

ONENESS.

One Mind, knowing, so deep, so strong,
 One Heart, loving, so true, so strong,
 One Breath, throbbing, with rise and fall,
 One Life, living—and this is All.

BARNETTA BROWN.

RE-BIRTH.

Sometimes I wonder, with the Spring's returning glory,
 If dead things from the hoard of mem'ry's store
 Arise, and in the present tell the strange, sweet story,
 That made our pasts an ever-haunting lore.

The dead leaves fall, and sink deep earth-molds under
 The grass-blades brown, all sickening from the cold;
 And ice-crusts cut the stem from flower asunder,
 Yet to these voiceless ones, no *death* is told.

This subtle charm pervading space and being,
 This vivifying breath of Spring-time hour,
 Can it not mean that souls shall have re-seeing,
 Can it not show the spirit's full-armed power?

NINA PICTON.

HEALTH THE ONLY NORMAL LIFE.

The notion that pain and disease are inevitable results of life I utterly refuse to accept. Mr. Herbert Spencer's remark that "all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins," conveys to the aspirant after health and vigor a hint of great significance, for it suggests the possibility of getting a more intimate acquaintance with the laws of our being, and thus of avoiding the ills that now are considered impossible to escape from. —*Arthur Lovell.*

THE MOUNTAIN RIVER.

Poor troubled river,
Angrily tossed,
Why should you care
For the rocks that are crossed?
Why turn and snarl at them,
Curling with foam?
On, hurry on
To your far ocean home.

Poor troubled river,
Grumbling again,
Restless with tossing,
And swollen with rain;
Muddy with sand
Lapped up from the shore,
Overfed by the streams
From the mountains that pour.

Beautifully grand
In your troublous state,
Roaring, tumultuous,
Refusing to wait,
Divided by islands
And boulders of stone,
Curving and bending,
Sublimely alone.

Broad rapid river,
Hurrying still
By many a sea-girt
And verdure-clad hill;
Guarded by mountains
Majestically high,
Pride of thy country,
The Land of the Sky.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A QUARTERLY ISSUE.

"He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall return rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

With this number, **THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE** comes to you as a literary Quarterly, devoted, as before, to occult subjects. We expect thereby to be enabled to continue the work introduced during the past eight years, with even better effect, and on a self-supporting basis.

During the recent period of financial distress through which the periodical has been forced to pass, by seemingly unavoidable circumstances, hundreds of anxious inquiries have been received and still come in increasing numbers. This shows conclusively how thoroughly this publication is appreciated and emphasizes the fact of its great usefulness. It occupies a field that is all its own and it has no successful competitor.

The work for which this magazine was founded is scarcely more than well begun, so vast and so important is the subject of Metaphysical Philosophy to which it is sacredly pledged. The subject, in all its best phases, is rapidly becoming popular among serious thinking people everywhere, and the demand for authoritative information on its many important topics, grows daily.

When **THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE** was first launched, in January, 1895, as an entirely new idea in literature, there was no magazine worthy of the name in the field of Metaphysical Philosophy and no other publishing house that could be depended upon to further the interests of this, then comparatively new line of teaching; and the need was great. Forecasts were made by several occult scholars, from different sources, who predicted that this magazine would have a hard time of it for some years and would have its enemies, as does everything good or true in this world of partly developed understanding, but that it would become a power in the literary field and eventually prove a great success, because of the scientific and philosophic character indicated by the occult

signs under which it had its birth. Both its character and its career, as thus indicated have been fully verified; and now we believe that it is just entering upon the successful period of its career. Successful results in its teachings and in the uplifting character of its work must precede financial achievement, by the very nature of the law involved, and this is the sort of success toward which our chief efforts will be directed, while the necessary external results must be left principally to the friends who appreciate and are just.

Much would-be-wise advice has been freely extended to its editors and former publishers to "popularize it;" "make it more common;" "give the public lighter material;" "get down upon the earth where the multitude lives;" "fill it up with advertisements that pay well in money," etc., and we will say right here, that, from the start, its publishers could have taken more than its entire cost, by inserting advertisements of whiskey, tobacco, and drugs, which were repeatedly offered at large cash prices and could at any time have been obtained in any number required. All such have been refused, as inimical to the interests and purposes of the magazine and against the principles of human life for which its founders and publishers have stood, in the literary field. This principle will be adhered to in the future, and we believe its friends will uphold the course pursued.

"Why don't you make it like the 'hundred and one' other publications that seem to find larger circulation?" is one question frequently asked. The answer to this is, we are not in the field for the purpose of duplicating work already done—not to say overdone—by others, but to cut new swaths; to blaze new paths; to hew to new lines, if need be, for the purpose of helping people (ourselves as well as others) to learn how to think, understand and know the laws of actual reality; and we are here, to talk, write, work and if need be to suffer, that independence of thought and feeling associated with justice and truth may be maintained in this periodical without let or hindrance and unhampered by opinion. We believe there are sufficient people in the world who appreciate both the facts and the principles for which we work, to make this periodical a success, financially as well as metaphysically and in a literary sense, if only they can be reached with the information. Such a magazine is needed everywhere, and such

a magazine is wanted by thousands who have not yet heard of this, our efforts to supply their want. It invariably does good—great good—wherever it is received and it is appreciated by all those who have followed its work from the beginning.

These are some of our reasons for believing that the work is only just well begun and that it should be continued. We are strong in the faith, earnest in the work, and faithful to the trust imposed upon us, in every way that it is yet possible for us to materialize effort for the work, and we are ready to continue to the best of our ability for the general good.

The publishers' announcement in another section of this number explains, somewhat, the business situation. The need of energetic co-operation among the friends of this magazine, everywhere, in order that those who are ready for the advancing educational work of this philosophy should have their attention called to the fact that such a publication exists and is accessible, is unusually great because of the comparative newness of the teaching and the difficulty of reaching those who would be interested, by general advertising except through entirely unwarranted expenditure. We are preparing new and valuable material for these pages, to appear in succeeding numbers and shall appreciate any co-operation that may come. Write us your views and wishes and see if we cannot help each other.

L. E. W.

ASTROLOGY AND THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

When THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE was launched horoscopes were cast and predictions made as regards its future. Several requests were made, at the time, that some of these delineations be published. It was thought best, however, to leave the question to the operations of the natural law rather than give the delineations and prognostications to the public mind, as conscious thought might perhaps operate somewhat as a determining factor. Some of the predictions indicated by the planetary positions have been so accurately verified, that at this time of a final change and adjustment of the magazine to its environment, we think it may be both interesting and instructive to our readers to publish some of the delineations. The adverse points of influence have been fulfilled and are past. The good

indications are of a permanent nature, indicate character, and will endure. The following papers were received as indicated:

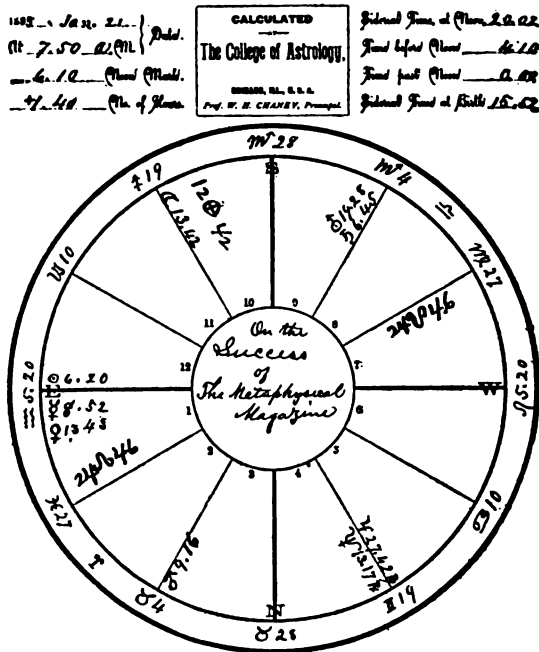
923 Madison Street, CHICAGO, JAN. 24, 1895.

Publishers The Metaphysical Magazine:

GENTLEMEN:—I enclose a horoscope and its reading made for the moment I read the title of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, never having heard of it before. No doubt it will prove interesting even to the general reader, who will watch the course of events to learn if the predictions prove true, while it will be specially interesting to the scientific astrologer, for it is rare that a similar delineation is published. * * *

Yours truly, W. H. CHANEY.

HORARY FIGURE ON THE SUCCESS OF THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.



DELINEATION.

The horoscope was made for the time I removed the wrapper and read the title, as though a child had been born at that moment; but the delineation must be made by different rules.

Aquarius, (♒) a fixed, scientific sign, was rising, with the Sun (☉) on the cusp of the ascendant. The Sun signifies station, rank, position respectability, etc., and being free from the rays of evil planets, indicates that on its own merits the MAGAZINE will take high rank; but the Sun being in its detriment is an evidence that it will not be so popular as it deserves, for a time at least.

Venus (♀) and Mercury (☿) on the Ascendant constitute a very favorable testimony. Venus signifies that it will be nice and clean in style and language, and Venus also denotes that it will be popular with ladies of refined taste. Mercury is significator of intellect, being ruler of science, philosophy, literature, etc. Mercury is remarkably strong, being in good aspect with Neptune (♆), and the Moon (☾), and in conjunction with Venus and the Sun. I judge this to signify that the MAGAZINE will do much for science in the way of being a public educator. The conjunction of Venus and Mercury indicates that it will be a friend to the fine arts and all, things having relation to beauty, taste, elegance, the ornamental, etc.

The 9th house has reference to science and must therefore be considered. Uranus (♅) the magnetic, spiritual planet, ruler of the nervous system and chief significator of the occult and all that pertains to psychic force, is posited in the 9th house, indicating that the MAGAZINE will make these subjects the leading features, while the beautiful and artistic will be to it what the dessert is to the feast.

Thus far the testimonies are very hopeful and flattering, and perhaps the non-scientific reader may think I have greatly overdrawn the picture. But had my theme been a rose, and had my language been even more eulogistic, no one would have suspected me of flattery, for all are aware that on the vine with the rose will always be found a thorn. So, too, in all the affairs of life there is a bitter with the sweet. God had his Satan; Jesus had his Judas; Washington had his Benedict Arnold, and it is not strange that with the love and beauty of Venus; the glory of the Sun; the gentleness of the Moon and the wealth of Jupiter, there should mingle the bitterness which Saturn indicates.

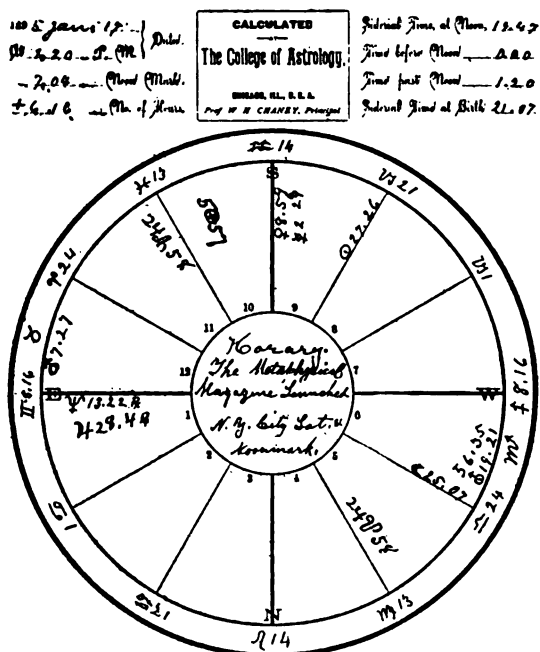
Like Satan in Paradise, Saturn has planted himself in the house of science, as though bent on wrecking all the bright hopes foreshadowed by the fortunate testimonies previously enumerated. Therefore, delays and disappointments are in store for the publishers. The Moon signifies the public, and although her good aspect to Venus and Mercury promises favor from the public, yet the Moon has the close opposition of Neptune (♆), and the name-sake of the god of the ocean is malignant because retrograde. Therefore, a species of hostility and opposition may be expected from the public, even without provocation. No less than 383 Doctors of Divinity, all learned and popular, voted that Doctor

Briggs, more brainy than any of them, was a heretic. How, then, can the publishers of this MAGAZINE expect to escape the dudes in science, as highly respected as were the popular scientists who sneered at Robert Fulton as a fool and madman, and denounced Professor Morse as a man who could live without brains, until they had demonstrated the power of steam and electricity. Saturn in the house of science and Neptune afflicting the Moon, show that the MAGAZINE will have a "rough road to travel," beset by scientific ruffians, eager for its destruction. And will they succeed? Let us see.

The 4th house signifies "the end of the matter." A fixed sign is on the cusp, denoting endurance. Venus, a benefic planet, rules that sign, is strong on the Ascendant, in good aspect with the Moon and the Moon applying to Venus, being but one minute from a partile. Verily, verily I say unto you, that in spite of all discouragements; in spite of the ordeals through which it must pass, THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE will in the end win a most glorious victory. Now is the time to put yourself on record so that your descendants may boast that their great-grandparents were among the earliest patrons of this most worthy enterprise.

W. H. C.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE LAUNCHED.



DELINEATION OF HORARY FIGURE.

At the time the first number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE was presented to the public, 8 degrees and 16 minutes of the sign Gemini, which Mercury rules, were rising on the Eastern horizon; therefore Mercury is ruler of the Scheme. Neptune is co-ruler because in Gemini and on the Ascendant.

Mercury is the significator of intellect and the natural ruler of science, while Gemini is a scientific sign. The 9th is the house of science and therefore its testimonies are important. Saturn rules the 9th and is in a fixed sign; two testimonies that the establishment of the Magazine will be permanent. Saturn being in Scorpio, the sign of mystery, with Uranus, the odd, magnetic planet and natural ruler of all that pertains to the occult, indicates very plainly the character of the MAGAZINE. The Moon is in the 6th house with Saturn and Uranus, in the just sign of Libra, which is favorable, but square aspect to the Sun, while the 6th is a cadent, or weak house. These last testimonies are adverse, but signify delay, difficulties, etc., rather than positive misfortunes.

The Sun in the 9th house shows the standing of the MAGAZINE will be highly respectable; Venus there indicates purity, refinement, and that it will be popular with ladies, while Mercury also in the 9th signifies that it will be highly scientific.

These are a few of the leading testimonies, and they seem so very apropos I am lead to think that an Astrologer, understanding the doctrine of "Elections," selected the time for you as propitious. Considering it as a whole, I doubt if I could have chosen a more auspicious moment. Therefore, if the time was not chosen, but was the result of regular business proceedings, to say the least, the coincidences are quite remarkable.* As for the Figure heretofore sent you, I have forgotten the details entirely, and that I might be able to read this in detail, entirely independent and unprejudiced, I have not recalculated it, but at some future time may compare them. Regarding your inquiry as to whether there would be a correspondence should each Astrologer erect a Figure for the time he received the first number of your MAGAZINE, and a multiplicity of Astrologers receive it each at a different time, I cannot give a positive answer because I have had no experience in that line. But I will give you the facts of a certain experience, and the explanation in part, which I published in my Annual for 1891, under the title "Horary Astrology." A gentlemen in Oregon asked me a question, by letter, to be answered by the rules of Horary Astrology. He also wrote to A. J. Pearce, of London, asking him the same question. Neither Mr. Pearce nor myself knew

*This time was not chosen; but a time three hours earlier had been chosen and instructions given to deposit in the post office at that hour. Business exigencies forced the latter time.

that application had been made to the other. We both sent replies and in due course of time the Oregon gentleman wrote me as follows:

"Now look at the horoscope he cast and his answer. Did you ever see two horoscopes so near alike, made by different persons, and neither of them knowing what the other was doing? I did not tell you I had written to Pearce, nor did I tell him that I even knew such a person as yourself."

To this I propose to reply somewhat at length, and as my reply may prove interesting to the public, as well as astrologers, I have decided to publish it.

The science of Horary Astrology is founded upon the great law of sympathy which pervades the universe. The forces employed are not material, but spiritual. I do not mean by "spiritual" that the spirits of the dead have anything to do with it, but that the force being invisible, imponderable and independent of matter, is therefore spiritual. Light is a force but cannot be weighed. Electricity has no intrinsic weight, but is a most terrific force, acting on matter. There are occult forces in Nature which science has not yet arranged, verified and systematized. Those forces are intelligent and never make errors. Were the cat formed with the feet and teeth of the lamb, and a lamb supplied with the teeth and stomach of a cat, both would die of starvation, and then we might criticise the intelligence that had so blundered. Thus we perceive that everything is adapted to its wants and conditions. This cannot be chance, nor can we avoid the conclusion that the spiritual forces are directed by intelligence.

I thus demonstrate that there is an unseen intelligence which designs and directs all things, from forming the planets and holding them in their orbits, to the fashioning of a twilight monad that must be magnified three hundred diameters before it can be seen. The events on our earth are directed in harmony with fixed laws which extend throughout the universe.

The earth revolves on its axis at a fixed rate of speed, affording us the phenomenon of the sun revolving about the earth in a period of time that is unvarying. Man divides and subdivides that period, and then invents a clock for measuring it. On the 21st of March, at sunrise, he points to his clock; the hands make a perfect diameter of the dial. He then says that when the sun is exactly in the south the hands will be together, forming a radius from the center of the dial to the XII.

A close observer of the heavens will be able at any hour, by observing the position of the sun, to tell quite accurately the places of the hands of the clock. He may safely declare that the position of the sun indicates the positions of the hands, but he would be an idiot to declare that the sun *caused* the hands to move.

Here we discover that weak and finite man is enabled to so direct events that old Sol, with all his glory and majesty, will denote those events with marvelous accuracy. Is it logical, then, to assert that infinite intelligence cannot so order the events of our planet that they may occur synchronically, with certain configurations of the heavens?

Those configurations occur utterly regardless of mundane events, just as much as the earth revolves on her axis, regardless of whether the position of the sun will show the positions of the hands of a clock.

Does it seem too complicated for the millions of events, which are happening every second of time, to be so designed that they will occur simultaneously with certain configurations of the planets? Then turn and observe the millions of acts which are performed every millionth of a second, all bearing the impress of design and harmonizing with the provisions of fixed law.

Enter the domain of minerals; mark the variety and changes which have been going on for millions of ages in the formation of the earth's crust. Take a piece of chalk, brush from it what seems to be only a white powder, yet under the microscope we see perfect shells. If our eyes were microscopic, the white cheeks of a fashionable belle would look like a tropical seashore, as Professor Denton used to say. Now think of the chalk cliffs of England and try to estimate the intelligence that perfected those microscopic shells; turn to the flanks of the Andes and see the metamorphic rock fifteen miles in thickness, formed of the elements of the granite which were first washed out by the action of water.

Glance now at the vegetable kingdom and reflect upon the formation of the grasses, the plants and the trees. Each blade and each leaf is perfect, fashioned in accordance with fixed law. Yet mark the infinite variety of forms—the long and short; the lobed and serrate; the oval and round; the rough and smooth. Some have scores of nettled points, each point a design and perfect. Then try to estimate the number of these points being formed every millionth part of a second. Alas, you cannot even comprehend the number of blades of grass.

Now enter the animal kingdom and glance upward from the twilight monad to the great mastodon; from the gnat to the ostrich; from protoplasm to man. Note the fishes with their scales and fins; the birds with their feathers and hollow bones; the beasts with their teeth and claws, and man himself with all his nerves, veins, arteries, fiber, brain and muscle. No mortal could ever invent a machine so ingenious, so complicated and with such perfect adaptation of all its parts to his needs and requirements. And there are fourteen hundred millions of these wonderful machines in existence, all kept in running order through the intelligent direction of unseen forces.

After this hasty glance at the manifestations of infinite intelligence to so order the happenings of events that the constantly changing configurations of the planets may be coincident with the event itself. Judging by the analogies and correspondences in Nature, does it not seem that such should be the case, even if it is not?

Applying these facts to astrology, it seems to me that prompted by infinite intelligence, it is a very simple matter for a spirit force to act upon the sensory nerves, leaving a certain impression; then the nerves to communicate this impression to the brain; the brain to conceive the idea and direct the muscles, through the motor nerves, to perform the action demanded. The controlling intelligence will time the act to the happening of the event, when the conditions are normal.

Suppose infinite intelligence has decreed that a certain event may occur to a man, but he is ignorant of whether it will or not. The occult forces will prompt him to inquire, either from his own knowledge or by applying to an astrologer, at the moment when the planetary configurations will indicate that the event may occur if he puts forth his energies in a proper way, for astrology is not fate. A man must sow if he expects to reap.

On the other hand, if the event is not to happen, then the occult force will prompt the man to inquire at a time when the configurations will indicate a negative answer. Therefore it makes no difference as to time and distance, provided both astrologers are experts in the science.

This is the best explanation I can offer, but if any reader can give a better, we shall be glad to hear from him.

W. H. CHANEY.

What matter if man's body does resemble that of the higher apes? What matter if it is made of protoplasm or the dust of the earth or carbon or hydrogen? The man himself is a man for all that, and the worse his material the more credit to him for working it up. A babe may enter life endowed with a body which is prehensile as to its fingers and toes; and if there is no intelligent being there, that body will remain as simian as ever and an idiot will grow up. But if there is a soul, that soul will mold the clay, and the features will become refined toward the similitude of—what?

—H. T. E.

Intellectual emancipation, if it does not give us command over ourselves, is poisonous.

—Goethe.

He that goeth forth gleefully, sowing weeds, shall return sorrowful, bearing his own burden.—H. A.

ENGLISH METHODISM AROUSED.

Richmond College is the most important theological training-school of the Wesleyan Methodists of England. Its principal, Professor Joseph Agar Beet, D.D., has held the position seventeen years. He has also lectured in this country at the University of Chicago and at the Summer School of Chautauqua. He has the reputation of an exact, profound and conscientious scholar, a brilliant and successful teacher, and a true friend of young men preparing for the ministry. His faculties are at their ripest, his experience and enthusiasm are unexcelled, and his physical health is excellent.

But in one thing he has been found lacking, and for that one thing it was resolved to supersede him. He differed in doctrinal belief with the General Committee of the Conference. "I am not prepared," he declares, "to assert the endless suffering of the lost, nor do I assert the ultimate extinction of the lost. I protest against the doctrine of the necessarily endless permanency of the soul—that is: *the inherent immortality* of every individual."

Those who die impenitent, he is convinced, will be punished; but he cannot say how long the punishment will last, because the Bible does not tell. "I do not see," he adds, "that punishment necessarily involved consciousness. The loss of eternal life would itself be eternal punishment."

These views, he insisted, are not inconsistent with the standards of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Two Anglican Bishops have publicly avowed the same belief, and Mr. Gladstone in one of his works, "Studies Subsidiary to Butler," assumed "precisely the same attitude."

He further declared the real question at issue to be: "whether the Wesleyan Church shall permit or forbid its ministers to discuss minor details about which they differ." He would not disavow his principles, but declared that he would not shrink from their consequences.

THE BIBLE BARRED OUT.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska has recently decided that the Constitution of that State forbids in the public schools the reading of passages from the Bible, the singing of hymns, or the offering of prayers to the Deity in accordance with the doctrines, beliefs, customs or usages of sectarian churches or religious organizations.

PASSING OF THE SHAKERS.

The "Millennial Church" popularly known as "Shakers" is passing away. It began with the ministrations of Ann Lee whom the Shakers commemorate as the "Mother of the Saints." In 1785 they built their first family home in America, and to this they added not very long afterward, ten others. They are without sacraments or priesthood, except that they have an eldership composed of both men and women, and rites in which they dance as did the ancient peoples. In their belief they are mystic and spiritualistic. They have recruited their ranks solely by accessions from the world, neither marrying nor rearing children, and they have acquired wealth by honest labor alone. A third of a century ago they numbered nine thousand; now they are estimated as barely exceeding one thousand.

HEBER NEWTON ON INCARNATION.

"Incarnation is no new fact; it is as old as humanity, as old as the universe. It is not a special fact; it is a genetic fact—universal as man, as Nature; true of all individuals, as they are made in the image of God. It is no exception to the general law; it is His general law itself. It is no miracle; it is the very order and constitution of the universe itself. It is not the coming down of God out of Heaven; but as Augustine said, it is the coming out of God in man, which we can not conceive in the language of space and time. It is no finished action, but a movement going on and developing through the history of man."

IS IT THAT?

Chief Justice Ellsworth, addressing a Grand Jury in 1796 said: "So let us rear an empire sacred to the rights of men, and commend a government of reason to the nations of the earth."

We stand on the threshold of a New Century. We the citizens of this new century are going to succeed or fail according as we remember that the duty of each is to his neighbor as well as to himself.

GLADSTONE'S POWER.

Mr. Gladstone is said to have attributed his enormous energy, his health and his power of ready sleep, during times of pressing emergency, to the fact that he was able, at any moment, to drop any subject absolutely out of his mind and take up another.

INJUSTICE AS A REMEDY FOR INJUSTICE.

We have always to beware of the man who, in the revolt against one kind of injustice, flies to another kind of injustice. No good whatever comes, nothing but harm comes from trying to apply a false remedy; from recognizing an evil and then trying to obviate it by the creation of a worse evil. —*Theodore Roosevelt.*

SUBMERGED 3,000 YEARS.

Leopold Bates, Conservator of National Monuments in Mexico, found the ruins of an ancient city on Monte Alban in Oajaca. It showed unmistakable signs of having been submerged under the ocean three thousand years. There was an obelisk similar to those of Egypt which was found placed at the entrance to a tomb. Monte Alban stands 1,800 feet above the city of Oajaca, and its central square was surrounded by great temples.

SUICIDE ON THE INCREASE.

In the United States as in other parts of the world, the statistics of suicides for 1901 show that it is on the increase. In America, adults are the principal cases, in other countries there are numerous suicides of children. In the enumeration 3,000 cases are attributed to despondency, 500 to liquor, and 1,600 to "causes unknown." With the boasted progress of our modern civilization, it would seem that the question was pressing home with increased force: "Is Life Worth Living?"

KABALISTIC ASTROLOGY.

THE OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE OF A NAME.

The Pythagorians, Rosicrucians and other peoples and sects of ancient times, believed in an occult significance of numbers, and had systems of computations by which the nature and character of an action was accurately determined by the name. The Tarot of the Egyptian Kabala is perhaps the most striking and at the same time simple of these systems. By this system each letter of the alphabet is considered under a certain numerical value. The table of values given is as follows:

A=1	E=5	I=1	M=4	Q=1	U=6	Y=1
B=2	F=8	J=1	N=5	R=2	V=6	Z=1
C=2	G=3	K=2	O=7	S=3	W=6	
D=4	H=8	L=3	P=8	T=4	X=6	

In computing the numerical value of a name by this table, the value of each letter is first taken from the table. Then this value of the first letter is multiplied by the number of letters in the

name, the next by the remaining number of letters, and so on successively in decreasing ratio. The numbers so obtained are added and the sum thus obtained signifies the Point of the Tarot to which that name relates. The 22 major keys of the Tarot are described as follows:

Point.		
I	The Magician.	Absolutism.
II	The Door of the Sanctuary.	Duality.
III	Isis Urania.	Pecundity.
IV	The Stone Cube.	Realization.
V	Master of the Secrets.	Creation.
VI	The Two Ways.	Antagonism.
VII	The Chariot of Osiris.	Victory.
VIII	Balance and the Sword.	Equilibrium.
IX	The Veiled Lamp.	Circumspection.
X	The Sphinx.	Will.
XI	The Muzzled Lion.	Force.
XII	The Sacrifice.	Retribution.
XIII	The Reaping Skeleton.	Dissolution.
XIV	The Two Urns.	Combination.
XV	Typhon.	Treachery.
XVI	The Blasted Tower.	Casualty.
XVII	Star of the Magicians.	Illumination.
XVIII	The Twilight.	Hostility.
XIX	The Resplendent Light.	Regeneration.
XX	Awakening of the Dead.	Revelation.
XXI	Crown of the Magicians.	Elevation.
XXII	The Blind Fool.	Misfortune.

As an example take the name of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE:

T=4 x 3=12	M=4 x 12=48	M=4 x 8=32
H=8 x 2=16	E=5 x 11=55	A=1 x 7=7
E=5 x 1=5	T=4 x 10=40	G=3 x 6=18
—	A=1 x 9=9	A=1 x 5=5
33	P=8 x 8=64	Z=7 x 4=28
	H=8 x 7=56	I=1 x 3=3
	Y=1 x 6=6	N=5 x 2=10
	S=3 x 5=15	E=5 x 1=5
	I=1 x 4=4	—
	C=2 x 3=6	108
	A=1 x 2=2	
	L=3 x 1=3	

308

Three words give the numbers 33, 308, 108. $3 + 3 + 3 + 8 + 1 + 8 = 26$. $2 + 6 = 8$. The full name, therefore, is represented in the Tarot by Point VIII—Balance and the Sword. Equilibrium.

As "METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE," without "The," it is $3 + 8 + 1 + 8 = 20$. Point XX—Awakening of the Dead. Revelation.

As "The Metaphysical"—an abbreviation of its name which, being readily adopted, has been much used and still clings to it, it is $3 + 3 + 3 + 8 = 17$. Point XVII—Star of the Magicians. Illumination. These tables can be used by anyone to test any name or title. The character of individuals seems to be quite clearly indicated by the names. This is probably true wherever parents give the child a name under impulse, because then the psychic faculties are given rein, and the more subtle forces of intelligence operate to select a name that fits the character.

AND STILL ANOTHER.

The little group in which Dr. Zahun and Dr. St. George Mivart were conspicuous, numbers another scholar of eminence in its circle. The Abbe Alfred Loisy, D. D., of Paris, has for many years held a place in the front rank of exegetists in the Roman Catholic Church. His scholarly attainments in every branch of Semitic learning have been generally acknowledged. For twelve years he filled the Chair of Biblical Exegesis in the Institute Catholique. The Board of Managers, however, objected to his wills of inspiration, and he resigned. About two years ago, he accepted the appointment of Lecturer on the Comparative History of Religions at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, (Practical School of Higher Learning) at Paris. He has been accused before the Roman Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index as a "troubler in Israel."

Dr. Loisy has shown unequivocally that he agrees substantially with the "higher criticism." A summary of his opinions is given in *The Contemporary Review*. He declares that the Pentateuch as we now possess it, particularly the first eleven chapters, do not contain an exact and real history of the origins of the world or of man, but rather the religious philosophy of that history. They may, however, comprise traditional memories of historic significance. He further considers the whole Old Testament as not possessing any uniform historic character; all the historic books, and also those of the New Testament having been edited on freer principles than those now in vogue in historic composition. Hence as a legitimate result of liberty in the composition, there may be corresponding liberty in the interpretation. The form of an inspired document does not necessarily involve a real historic

character; as for example the parallels of the Good Samaritan, and The Rich Man and Lazarus. It is the nature and content which determine the character of inspired records; it is the character which should guide sound exegesis in its interpretation.

The history of religious doctrine as set forth in the Bible, bespeaks a vital development, in all its component the Idea of God, of human destiny of moral laws. The Sacred Books, in all that pertains to natural science, presents no contrast the quasi-scientific conceptions, moreover, have left their traces not in Biblical literature only, but likewise in Bible beliefs.

This case of Abbe Loisy is supposed to have influenced Pope Leo XIII, to appoint the Biblical Commission. The most broad-minded thinkers in the Church have been named. Already the alarm has been given, and the adherents to the old dead-word notions of the Dark Ages are arousing to agitate against innovation. It is hardly possible, however, that they will be able to hold back the movement permanently. It has come to stay and increase. There are prominent thinkers and writers who sustain it, not only in France, but in other parts of the Roman world. Blind theological fanaticism will die hard, and probably be a long while at it; but its fate is predetermined. The problem not to be solved is not simply the maintaining of the former Confessions, but whether the Church is to be influenced by the modern scientific movement toward a materialistic standard, or whether it will develop the higher spirituality of that kingdom which is not of this world.

HOW TO OVERCOME HABIT.

A schoolmaster offered a prize for the best piece of composition which a pupil would produce in five minutes, on "How to Overcome Habit." A lad of nine years old, gave the following:

"Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'a bit.'" If you take of another you have still a "bit." If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another "it" is not wholly used up—all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."—*Century*.

PLANTS SUSCEPTABLE TO MUSIC.

Plants are said to grow more luxuriantly, to blossom more quickly and to develop more perfectly, where there is music.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ AT FAULT.

Senator Frye of Maine, meeting Professor Agassiz one day told him of having captured a speckled trout weighing eight pounds,

Agassiz begged him to spare the feelings of a devoted scientist. Frye insisted. He had weighed the fish carefully.

"The *Salvalinus fontinalis* never attains that extraordinary weight," Agassiz declared, "All the authorities on Ichthyology would disapprove your claim."

"There are bigger fish in Maine, than are dreamed of in your Science," the Senator replied.

Then as they bade each other good-bye he promised to send the great naturalist a bigger fish, when the latter had opened his Summer School at Katahdin.

The next season he caught a trout weighing nine pounds and sent it as he had promised. Back came a telegraphic message:

"The science of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact."

THE PROTESTANTISM OF INDIA.

JAINAISM IN INDIA.

Jainaism is described by its adherents as "The Protestantism of India," and likewise as being opposed in its essential feature to the Vedas, Brahmanism, Yogaism, and the system of caste. Its aims are set forth to be the perfecting of the individual character. This, they declare, is not to be accomplished by mere believing, by the accepting of prescribed doctrines, but through conduct—by a systematic intellectual activity or concentration, and not by the intellectual emptiness to which the Yogi aspires.

The number of Jainas is set down as two millions; which, however, is far less than has been estimated by some writers. They affirm of themselves that they originated in the Prehistoric Period, long before the Aryans came into India. It is their boast that in all that time and clear to the present day their religion has never produced a murderer. They are opposed in sentiment to a kingly government. They conduct the chief financial transactions of India.

They are strict vegetarians, never eating flesh, and they entertain a regard almost idolatrous, for the sacredness of life. Their monks carry brooms to sweep the smaller animals and insects from their path. The story is told of one of their number that a

microscope was shown him through which he saw the various minute creatures crawling over his food. He begged the instrument and then destroyed it, protesting that it had made him unhappy for life.

The Jaina belief does not appear to be unprogressive. It recognizes the advancement of knowledge, the doctrine of reincarnation, and the perpetual persistency of individual existence. Karma is described by their teachers as a substance or energy underlying all development. Its sway includes all the activities of the soul and intellect, such as knowledge acquired in human experiences, clairvoyance, telepathy, the emotions, the physical constitution, and the energy to advise. The aim of Jainism, is, therefore, to free the soul from this dominion. This, it teaches, is to be effected by the concentrating of the attention on high ideals, such as charity, benevolence, wisdom. The Jainas possess an immense literature insisting upon this subject. In short Jainism is a religion of intelligence, usefulness and devotion.

MEDICAL STUDENTS STILL IGNORANT.

Dr. Schweninger, the physician to Bismarck, made this remark in a discourse: "When a student leaves college, he knows nothing of the Art of Healing."

Sir Thomas Watson, the author of the text-book on Practice of Medicine, also gave his testimony that for a medical student to become successful as a practitioner, it was necessary for him to forget what he had learned in the schools.

STRAIGHT AND CURVED LINES.

Think of a straight line. At one end put yourself: at the other the object you desire to attain. This object will vary according to circumstances. It may be love, or money, or family, or a noble idea, or a bad idea. The will rushes in a straight line to this object, and connects it with you by a chain, the strength of which is in proportion to the intensity of the desire. —*Arthur Lovell.*

LIGHT TO THE BLIND.

It has been observed that the mysterious rays of light which emanate from the newly-discovered metal radium will penetrate the opaque tissue of the body. Blind persons in whom the retina of the eyes is yet unimpaired can perceive the luminance.

LIVING WITHOUT MEDICAL TREATMENT.

To me the question is of very little moment whether morphia or opium will relieve pain, or whether such and such a medicine does one what is called "good". *The problem worth solving is how to get out of this wretched state altogether.* To put ample patches here and there is, at need, a grateful task, but what is it compared to the idea of a suit that will stand wear and tear without the aid of patches? Instead of tinkering the constitution with a dose of this or that, suppose we can reach a stage where this method of recruiting vitality is crude and childish.

—*Arthur Lovell.*

We are they who will not falter—
 Many swords or few—
 Till we make this earth the altar
 Of a worship new;
 We are they who will not take
 From palace, priest or code
 A meaner law than Brotherhood—
 A lower lord than God.

There comes to us at times from the Unknown
 And inaccessible solitudes of being
 The rushing sea-tides of the Soul;
 And inspirations that we deem our own
 Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
 Of things beyond our reason or control.

The essential reward of virtue is virtue itself, that which makes a man happy; the punishment of the vicious is vice itself, than which nothing can be more wretched and unhappy.

—*Pomponatius.*

Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from heaven.

—*H. D. Thoreau.*

Old errors do not die because they are refuted, but because they are neglected.

—*Lecky.*

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

MAGISTRATE—Bear in mind, Uncle 'Rastus, that you have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

UNCLE 'RASTUS—Y-Yes, sah; but I hope de gemmen will go kind o' slow on de staht, sah, 'cause yo' sees, yo' 'onah, I an't use to dat sort o'thing.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A SKETCH OF THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY; to which is
 Prefixed the Life of Sujan Gokulaji Zala, a Typical Vedantin.
 By MARASSUKHARAMA SURYARAMA TRIPATHI. Second edi-
 tion. Bombay: M. M. T. & Co.

The subject-matter of this little book is well signified in the title page. The statesman and philosopher whose career is described, was certainly a most excellent example of his own doctrines, in conduct and teaching. The Vedanta is set forth also in compact form, yet in plain terms, enabling the student to master its principles with little difficulty, and showing conclusively that philosophy, whatever the form in which it is learned, or by whatever teacher, has one ulterior aim—the conducting of man to the eudaimonia, the true felicity.

The third volume of the "Encyclopædia Biblica" throws a fire brand into religious circles. Professor van Manen, of Leyden, contributes an article upon the Apostle Paul, in which he makes a new departure more startling than previous utterances from that university, the headquarters of Protestant theology. Even the controversy over Francis Bacon as author of the works attributed to William Shakespeare, seem to be cast into the shade by this new theory.

Doctor Oort had alarmed all orthodox Christendom many years ago by his distinctions between what is historic in the Bible and what is not. He even recognized Paul as "the greatest of all the followers of Jesus, and the Founder of the Christian Church," in that he was first to sever the church from the synagogue, working it out into a new principle of life and a new system of religion. Now, however, a new expositor has arisen in the same university, who takes him entirely out of this field which Dr. Oort and others had regarded as his exclusively.

There has been questioning heretofore as to the authorship of several of the epistles which are ascribed to the Apostle. It has, however, been generally conceded that four were genuine, and perhaps five—those addressed to the Romans, Corinthians and Galatians, and perhaps the first to the Thessalonians. To be sure these have many clauses, and even paragraphs, which show tampering of copyists and interpolated matter. But the framework was regarded as genuine. Professor Mannen does not concede even this. According to him, Paul never did emancipate himself from Judaism any more than the other apostles. The movement which is now known by his name, the emancipation of Christianity from the bonds of Judaism, and its proclamation as the religion of the spirit, the Professor considers as having been the work of a later

period. He decides accordingly that the greater epistles which are imputed to the Apostle Paul are to be regarded as so many treatises written by an unknown author to promote that movement. Dr. J. K. Cheyne, the principal editor of the *Encyclopædia*, also takes views of Biblical topics which are not consonant with those generally received. He regards Moses as not exactly an individual personage, but as probably "a clan of fearless warriors," and considering the conditions respecting him as "extremely inconsistent." But he remarks further, "that God is not banished from the history of Israel, even if the Exodus was attended by no physical signs and wonders, no slaughter of the Egyptian first-born, no drowning of a hostile king in the Red Sea."

EXCHANGES.

The *Theosophist* for September continues the "Old Diary Leaves," by Col. Olcott. The "Philosophy of Kant" is discussed by Jerome A. Anderson, who declares that Kant is an idealist of the Platonic type, and that the whole merit of his philosophy consists in that he dethroned Aristotle and restored Plato to his kingdom. "All life is properly intelligible and not subject to the changes of time," says Kant; "it neither began in birth nor will it end in death." Mrs. Stoddart concludes her account of Paracelsus. She informs us that he did not burn the writings of Galen, as is affirmed, but only the Canon of Avicenna. He was a careful student of the Bible, but bound by no theological system, except to the doctrine of charity or love to man. He was a man that belonged to the whole world. The other articles on Max Muller, the Moga, Immortality, etc., are completed.

The *Indian Review* for August has an excellent variety. A notice is made of the coronation of Edward VII., and of the installation of the Maharajah of Mysore, after which follows the report of the Universities Convention and original papers. Mr. S. P. Rice, of Billay, in his paper on "Village Associations," suggests how the ryots may undertake to better their own condition; and the article of Mr. Chatterton on "Well-Irrigation," discusses a matter vital to the welfare of India. The other papers are also very valuable: Kanikars; the Life and Times of Sankara; the Coronation Stone of Destiny; the Lake of Palms, etc. Published by C. A. Natemmar & Co., Madras.

The Great Round World, a weekly news journal for busy men and women, is made of paragraphs in which the events of the day are given in condensed form. Gates Publishing Company, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The *Pacific Vedantan* for September has a variety of short articles of much interest: "The Grand Canyon of Arizona;"

"Reminiscences of Swami Vivekananda;" "The Aryans;" "Khandas;" "Archiology." The Swami greatly admired the intelligence of Americans, but he was not pleased with the women. "To all women," said he, "every man save her husband should be as her son. To all men every woman save his own wife should be as his mother. When I look about me and see what you call gallantry, my soul is filled with disgust. Not until you learn to ignore the question of sex and to meet on a ground of common humanity will your women really develop."

The Bible Review is a new monthly magazine just begun by Mr. Hiram E. Butler, and is in line with his other periodicals, "The Esoteric" and "The Occult and Biological Journal." It is "devoted to the unveiling of the Sayings which have heretofore formed the mysteries of the Bible, by showing conclusive evidence of the plan and purpose of them from the beginning to the end." The readers who have been familiar with the former works will welcome the new publication heartily. Published by the Esoteric Fraternity, Applegate, California.

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PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. ✓

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON (MEMBER A. B. S. P. R.).

Among men of scientific repute, and especially among psychologists, no question of late years has given rise to such bitter contests, to such strong partisan feeling, as the legitimacy for serious study of certain more or less sporadic phenomena termed "psychic." If studied from one point of view, indeed, this strife is exceedingly natural, and only what we should expect from such an age as that in which we live. By "psychical research," as herein defended, is meant certain residual phenomena which are as yet unrecognized by any of the official sciences; whose very existence is, in fact, doubted by a large number of scientific men. The existing differences of opinion are only natural, but when we come to examine the *reasons* upon which the skeptic founds his doubts and reservations, we find them generally invalid, and it is the purpose of this paper to examine the objections themselves. But that they should be open to doubt at all, if actually existing, is, to some persons, an irreconcilable drawback to their investigation. It seems to show that they are uncertain, shifting, uncontrollable, and not subject to the scientifically exact methods of laboratory experiment prevailing at the present day. This uncertainty is largely due—*first*, to the fact that here—unlike any other scientific investigation in this respect—fraud frequently enters into the question of evidence, and has to be carefully excluded before any deductions from the facts observed can be drawn; *second*, because, even considering the genuine phenomena, we are principally coping with that most unstable and uncertain "quantity"—the human mind. When we are dealing, not with carbon and hydrogen, but with emotions and moods, we are on far more debatable ground, in far more uncertain surroundings than science, as such, is accustomed to debate. Indeed, compara-

tively nothing is known in reality about these mental phenomena, even by the "orthodox psychologists"; the whole subject is enveloped in a cloud of exasperating obscurity, and, such being the case, it is certainly unreasonable that the outlying, and perhaps still more obscure phenomena, such as trance, clairvoyance, telepathy, etc., should meet with *à priori* rejection and ridicule, instead of diligent study and research. It is the above-named subjects then, together with such other debatable phenomena as apparitions at the moment of death, second-sight, premonitions, phantasms of the dead, and haunted-houses, together with the wide range of spiritistic phenomena, which form the basis of this research; a "new science" as Dr. Lodge has said.

The opposition to any strikingly new idea; the natural tendency to cling to long-seated dogmas and prejudices, as distinguished from the perfectly legitimate scientific caution with which every partially demonstrated theory is received, all these tend to arouse doubts and to promote antagonistic ideas from the man of science. Looked at from the other side of the question, however, it is somewhat surprising to find that in an age which has produced so many brilliant "free-thinkers" along theological and other lines of inquiry—it is somewhat surprising, I say, to find so few men who are liberal enough to take up the investigation of these subjects in a perfectly candid and unbiased frame of mind; to be willing, at the cost of a little time and trouble, to sift the matter thoroughly, and to find what truth, if any, is contained therein. No call is made upon their credulity; no "acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the physical world, of forces other than those recognized by Physical Science." The only plea entered by those who defend these subjects is that they *should* be investigated, and not scoffed at merely upon *à priori* grounds, and without any knowledge either of the strength or the character of the evidence attacked.

Surely no scientifically minded man can object to these conditions. "Investigate for yourself; form your own opinions; by no means trust entirely to the evidence presented by others": this has almost invariably been the advice of psychical researchers, and, be it added in fairness to them, of the spiritists also. And that scientific men *have* investigated these questions, and that the vast majority of those who have done so *have* become convinced that

at least occasionally phenomena occur which are not dreamed of in our scientific philosophy. This also is a matter of historical record. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace has, in fact, declared that "the whole history of science shows us that, whenever the educated and scientific men of any age have denied the facts of other investigators on *à priori* grounds of absurdity or impossibility, the deniers have *always been wrong*."¹ Without going quite so far as Dr. Wallace has done in his somewhat sweeping, but generally true statement, it is certain that the history of scientific research is most dolefully bespattered with records of almost fanatical skepticism. The astronomers of Galileo's time, who *knew* that he was hopelessly wrong, yet refused even to put their eyes to his telescope—"for fear of being convinced"—the skeptical M.D. who "does not believe that any spirit can come back, because he does not believe that there is any such thing as a spirit to come back"—(we shall return to this argument later on)—the skilled geologist who declares (apropos of meteors) that "there are no stones in the air, consequently none can fall out of the air"—these are but a few examples of the melancholy list which it would be no great task to compile—all illustrating human error, prejudice and fanaticism.

But in pointing out these defects and mistakes made by scientific men, it must not be supposed that science, or scientific method itself, is at fault—far from it. It is to science that we owe whatever progress has been made towards a solution of the various "riddles of the universe"; and strictly scientific method and rigorous logic are only neglected by those who are incapable of understanding and properly appreciating their value. The blatant credulity and astonishing ignorance displayed by many of those following various spiritualistic creeds cannot be appreciated until seen. Their utter contempt for anything constituting valid evidence is simply amazing. But again, between these two entirely opposite classes—which I have painted in somewhat vivid colors to make the contrast the clearer—there are, happily, various intermediate stages, any one of which it is perfectly legitimate to defend, and which are, in fact, defended by men of eminently scientific repute, ranging from the complete believers (Wallace) to the equally complete disbelievers (Hœckel). And if this be so, the question is: How is

¹Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. By A. R. Wallace, pp. x, xi.

it possible for the student to distinguish between these various theories, and to obtain an unbiased review of the facts and the arguments both *pro* and *con*? The answer to this, of course, would be—*firstly*—experiment for yourself, and *secondly*—read, without bias, the standard books upon this subject.*

"But," it may be objected, "this will take much time, and how am I to know whether, having done all this, I shall be rewarded by anything at the other end? In a field where imposture and credulity run riot, as they most certainly do here, is it worth while for us scientific men to devote our time to such dubious work as this, when it can most certainly be spent profitably in following up our more orthodox scientific studies? What guarantee is there of anything obtainable in this work—anything, that is, of practical value? One can hardly expect men like Lord Kelvin and the late Thomas Huxley to go running about the country investigating disturbances in "haunted-houses" which turn out to be caused by rats and the wind in old water pipes; to spend hours sitting round a table in the dark for the pleasure of exposing some humbug juggler! On the whole, it appears to be mostly rubbish, and I cannot afford to waste my time making prolonged investigations of it!"

These arguments, employed, as they are, by the majority of scientific men to-day, and self-satisfying as they may be to the speaker, are yet lamentably weak when analyzed. How are we to know if there be truth in *any* question without prolonged investigation? Whether inexplicable phenomena do or do not occur in certain cases, is simply a matter of evidence; and that there is much good evidence for their occurrence in many instances is beyond question. The *facts* are there; the interpretation of those facts is another question.

Now, taking the whole range of psychical research into consideration, it is somewhat difficult to determine exactly the grounds for objection which the scientific man will choose. If I should go to some "orthodox" psychologist, or physician, or physicist, and pointedly ask him—"What are your objections to the serious study of these phenomena? Why do you despise them, and deem them unworthy of credence? What are your reasons for refusing to

*Especially the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research; published in London, but obtainable in this country from Dr. R. Hodgson, 5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.

study these subjects? And, more than all, why do you ridicule them, or ignore them altogether?" his answer would probably be: "Because they are altogether unworthy of serious study; there is no respectable evidence in support of any of them—none at all beyond that of a few hysterical and credulous persons; the whole thing is obviously humbug and rubbish from beginning to end, and I don't want to waste my time over it!" Or, again, the objections may be on theological or orthodox grounds; or, it may be urged that this inquiry fosters superstition, or encourages fraudulent practices, or that their study tends to induce abnormal and morbid conditions, detrimental alike to both health and morals. As all these objections seem to carry weight in the public mind, though their complete lack of all foundation may be easily seen by any one thoroughly conversant with these subjects, I shall proceed to answer them one by one, being as brief as possible in each case.

ORTHODOX AND THEOLOGICAL OBJECTIONS.

The conflict between science and religion is bound, in the natural order of events, finally to result in the complete triumph of science as opposed to the crude speculations of many centuries ago. It is a notorious fact that the Church has always been opposed to new discoveries; to scientific advance; in fact to the enlightenment and education of the masses in any form. That there should ever have been such a thing at all as a "conflict between science and religion" is, in itself, a most foul blot upon the history of religion, and a slur upon man's reason and independence of thought—as it necessarily indicates *opposition to progress*. Those very persons who are the most bigoted and rabid in their defense of the Bible miracles, are, strangely enough, the very ones who oppose most vehemently all modern evidence upon the same subject. If these extraordinary events ever occurred, it surely is reasonable to suppose that they should continue to do so, in more or less the same form; for the old idea of a miracle—that it was a "direct intervention on the part of providence" or a "suspension of the laws of nature"—is absolutely discredited by all thinking men of the present day. This is not saying that no unaccountable phenomena took

*All this, it will be observed, is purely *à priori*, and will be considered under that section. It is a sample of the class of objections which the writer has often heard, however, and which show wilful prejudice and ignorance of this subject.

place to give rise to these stories. It is highly probable that supernormal⁴ phenomena did exist; that is, natural phenomena, the causes for which are as yet unknown. But the evidence for the newer "miracles" is infinitely superior to the old, and that the former should be discredited and the latter blindly accepted is beyond the comprehension of the present writer. The credulity and ignorance of the masses on religious topics is simply amazing; yet their *blast* attitude towards the vital questions of death and futurity is beyond a doubt, unless one should happen to step upon some orthodox corn! A perusal of Hœckel's "*Riddle of the Universe*" (e. g.), would do the majority of persons a world of good: "What such persons most need," as Prof. William James has justly said, "is that their faiths should be broken up and ventilated; that the northwest wind of science should get into them and blow their sickliness and barbarism away."⁵

Finally, it is urged: "What is the use of seeking? You will find nothing. Such things are God's secrets, which he keeps to himself." And to this M. Flammarion rightly answers: "There always have been people who liked ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning (had men acted upon it) nothing would ever have been known of this world. . . . It is the mode of reasoning adopted by those who do not care to think for themselves, and who confide to directors (so called) the charge of controlling their consciences."⁶ "Faith," as Dr. Hyslop has reminded us,⁷ "no longer charms with her magic wand, except among those who do not accept or appreciate scientific method, but whose flimsy standards afford no criteria for defense against illusion and deception. Hence men who have been saturated, consciously or unconsciously, with the scientific spirit, either give up the hereafter or insist that their belief shall have other credentials than authority." Finally, that there should be any laws or phenomena which it is illegitimate to study is utterly incredible, and that men should take this stand at the present day is a sign of the most narrow-minded bigotry, and utterly unworthy of the scientific spirit of the age in which we live.

⁴The word "supernormal" has, for some time past, been used by the Society for Psychical Research to take the place of the meaningless term "supernatural," it being claimed that whatever happens is natural—be it even the intervention of spirits.

⁵The Will to Believe, and other Essays, p. x.

⁶The Unknown, p. vii.

⁷Proceedings Society for Psychical Research, vol. xvi, p. 289.

THE OBJECTION THAT IT FOSTERS SUPERSTITION.

This objection, I take it, has a certain amount of force, and is, to some extent, a valid one. That many superstitions are kept alive; that almost unbounded credulity exists among various spiritistic sects, and that a faith in all sorts of vagueries is kept alive by the flood of so-called "psychic" literature upon the market; all this is undoubtedly true. But it does not necessarily follow (as many think) that every one who takes up the investigation of these subjects seriously is more or less demented! It all depends upon the cast of mind of the individual; and there is absolutely no reason why these subjects should not be investigated in precisely the same scientific spirit as any other problem whatever. The present writer regards the question of a future life and "spirit return" as purely a matter of evidence; and their solution a problem for experimental psychology to settle as much as the nature of the earth's center is a problem for geologists, or (to be more prosaic), the composition of table-salt is one for the attention of chemists. Nor is there any reason why the one should not be investigated with precisely the same calm, cool, scientific spirit as the other; the principal difficulty being simply that in one case we are dealing with far less known and more uncertain phenomena than in the other. That a large number of persons have been grossly deceived, and that others have, to a certain extent, lost their reason while dwelling upon these problems, argues nothing more than that these particular individuals lacked a certain balance of mind, a scientific cast of character which rendered them, unfortunately, incapable of investigating these particular subjects without detriment to themselves; but the fault here lies obviously with the investigator and not with the subject-matter investigated. It is my contention that if these same individuals had happened to become interested in any other branch of science than the psychic, precisely the same thing would have happened. It must not be forgotten, in this relation, that many men have become insane by long brooding over problems which are now classed among the most "orthodox" of sciences, viz., physics. The individual with that particular "make-up" is as likely to become insane over any one unsolved problem as another; and the only objection is that, in these subjects, the faith and emotions are appealed to, as they are not in the majority of other sciences. But surely not more so than in various religious creeds—where the most appalling extremes are

constantly held before the eyes of their followers! In this case the parallel is striking, and consequently the absolutely untrue and unjust statement that—"modern spiritualism has sent comparatively more people to the insane asylum than everything else put together"—may be refuted by the fact that recent statistics have shown that a larger proportion of the inmates of insane asylums are religious lunatics than spiritualists.

But there is another point of view to be considered in relation to the objection we are discussing. It has been assumed, by all those who oppose such investigations as those relating to clairvoyance, haunted-houses, and so on, that these subjects are all necessarily *untrue*; that there is no real foundation for any of them; consequently their investigation tends merely to propagate error. If such were the case, that would undoubtedly be so, but let it be once granted for a moment that such things do exist, and really are a part of nature, though all unknown as yet, and their investigation becomes a most imperative duty. The average scientist would be willing to admit, I believe, that *if* such phenomena really existed, their solution would be highly important, and consequently must take the stand that they do not really exist. But they *do* exist! This I say not merely by way of opinion, but on the authority of very many eminent men and investigators who have borne testimony as to their reality, and whose cumulative evidence is absolutely overwhelming and convincing. If the facts did not exist, why should these men bear testimony thereto? Why should the evidence be forthcoming? or, to quote Andrew Lang, "why do such stories come to be told?" On this, I take it, every one must form his own opinion, which will be guided into one of three channels. Either (i) the phenomena exist, as stated; or (ii) the investigators were hallucinated, and only *thought* they saw what they did. This theory is, in many cases, excluded by the fact that some material change has been left in the world, proving that the phenomenon actually occurred, and was not merely thought to have done so; or (iii)—and this is the theory the majority of persons prefer to believe—that the investigators were, in some way, imposed upon and duped. Undoubtedly this has occurred in some cases, but in others, such as telepathic hallucinations, automatic writing, etc., it seems incredible, and in many cases practically impossible to attribute the cause to fraud and fraud alone. Such a theory would involve the dishonesty

of many of our leading scientists and literary men, who claim either to have experienced, or witnessed many of these phenomena themselves, under circumstances which render that hypothesis absolutely untenable; for any reasonable man to hold it nowadays simply betrays lack of knowledge of the evidence at hand. And if they exist; if, amid this bewildering mass of evidence matter, some phenomena, however slight and obscure, are observed, which tend to show that there are here some problems of nature as yet unsolved, then the study of these very problems is of the highest possible value, and the objection that they tend to "foster superstition" is meaningless and absolutely without foundation.

THE OBJECTION THAT IT ENCOURAGES FRAUD.

This objection is closely akin to the last one, and need not detain us here at any length. The drawback it suggests, is, again, a partially vital one; as the continued patronage of mediums who have been exposed in fraud is not only a very great mistake, but a temptation held out to other media to produce phenomena fraudulently also, and thus obtain a living at the expense of their dupes in the easy way suggested. All this is admitted. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that fraud such as this is only likely to occur when investigating paid or professional mediums; and the Society for Psychical Research has made it an almost invaluable rule to refuse to investigate the phenomena occurring in their presence, as being open to this very objection, and have devoted their energies almost entirely to private and unpaid mediums, in many cases with convincing results. Further, be it observed, psychical research does not by any means confine itself to the investigation of spiritistic phenomena, but devotes its attention to many other problems—as may be seen by referring to the footnote at the commencement of this paper—some of which, however much hallucination may occur, can scarcely be set down to deliberate fraud, as such an hypothesis would involve the connivance of hundreds of cultured persons. Indeed, to the careful observer, it would seem that—owing largely to the public exposure of trick devices, and largely to the laborious investigations of the Society for Psychical Research—fraud is far less in vogue, far less practiced at the present day than ever before; it seems, in fact, as though it were gradually being eliminated by the increase of knowledge in these directions,

so that, here again, the objection that psychical research "tends to encourage fraud" is absolutely erroneous, and made with an entire ignorance of the evidence at hand.

MORBIDITY AND ABNORMALITY.

But one of the principal objections which has always been raised against the study of these phenomena is that they tend to induce abnormal and morbid conditions, both mental and physical; and this, both in the subject and in the operator. And as no impression relating to these topics, seems to have so great an influence over the public mind as this; and as no one of them is, generally speaking, more false or without foundation, it is well that this objection should be met and answered here, if only for the sake of completeness; it has already been refuted many times by pens far more competent than mine. To state the objections, then, as briefly as may be, it would seem that the public at large regard the *investigators* in these questions either as partially demented—this state being invited and induced by a continued dabbling in the unknown and mysterious; a love of the marvelous—or that they take actual pleasure in invoking certain abnormal conditions for the purpose of watching the subject in the course of the induced paroxysm; just as an abnormally minded surgeon might watch the struggles of a suffering animal in a case of vivisection. To answer the first of these objections it is only necessary to quote the names of a few of those who are investigating these subjects, and whose authority on any other topic whatever would not, for one moment, be disputed. Such men as Dr. Lodge, Sir William Crooks, Lord Rayleigh, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour (now Premier of England), William James, Sidgwick, Professors Barrett, Hyslop, Wallace, Balfour Stewart, John Ruskin; Messrs. Myers, Gurney, Andrew Lang, Schiller, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lord Tennyson, Hon. N. E. Gladstone, the Bishop of Ripon and Professor Langley (to quote only a very few names most widely known as men of science and letters). These men most surely are not engaging in any such investigation as this for the mere pleasure of beguiling away their otherwise valuable time in worthless and valueless speculations on subjects which do not really exist! The absurdity of such a statement should be apparent without further comment. These questions can be investigated in precisely the same manner as any other branch of investigation,

without undue credulity and without lacking that calm, sane, scientific spirit which marks any other scientific investigation.

The *second* charge brought against the investigators, is, that they induce morbid conditions merely for the opportunity of studying the results attained in this manner. Now, I claim that this is not the case. This side of the question turns upon the supposed fact that morbid conditions *are* generally induced, while it can be shown that they are *not*. This brings us to the subjects of investigation themselves—the objection here resting upon the supposed fact that, in the course of psychic studies, unnatural and unhealthy conditions are constantly evoked. This objection must obviously be confined, in the first place, to *experimental* evidence, as over spontaneous phenomena we exercise no apparent control; and, be the effects in these cases what they may, we cannot help them, as they occur whether investigated scientifically or not. To these may be added many of the experimental phenomena, a study of which has failed to produce any satisfactory evidence as to any lasting evil effects resulting therefrom. In fact, the charges of abnormality or morbidity must be confined, it appears to me, to the four following subjects:

- (i) Experimental thought-transference.
- (ii) Induced hallucinations; and hallucination in general.
- (iii) Spiritism: the medium-trance, "possession," etc.
- (iv) Hypnotic experiments.

I take them in the order indicated, for discussion.

(i) In telepathic experiments, both the operator and subject are, generally speaking, in a perfectly normal condition; they act voluntarily and consciously, and it is an extremely rare occurrence for any untoward symptoms to manifest themselves, either at the time or afterwards. Occasionally, a slight headache is complained of, after the completion of the experiments, or a feeling of lassitude; but these are only occasional transitory, and utterly insignificant compared with the importance of the results attained. In the vast majority of these cases, this has been the sentiment of the subjects themselves, even when those slight symptoms follow, which, generally, is not the case.

(ii) Nothing could be a greater mistake than to suppose that a hallucination of the senses invariably indicates bad health or morbidity of temperament. That it does so in many cases is an

undoubted fact; but that isolated, transient hallucinations of the sane should indicate any specially abnormal condition is wholly opposed to the results of the investigations carried on of late years. The hallucinations resulting from doses of opium and other drugs; from illness; from defects in, or irritation of, the sense-organs themselves, in the cortical centers, or in the nerves leading from the one to the other—in all these cases an abnormal condition exists, and they are more a province of pathology and psychology than of psychical research. Hallucination itself is only discussed in this relation because of its frequent *induction*—in crystal-gazing, hypnotic suggestion, etc.; hence (granting their morbidity), the opposition to these subjects on this ground. But, as before stated, their morbidity is by no means granted by modern investigators; and case after case could be quoted (did space permit), containing some such sentence as the following: "I was in perfect health at the time, and cricket, rowing and swimming were part of my daily exercises. . . ." The argument is very neatly summed up by Mr. Podmore, from whose book^a I quote the following:

"Indeed, until recent years the tendency of even well-instructed opinion has been to regard a sensory hallucination as necessarily implying some physical or mental disorder. This misconception—for it is a misconception—has had some curious consequences. Since it does occasionally happen that a person admittedly sane and healthy reports to have seen the likeness of a human figure in what was apparently empty space, such reports have been by some perforce scouted as unworthy of credence, and by others regarded as necessarily indicating some occult cause—as testifying to the agency of ghosts. There was indeed the analogy of dreams to guide us. Few educated persons would regard dreams, on the one hand, as a symptom of ill-health, or on the other as counterparts or revelations of any super-terrestrial world; or, indeed, as anything else than purely subjective mental images. Yet dreams belong to the same order of mental phenomena as hallucinations, and are commonly so classed, such differences as exist being mainly due to the conditions under which the two sets of phenomena respectively occur. In fact, a hallucination is simply a hypertrophied thought—the last member of a series, whose intermediate terms are to be found in

^aApparitions and Thought-Transference, pp. 207-8.

the mental pictures of ordinary life; in the vivid images which some artists can summon at will; and in the Faces in the Dark which many persons see before passing into sleep, with its more familiar and abundant imagery."

Thus far as to hallucination in general; but what of those individuals who are in the habit of *constantly inducing* these images? Here, if anywhere, we should find traces of some abnormal condition, were the phenomena in question dependent upon morbidity in any form. But such is by no means the case. In Mr. Myers' paper⁹ on "Sensory Automatism and Induced Hallucinations," there are printed statements of several of those so-called "psychic" individuals who experience such hallucinations almost daily. Of these, "Miss X" is probably the most frequent recipient living of hallucinatory pictures, voices, etc., and her evidence, supported, as it is, by all the other investigators and subjects, must be taken as at least typical. On this very subject, however, she has declared:

"In view of certain statements which are current as to the physical conditions of crystal-gazing, I wish to say, as emphatically as possible, that in my own case these experiments are neither the cause nor the effect of any morbid condition.

"I can say positively, from frequent experience, that to attempt experiments when mind and body are not entirely at ease is absolute waste of time. The very conditions which might make crystal-gazing a fatiguing and exhausting process, render it impossible. I can with equal certainty disclaim, for myself, the allegation that success in inducing hallucinations of this kind is due in any way to an *état maladif*. The four years during which I have carried on experiments in crystal-gazing have been among the healthiest of my life."

In view of this definite evidence then, it can hardly be objected that *this* branch of the subject is necessarily a sign of morbidity.

(iii) Objections have been raised to the study of the so-called "medium-trance," with its accompanying phenomena of possession, obsession, etc., upon the ground of its abnormality. Upon no topic is the medical and psychological world so uninterested (and, consequently, so misinformed) as upon this. The general impression existing—that any trance condition is necessarily pathological and

⁹*Proceedings* S. P. R., vol. viii, pp. 436-535.

injurious—seems to be so deeply inrooted, and everywhere accepted without any inquiry as to its legitimate foundation, that it cannot be combated or refuted in a general review such as this. I can but say that, generally speaking, this opinion is wholly unwarranted and untrue, and I appeal to the evidence existing upon these subjects to bear out my statement. That such abnormal conditions exist *together with* trance is undoubtedly true in many instances;¹⁰ but that such symptoms should be considered as *inseparable* from the trance state is just as erroneous a conclusion as the Charcot theory that “all hypnotizable subjects are hysterical.” This theory has been exploded by pointing out the fact that the Charcot school experimented solely upon hysterical subjects! naturally, such a conclusion was the only one at which it was possible to arrive. Moreover, they are entirely alone in this theory, the vast majority of hypnotic physicians agreeing that it is entirely unsupported and opposed to their own experience in this direction, and declaring that sound and healthy persons make just as good or better subjects than those with a predisposition to hysteria.

With regard to the medium trance:

I can but appeal to the evidence extant and beg my readers to refer thereto, and satisfy themselves that my statement is correct when I say that true pathological conditions are extremely rare in the medium trance. I shall refer to a single case—the most noticeable of its kind on record—by way of illustrating the point here made; for it may reasonably be argued that if the trance condition is dependent upon any abnormal condition, those individuals in whom the trance manifests itself most frequently would be the ones in whom the conditions would be most marked. Mrs. Piper—the now famous Boston medium—has been almost constantly studied since the autumn of 1885—the first report on her trance phenomena appearing in July, 1886,¹¹ over the signature of Professor William James. Since that time this medium has been under almost constant observation, both here and abroad, and at one time experienced as many as two long trances a day, or even more. During all the seventeen years, however, no noticeable pathological symptoms have

¹⁰See, e. g., Dr. Hammond's “Spiritualism and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement” and Dr. Marvin's “Philosophy of Spiritualism.”

¹¹American *Proceedings* S. P. R., p. 103.

ever been observed, though her case has frequently been observed by medical and other experts. She has chiefly been studied by Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research; and, in a recent review, he most emphatically repudiates the suggestion that Mrs. Piper's trances involve "the extreme cost of personal suffering," and that the symptoms frequently observed were "the convulsed countenance, the gnashing teeth, the writhing body, the clenched hands"—by the following statement:

"In a communication to 'Light' . . . for February 4, 1899, I pointed out that her assertions on this matter were entirely baseless. I drew attention to the fact that 'the convulsive movements which usually in past years marked Mrs. Piper's going into and coming out of trance' had ceased two years previously. . . . I also emphasized the fact that Mrs. Piper's trances did not involve any personal suffering by quoting a statement from Mrs. Piper herself that she had never suffered any physical pain in connection with her trances, and that during the past two years she had experienced better health than before since she was thirteen years old."¹

It would seem, then, that in this case also, the charges of morbidity, etc., are entirely unfounded; and, supported as the evidence is by that of Mrs. Thompson and other and newer investigations of a similar type, we must again conclude that the charges brought against these subjects, upon this score, represent, not so much the sound opinion formed by a careful study of the available evidence, as the hasty *à priori* objections of the old school, overture practitioner, whose knowledge of these subjects was gained years ago; but whose opinion is now practically valueless, as it represented a point of view which is by no means up to date, nor even in accordance with observed and admitted facts.

(iv) There is probably no branch of psychic investigation which is more interpreted, and which has given rise to so much misconception as hypnotism and hypnotic phenomena. From the dozens of different theories put forward to explain this state (all, probably, wrong); from the mass of rubbishy literature upon this subject now printed and upon the market, and from the general fear with which it is regarded, it would seem that the days of witchcraft had

¹*Proceedings S. P. R.*, vol. xiv, p. 395.

returned, with their vagaries and superstitious terrors. The average person is, I am sure, absolutely afraid of being hypnotized, though it would be hard for people, in the majority of cases, to explain the *cause* for this dread. Some, perhaps, would oppose it on theological ground, claiming it to be the work of the Devil—which actually occurred, *e. g.*, in 1842, when the Rev. James McNeil attacked the phenomena upon that ground in a sermon preached in Manchester, England. This objection has been answered before in this paper. Others, perhaps, would object upon the ground that it would be liable to induce hysteria, or some other morbid condition; or that it “weakens the will”; or that an unlimited control might be gained by the operator over the subject, thus enforcing the enactment of crimes, etc.; or that, once asleep, it might be impossible for the operator to ever awaken the patient, thus inducing one of those terrible cases of continued sleep, ending in death, which we sometimes read of—in the papers. I can assure my readers that such cases actually exist—in the papers—and there only. There is absolutely no respectable evidence of any kind forthcoming that such a case as this exists or ever has existed outside the fertile brain of the newspaper reporter. Such stories must be absolutely discredited, as there is not a single grain of truth in any such statement as this. After considerable personal experience in this work, and after a careful perusal of practically all the standard authorities upon this subject, I can honestly say that not a single well-evidenced case has been forthcoming. It may occasionally happen that a slight difficulty has been experienced in awakening a particular subject; but in experienced hands, this is extremely rare; and even when this *does* occur, no apprehension need be felt upon this score, as, when left alone, *a spontaneous awakening will occur in every case*—in from one to twenty-four hours after treatment. It will thus be seen how foolish and unfounded such stories are; indeed, they appear creditable at all only to those individuals unacquainted with the fundamental nature of hypnotism, and its phenomena.

The other three objections require more consideration, as although they are, as I believe, decidedly untrue, the absurdity of the charges is not so apparent, and the objections named have, apparently, considerable weight in public opinion. I hope, in some future paper, to treat this question at greater length, but for the

present I must content myself with noting and briefly answering the three following—and remaining—objections:

(a) Hypnotism induces hysterical and other morbid conditions.

(b) The frequent induction of hypnotism tends to “weaken the will.”

(c) The operator may, in time, obtain complete control of the subject’s personality—his will—and thus compel him to commit crimes, etc., by merely commanding him to do so.

(a) This was the theory adopted by the Charcot School, and persistently defended by them for a number of years. As it was defended by numerous physicians on the Continent, and by Ernest Hart²² and others in England, those laymen who defend this theory may well feel that their case is in good hands, and be content to leave it therein. Consequently this objection either stands or falls with the ability of these physicians to successfully defend their theory. But, in the ensuing clash of opinions, what has been the outcome? This old thesis has been absolutely and completely exploded. Firstly, it was pointed out, as I have done above, that the Charcot School experimented entirely upon hysterical subjects, and consequently the only possible conclusion to be drawn from such an investigation was—that hypnotic subjects were hysterical. But when other investigators experimented upon other and healthy subjects, hysterical symptoms developed only in extremely few instances; on the contrary, hypnotic suggestion completely *cured* many cases of pronounced hysteria. And this extends also to other morbid conditions. The supposed analogy between hypnotism and hysteria is now shown to be absolutely without foundation; it is one of those old-time theories beyond which many medical men have not progressed, but the fallacy of which any intelligent student of these phenomena, who keeps abreast of the times, may readily perceive. This hypothesis is behind the times. Dr. Bramwell, indeed, declared that “as far back as the International Congress of Psychology of 1892 the Charcot theories had practically ceased to excite scientific interest.”²³ As this seems to be the opinion, also, of the majority of other writers upon this subject, I leave the final verdict to any unprejudiced reader.

²²See “Hypnotism, Mesmerism and the New Witchcraft.” By Ernest Hart. London, 1893.

²³*Proceedings S. P. R.*, vol. xv, p. 102.

(b) Nothing, in this connection, is more frequently heard than the statement that hypnotism tends to "weaken the will." It would be next to impossible to refute that statement here, as such an argument would involve much dispute as to the nature of hypnotism itself, and other technical points; and I can but say in this connection—"Where is the evidence for its ever having done so? Upon what does this accusation rest?" If analyzed, I believe that this assumption would be found to rest principally upon subjective bias and unconfirmed rumor, occasionally supplemented, perhaps, by some flaring newspaper article. In opposition to this I may state that a careful perusal of the works of Doctors Braid, Moll, Bernheim, Lloyd Tuckey, Bramwell, William James, de Courmelles, Cocke, and Messrs. Gurney, Myers, Sextus, Quackenbos, Binet and Féré, De Mude, Anderson, St. Germain and other writers has failed to produce any confirmation whatever of this theory, which must, therefore, be relegated to the list of "human errors" together with so many others relating to these subjects.

(c) The subject of "criminal suggestion" is one which is yet far from being definitely decided to the satisfaction of all. The works of the old mesmerists occasionally contained accounts of crimes perpetrated by the unfortunate and unwilling subject, but in the absence of any recent evidence tending to confirm these stories, they must, I am sure, be accepted largely *cum grano*; and as being due partly to misunderstanding the existing conditions, and partly to an ignorance of the power of conscious and unconscious suggestion. I have spoken of "the absence of any recent evidence tending to confirm these stories." It is true that pseudo-crimes are induced nearly every day by hypnotic suggestion; that is, acts are performed in the laboratory which would, if enacted in real life, constitute crimes; but it is precisely this difference which renders the latter most unlikely of performance—that they are "laboratory crimes." The hypnotic consciousness of the subject, which never sleeps, comprehends perfectly that a trial, a "test," is being made, and knows that however great the similarity may be between this and a genuine crime, he would not be permitted to commit a *real* crime in the presence of his investigators, and it is this feeling of security which allows him to perform any act suggested to him. But let a *real* crime be suggested, in which the subject is left to himself, and in whom the responsibility, if caught, would rest, and the suggestion invari-

ably fails. This is the experience of almost every person at the present day who either practices hypnotism or is thoroughly acquainted with hypnotic phenomena. Dr. Bramwell, in his exceedingly thorough and brilliant article on "What Is Hypnotism?"¹ after a brief *résumé* of the evidence for criminal suggestion sums up the result of his investigations as follows:

SUGGESTED CRIMES—SUMMARY.

1. I have never seen a suggestion accepted in hypnosis which would have been refused in the normal state.
2. I have observed that suggestions could be resisted as easily in the lethargic as in the alert stage.
3. I have frequently noticed increased refinement in hypnosis: subjects have refused suggestions which they would have accepted in the normal condition.
4. I saw Camille refuse a suggestion from mere caprice.
5. Examination of the mental condition in hypnosis revealed the fact that it was unimpaired.
6. The arguments of Bernheim cannot be considered conclusive, as they are founded solely upon two classes of facts. (a) Where a simple and harmless act has been assumed to be thought criminal by the subject, because the operator has stated it to be so. (b) Where the subject has permitted something in hypnosis, which he would probably have submitted to in the normal state."

In this connection I may refer my readers also to Professor Liégeois' bulky volume of more than 700 pages, entitled "*De la Suggestion et du Somnambulisme dans leurs Rapports avec la Jurisprudence et la Médecine Légale*," in which this subject is most thoroughly discussed; the conclusion being that suggested crimes rarely if ever exist; he being on this point, as before stated, in complete harmony with almost every other modern authority upon this subject. Such phenomena do not necessarily indicate the presence of any abnormal or morbid condition.

Before leaving this section, one or two reflections may be noted which tend to cast a somewhat new light upon these subjects, and upon our point of view regarding them. These phenomena are by no means always degrading or abnormal in their character. Are they

¹*Proceedings S. P. R.*, vol. xii, pp. 204-258.

²Pp. 238-39.

ever elevating or ennobling in this respect? May they not sometimes represent, not *sub* or *abnormal* phenomena alone, but *supernormal*: tending toward a higher goal, and occasionally betraying sparks of a more celestial fire? These are symptoms and tokens which seem to show that man's ephemeral personality is more deeply set, more part of a greater and higher "self" than we can conceive upon the materialistic basis of physiological psychology. Such a conception, based upon its legitimate facts, is far from being a premature speculation. Mr. Myers, speaking on this very subject," has said:

"I claim that this *substitution of personality*, or *spirit-control*, or *possession*, or *pneumaturgy*, is a normal forward step in the evolution of our race. I claim that a spirit exists in man, and that it is healthy and desirable that this spirit should be thus capable of partial and temporary dissociation from the organism, thereby enjoying an increased freedom and vision, and also allowing some departed spirit to make use of the partially vacated organism for the sake of communication with other spirits still incarnate on earth. I claim that much knowledge has already been thus acquired, while much more is likely to follow."

And again (p. 74), in discussing the various fluctuations of personality observable in the "medium-trance" and kindred states, he goes on to say—"it may perhaps be felt, by some at least of the rising generation of psychologists, that few tasks can be more interesting and important than that of discovering, investigating, and comparing as many as possible of these extraordinary variations in the ordinary human type—variations which, although often degenerative, are also sometimes, in my view, distinctly and rapidly evolutive in their tendency."

Â PRIORI OBJECTIONS.

I have left but little space for meeting the objections raised to the study of these subjects upon *â priori* grounds; nor do I feel that such a detailed defense is needed. Those individuals who oppose the study of these subjects upon such grounds alone are hopelessly prejudiced, and, in such cases, any defense whatever is absolutely waste of time. It is impossible to convince them; they *know* beforehand that there is nothing of advantage to be gained in pursuing

"*Proceedings S. P. R.*, vol. xvii, p. 68.

these investigations; and, as Miss X. pointed out²—"it is only what Macaulay called the 'cocksure,' from which nothing is to be hoped." Fortunately, the majority of persons are not of this stamp, and have more or less definite grounds for opposing their study.

There still remain certain objections of a more or less valid character which cannot be included under any of the sections already discussed, and consequently must be answered here. This section, indeed, might well be headed "Miscellaneous Objections."

First, then, there is the objection that these phenomena are "impossible." No matter how strong the evidence may be in their favor; no matter how many scientific men testify to their reality, there *must* be a mistake somewhere. They are contrary to the laws of nature, they are impossible, consequently their study will tend merely to divert attention from legitimate scientific investigation. Those who believe in them are mistaken—that is all. "But," as Dr. Mason has well said, "the objector who refuses credence to well-attested facts on that ground alone, simply assumes that he is acquainted with all the laws of nature."³ And again, Dr. Lodge declared that:

"It is a question of evidence whether such things have occurred; and opinions differ. For myself, I think they have. Part of the extra difficulty of accepting evidence for any unusual phenomena is the *à priori* notion that such occurrences are contrary to natural law, and are therefore impossible. We cannot, however, clearly tell that they are contrary to natural law; all we can safely say is that they are contrary to natural custom; or, safer still, that they are contrary or supplementary to our usual experience. That last statement is safe enough; but between that and the adjective 'impossible,' or the equivalent phrase 'contrary to the order of nature,' there is a vast and unfillable gap."⁴

All this is undoubtedly true. If, for example, we should go to any chemist, or physicist, or physiologist, or scientist in any line of work, and ask him if he considers that everything is known relating to that subject which ever will be known; in other words, if the world's knowledge is complete along that line of inquiry, he would most assuredly answer "No!" How much more would this be the

²Essays in Psychical Research, p. 11.

³Telepathy and the Subliminal Self, p. 110.

⁴Proceedings S. P. R., vol. xvii., p. 43.

case in psychology, where next to nothing is known, comparatively speaking, about the phenomena it investigates. And, as psychical research problems are, very largely, psychological problems—whence the objection? If it be granted that there are *any* problems in nature as yet unsolved, then their solution becomes an imperative duty for the scientist. All scientific inquiry is based upon that very fact—that there are many problems as yet unsolved and laws as yet unknown. Scientific investigation means simply an organized attempt to discover these laws. Why, then, should some subjects be investigated and not others? In fact, if reduced to definite statements, those who oppose the study of these phenomena upon this species of *à priori* objection, must fall back upon the statement, either that they are not investigated by scientific men, or that they are not investigated in a proper, thoroughly scientific spirit. As both of these statements are absolutely false, I can but inquire again—whence the objection?

Second. If, then, we grant, for the sake of argument, that it is *possible* for such phenomena to exist, the next question is, *do* they exist? This, of course, is a question which every man must answer for himself; but, in view of the strength of existing positive evidence, the point I wish to here emphasize, in fact, the object of this entire paper, is to show that *a negative answer to this question cannot and must not be given upon à priori grounds alone.* It can only be answered after a lengthy personal investigation and course of study; and, even should the final result be negative, it must be remembered that it represents that one investigator's opinion only; others may have met with very different results. One may encounter a hundred fraudulent mediums before one is discovered who is honest; but that is no reason for asserting that all are dishonest. In view of these facts, then, Professor Huxley's letter to the Dialectical Society,² declining to join that committee because "The only case of 'Spiritualism' I have had the opportunity of examining into for myself, was as gross an imposture as ever came under my notice"—assumes rather a humorous aspect; coming, as it does, from the pen of so profound a thinker as he. And, in viewing the attitudes assumed by the majority of persons toward these subjects, one cannot help feeling how irrational and dogmatic they almost invariably are. Of course, we all consider ourselves the criterion and standard of unprejudiced judg-

²See *Report*, p. 229.

ment; and feel, in our conceit, "Oh, if others could only view the study of these phenomena in the same unbiased yet critical spirit that I do myself!" Unfortunately, others think in exactly the same way, yet hold very different opinions regarding these phenomena! And it is here that we have brought vividly before us the extreme *subjectiveness* of our universe, and appreciate, to its fullest extent, while studying these phenomena, the necessity of granting every man his own opinion, and the art of gracefully allowing every one to retain that opinion without either undue acceptance of the same, or a contemptuous rejection thereof. And, on the other hand, many persons start about their investigations in a wrong spirit. Apart from the fact that but few persons possess a well-balanced mind—neither credulous nor unduly skeptical—many others require to be convinced that such phenomena are *possible* before they will consent to investigate them! Thus Professor Jastrow declares (apropos to thought-transference)—"If telepathy means the hypothesis of a new force, that is, the assumption of an as yet uncomprehended mode of the output of energy, subject rigorously to the physical bonds of material causation which make possible a rational conception of psychophysiological processes; and if, further, some one will put forth a rational conception of how this assumed action can take place apart from the exercise of the senses, I am prepared to admit that this hypothesis is (not sound, or strong, or in accordance with the facts, or capable of explaining the facts, or warranted by the facts; but) one which it is legitimate, though perhaps not profitable, to consider. If, however, telepathy is put forward as a totally new and peculiar kind of action, which is quite unrelated to the ordinary forces with which our senses and scientific observation acquaint us, and which is not subject to the limitations of the material world of causation; if telepathy is supposed to reveal to us a world beyond or behind or mysteriously intertwined with the phenomena of this world—a world in which events happen not in accordance with the established physical laws, but for this personal significance even in defiance of these laws—then it becomes impossible for the scientist to consider this hypothesis without abandoning his fundamental conceptions of law and science;"² which amounts to saying, of course, "if you can explain these phenomena to me, I will accept

²Fact and Fable in Psychology, pp. 101-2.

them, but if you admit that they are quite inexplicable, I shall have to reject them forthwith!" Could anything be more irrational? Does it not seem more scientific to accept some sufficiently-attested phenomenon and endeavor to account for it afterwards, than to declare *à priori* that the phenomenon itself cannot and does not exist, however well attested, merely because we cannot account for it, in our present state of knowledge? Similarly with other subjects. Earlier in this paper, I cited the case of a doctor who refused to believe that a "spirit" could return—could "come back, because he does not believe that there is any such thing as a spirit to come back." Obviously, the only way to decide this question is: not to speculate *à priori* upon the possibility of spirit existence, and reason from that, the possibility of its return—but to test and establish the possibility of its return, from which we can argue (should that be established), that man *has* a spirit *to* return. Here, as before, it is merely a question of evidence.

And, finally, if it be once admitted that such phenomena *do* exist, if telepathy, *e. g.*, be proved a fact in nature, the pessimist is sure to arise with his *Cui Bono?* Granting their existence, what is their use? What practical benefit can they be to mankind? Such questions, I believe, are almost invariably asked by persons who are either uninterested or uninstructed in scientific matters. No scientist would, for one moment, be guilty of such a preposterous question. What is the "use" of *any* scientific investigation, except to find out facts generally unknown and unrecognized? Every new truth acquired, every scrap of information gained by persistent effort is of *great* importance in helping us to understand and unravel the mysteries of the universe which surround us on every side; and especially is this the case in our attempts to understand that by which and through which every phenomenon is known and appreciated—the human mind. Moreover, if these studies should result, as now seems highly possible, in scientifically demonstrating a future life, their value can hardly be further questioned, even by those who now oppose them most strenuously. And, as I have before stated, this now looks well within the bounds of possibility; and it is a fact that many persons—previously materialists—have become converted to that belief through these very phenomena, scouted, ridiculed and rejected though they be!

In every instance the attacks on this subject may be successfully

repelled; in every case the objections can be triumphantly refuted. A great deal more might be said in this relation, but space does not permit. I leave the final judgment to any unprejudiced reader. Meanwhile, one or two final reflections may be noted, which, self-evident as they appear when pointed out, are not by any means seen and appreciated individually by the majority of persons:

First, there is the possibility that thoroughly scientific investigation might tend to *destroy* the existing evidence for supernormal phenomena, by exposing and "explaining" these occurrences, and by showing them to be merely misinterpreted normal phenomena. At any rate, nothing is to be lost by deciding this question definitely, one way or the other. In the first Circular issued by the American Society for Psychical Research the following sentence occurs, and, as it sums up, very tersely, the point here under discussion, I may quote it in full. It says:

"The Council of the American Society, therefore, feels that the duty can be no longer postponed of systematically repeating observations similar to those made in England, with a view of confirming them if true, of definitely pointing out the sources of error in them if false. If true, they are of value, and the tracing of their limits becomes a scientific duty. If false, no time should be lost in publishing their refutation; for, if allowed long to stand uncontradicted, their only effect will be to re-enforce powerfully the popular drift toward superstition."⁴

Since this was written, much has been published which tends to destroy the existing evidence, both by exposing frauds and by discovering and eliminating sources of conscious and unconscious error, never before fully appreciated. But, on the other hand, much has been published which establishes, beyond all reasonable doubt, the fact that certain phenomena do occasionally occur which may with impunity be called "supernormal," inasmuch as they are most certainly unexplained and inexplicable by modern science as it stands to-day. I claim that this much has been definitely accomplished, and that those who deny this are merely ignorant of the existing evidence. And if we analyze the objections of scientific men—why they decline to investigate these problems—we find that in every case their objections practically amount to a dislike for admitting the un-

⁴P. 4.

pleasant truth—"I don't know!" How absurd a statement in the present condition of the world's knowledge! How hollow the ground beneath such dogmatic denial! How little is yet known—compared with what may yet be known! As Prof. William James has so forcibly reminded us—" . . . an audience of some five or six score people, if each person in it could speak for his own generation, would carry us away to the black unknown of the human species, to days without a document or monument to tell their tale. Is it creditable that such a mushroom knowledge, such a growth overnight as this, *can* represent more than the minutest glimpse of what the universe will really prove to be when adequately understood? No! our science is a drop, our ignorance a sea. Whatever else be certain, this at least is certain—that the world of our present natural knowledge is enveloped in a larger world of *some* sort of whose residual properties we at present can have no positive idea."²⁸

The words of the late Frederick W. F. Myers upon this subject are especially apt. Mr. Myers was a man whose perfect insight and philosophical grasp of nature is seen but once in a generation, and his death is deeply deplored by scientists, the world over. Pondering over these problems of death and futurity, and, in so doing, letting his glance rest for a moment upon such dogmatic assertions as these on the part of his scientific brethren, the spirit moved him to write, with his usual strength and beauty of style, yet with his customary tenderness and pathos:

"And yet popular science sometimes speaks as though nearly everything in human nature had been observed already! As though normality had been defined, aberrations classified, a mass of experience acquired which our successors will only have to work out in detail! A vain conceit! a monstrous prematurity! Rather let us remember that only by an abiding consciousness of our own inevitable childishness can we prevent those successors from looking on our religions with pity, and on our science with contempt, while they analyze with a smile, our rudimentary efforts at self-realization, remarking: How hard a thing it was to found the race of man."

HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

²⁸The Will to Believe, etc., pp. 53-4.

MUSIC AT THE DEATHBED.

Those who have seen the impressive painting of Milais, representing Mozart in the act of leading the vocal execution of his own requiem, will more readily understand the motive prompting the introduction of so strange a subject as music at the deathbed.

On the painting referred to, the dying composer appears seated in an armchair while surrounded by a choir who sing "the requiem" (the mass to the dead) directed by him for whose departing soul the singing is rendered. The scene is profoundly impressive, and leaves a memory never to be forgotten. Upon his noble and delicately traced brow lingers an expression of serenity and holiness that seems to make every feature transfigured with a radiance streaming out from within. His soul having lived in music, would also depart in music; and borne by the strains of melodies, by himself composed, he left this world of pain and death to be ushered into a grander realm of being—

"Where the music of the spheres
Turns to joy our grief and tears."

What a difference, in dying, bathed in waves of sweet, soul-inspiring music, under the influence of which the bonds of matter are loosening, surrounded by the peacefulness and soothing cares of self-possessed love, or to die, weighed down and crushed by the clouds of gloom, lamentation and despair pictured in the faces of those present. In the supreme moment when the soul is to approach the consuming mystery of death, and to cross the great divide that interposes between the known and the unknown, he needs all the calmness, peace, courage and conscious strength possible to be attained. To bring about these conditions at the deathbed should be a deep-felt duty of the friends and kindred to the dying.

There is no doubt that music exercises a most powerful influence over the mind. Every lover of music knows it. As Shakespeare says:

"In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die."

While on the one hand, music can turn sadness into joy, and tears into smiles, on the other hand it will turn untamed hilarity and low-graded mirth into feelings of noble dignity and true joy.

It is a harmonizer and peacemaker ; and the beautiful story of David, subduing by the power of his harp the tumultuous senses of Saul, is pregnant with most valuable suggestions. The mighty influence held by the Hebrew prophets over the people of the Old Testament, must largely have been due to the rhythm in which their soul-stirring sermons originally were delivered. Nor is the beautiful representation of angels with harps and singing seraphs, celestial choirs, etc., to be dismissed as the mere outpourings of a high-wrought poetic imagination. They are the testimonies gathered up from all times and ages, confirming the divine origin and power of music. Music is a world-power, the basic element and holding principle of the universe, which by audible or inaudible vibrations connects man with all the mystical powers and agencies of heaven and earth.

Few homes are so wholly destitute that some kind of musical instrument cannot be procured. A music-box—if nothing else. Moreover, music—instrumental or vocal—is an art, the moral power and influence of which are so immense that it should find its devotee in every home.

It might perhaps be superfluous to state that the music here referred to must be of the purest kind. For music, like all other powers and energies, is double-edged, and can be used for more than one purpose. As there are pure and impure authors of fiction, so there are pure and impure composers of music, and the impure ones may be as morally destructive as the pure ones are morally constructive.

As a guide for good musical selection, one may suggest compositions of any of the great masters, especially of Beethoven, Wagner and Mozart. Perhaps in the intensity of inward feeling, sweetness of touch and purity of motive, some of the sonatas, and symphonies (especially the ninth) of Beethoven, would be most appreciable to a person in the supreme moment of death, when the soul is on the verge of unfolding the inner vision—when all that he possesses of virtue, love and holy aspirations, tries to assert itself.

To help the soul onward in this process of unfolding by surrounding the dying with a sphere of peace and harmony, is the truly inspiring object to be attained through this offering of music at the shrine of Death.

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.



A NEW PHILOSOPHY.

In talking with my friend Professor L., who is one of Swedenborg's most devoted disciples, I happened to quote the following lines from *Mrs. Browning*:

"Natural things and
Spiritual, who separates
These two in art, in
Science or the social
Drift, tears up the bond
Of Nature, brings death,
Paints futile pictures,
Writes unreal verse, leads
Vulger days, deals ignorantly
With men, is wrong, in
Short, at all points.
A twofold world goes
To the making of a
Perfect cosmos."

"If full credence is to be given to all that those lines imply," said the Professor, "poetic insight has revealed a higher truth than all the philosophy of the latter ages."

"A twofold world goes to the making of a perfect cosmos," he repeated. "Does not that infer that the laws that govern in Nature, and all the phenomena, of Nature, are but similitudes and effects of spiritual laws and spiritual phenomena?"

"Unity presupposes no other relation. Has science given any intimation of a truth so sublime? The most devout scientist, even in trying to answer the question of the higher antecedents of matter, never considered such a thing as a spiritual cause. Those scientists who do indulge in speculative inquiry and those who at the present time are asking concerning the vital principle, the omnipresent formative power resident in matter, the generative force that lies behind heat, light, sound and electricity, never look above Nature for a solution of these mysteries, though they may acknowledge Nature's God; never lift their thoughts above the sphere of natural knowledge, and like the poet contemplate a system of spiritual truths."

Professor Goldwin Smith, I remarked, says something about the moral world being next thing to the only real world of which the physical is in some manner the outer clothing. And Tyndall in his

theory of organic matter, in speaking of the unity of the inorganic, vegetable and animal worlds, and of life being innermost in each, says, "And this life may be but the subordinate part and function of a higher life."

"Yes," said the Professor, "but no genuine spiritual thought is involved, for none was intended. Science, with all its marvelous developments, is but the handmaid of Pantheism."

"How does philosophy stand according to the poet's vision?" I asked.

"Philosophy also is chained to earth, it certainly has made but little progress if Professor Ferrier is right. 'All false philosophy,' he says, 'is Plato misinterpreted; all true philosophy is Plato rightly understood.' Now I call that dispraise of modern enlightenment."

"Modern enlightenment," I said, "has no more than reached the heights of Theism."

"That is true; the philosophers are still in perplexity over those old enigmas—the origin of evil, the nature of the infinite, the nature of the Soul, and the manner in which they group and stumble about in the darkened limitless spaces of these tracts of knowledge, is really amusing. It can be as truly said of the metaphysicians of to-day, as was said of the German metaphysicians before the time of Raub and Hegel, that 'Their main work has been to build up between the spirit of man and the Father of spirits, solid walls and high which no human strength can pierce through, no eye can overlook.'"

"And yet this is an age of spiritual activity and progress," I replied. "Men are not only searching into the hidden things of faith, the mysteries of being, but they are breaking away from the moorings of the past, and coming out into larger liberty of thought. Literary criticism, alone, shows what a great revolution is going on in the world of mind."

"Yes," said the Professor, "and the truth of the old Chaldaic oracle is being made manifest, that 'The plant of truth grows not upon the earth, wherever it may grow.'"

"Of course, poetic insight is not to be taken as a guide in the quest for truth," I said.

"No; and Reason, even if it were all that Raub declares it to be, 'The Holy Spirit to the finite understanding at once the light and the inward eye,' it would not reach to spiritual realities."

"Ah, I see where you are drifting," I exclaimed, "you think that Swedenborg holds the key that unlocks the mystery."

"I believe," answered the Professor, "that Swedenborg's spiritual philosophy gives a philosophic basis to the poet's fairest dream. Let me give you a few of the general principles of his philosophy. And remember that the whole system is founded upon new and intense sense of the Divine Word, as revealed through the long-lost science of correspondence. A science which treats of the relation of things spiritual to things natural, and which, among the ancients, Swedenborg says, was considered the science of sciences. So learning to read Divine Revelation aright he discovered that there was such a thing as pure spiritual substance, distinct and discrete from material substance; that there is a spiritual world composed of this substance, as real and substantial as our own world, and that within man's natural body there is a spiritual body, an organized, human form, having all the senses pertaining to the natural body; and that 'All life, thought and volition'—as a certain writer puts it—'occurs in the spiritual body, are manifested outwardly through the natural body, as a medium or machine which has no life in itself, but derives its life, moment by moment, from the spiritual form within it.' He affirms, moreover, that if man were in the true order of nature he would have the use of these inner senses while in this life, and that there would be open communication between the two worlds, as there was in that early time, the morning of creation, which the poets call the golden age."

"So in the case of Swedenborg, there was no fanaticism, nor mysticism, but simply an opening of his spiritual senses by which he was enabled to look into the spiritual world and to understand its laws and phenomena."

"But the most wonderful thing in this great system of truths, that which nothing else can equal for reach of thought, for grandeur and beauty of conception is his *doctrine of degrees*, or the unity of truth."

"In all things," says Swedenborg, "there are discrete degrees, and continuous degrees. Discrete degrees stand in the relation of end, cause and effect, and are always in threefold order. The three kingdoms of nature are according to these degrees, so is everything throughout these three kingdoms. To quote from Swedenborg: 'Your world, then, is a compagination of filaments in threefold order,

in metals and stones a conglobation of parts also in threefold order.'"

In every discrete degree there are continuous degrees, or developments from low forms to higher, from beginnings to endings. From these a second discrete degree is formed and from the second a third."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that at the end of each discrete degree a new creation takes place?"

"Yes; a new creation. The right conditions are given and spiritual life flows in and creates anew. All things pertaining to mind as well as to matter are governed by this law of degrees. Man's whole moral and intellectual development proceeds according to discrete degrees. He has three spiritual degrees of the mind and three natural degrees. Animals have only the natural degrees—the higher order of animals the three degrees, the second order two, the third only one.

"And here is where lies the difference between animals and men. And in not understanding the science of degrees here is where Darwin makes false deductions in his theory of evolution. Spencer also reasons only in accordance with continuous degrees, and, 'causes,' says Swedenborg, 'do not produce effects continually but discretely; for a cause is one thing and an effect another.'

"All things ascend by degrees to man and from man back to the great source from which they came. And man, being the end of creation, the image of God, all things below him are representations of him; not in a mere poetic sense but by a law as unerring as any that governs in Nature.

"'The Divine Being,' says Swedenborg, 'is love and wisdom; or substance and form.' And from Him there is an outflow of good and truth, which, in the spiritual worlds, *appears as a sun and is the sphere which surrounds Divinity*. This spiritual emanation is the creative force in nature and the forms of nature, in being recipients are also symbols of all the different degrees of good and truth.

"And the semblance lies not only in the law and order of creation and growth, but in the uses of all things. And not only in nature can man find treasures of spiritual truth, but in the wonderful mechanism of his own body. 'All that can be known of the soul,' says Swedenborg, 'can be learned from the correspondence of the heart with the will, and of the lungs with the understandings.' And

he says that 'in the Divine Being these two great principles of love and wisdom are united, that in proceeding from Him they are divided, and that to attain completion they constantly endeavor to reunite.' And here lies the cause of some of the strangest and most wonderful phenomena of nature.

"In everything it is the same, written on the face of nature, even to the tiniest grain of sand that lies on the seashore; shown in all her inner workings and in the action of her imponderable agents, is a revelation that makes known to man all the truths of being.

"Was it not some faint perception of this last truth that glimmered on the mind of Plato in his fair dream of a 'Metaphysic of the Universe'? It is said that 'Philosophy struggled into birth through the symbolic and unreflected forms of mythology.'

"True indeed are the words of the poet:

"'A twofold world goes to the making of a perfect cosmos.'"

"These," continued the Professor, "are only some of the general principles of his philosophy, and, much as is left unsaid it is all as nothing in comparison with what it enables one to imagine of the vastness, beauty and grandeur of Truth. 'Spiritual thought,' says Swedenborg, 'does not fall into natural ideas.'"

"But how do you know," I asked, "that this system of philosophy is founded upon absolute truth?"

"It must be judged," said the Professor, "by the law by which it was made known. It is said that the laws of human reason are also the laws of the material universe, or that 'What in the mind of the discoverer is a prophetic idea is found in Nature to be a law, and that one answers and is akin to the other.' And so as Hegel says, 'What is rational is real, and what is real is rational.' It is an exposition of truth in which all things are made new, the real is found to be the true ideal.

"Art stretches past the known and seen to reach the archetypal sight. Science, like Pygmalion's statue flashing into roseate, affluent life, opens the way, and becomes the willing handmaid to a true spiritual philosophy."

I listened as one enthralled, and felt like one who had partaken of strong wine, and now I ask: *Is Swedenborg right?*

H. B. GOODING.

CREED AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

There comes a time in the life of every thinking individual, when his ideas from earlier days are overthrown, and he is left to re-establish his religion, to remodel his creeds. These, as a result of this process, may or may not be greatly changed; but he must cease to believe simply because others believe; cease to be content to have all questions answered for him. He must separate the grains of truth from the chaff of ignorance and superstition, and must determine not only *what* he believes, but *why* he believes it.

But the honest mind need have no fear of the result of this demolition of beliefs, for a certain subconscious assurance of the endurance of right suggests always the final triumph of truth; and, as a matter of fact, he emerges better and stronger for the conflict, which, while it is a torturing process, is also a purifying one, and marks the beginning of a new era—the era of freedom and self understanding. He is now upon firmer ground; there are no dark corners that have not been explored, no questions that have not been met. His religion is no longer a set of hypotheses, endorsed by others and handed down for his acceptance, but theorems which he has himself investigated, and found true, or at least, rational.

This tidal wave of questions, this great revolution of the mind occurs but once, but throughout his life, new questions will from time to time arise, and decisive stands must be taken as to whether he shall recognize this or that theory, or accept this or that solution.

Under these circumstances, there are but two wise and definite courses which he may pursue; either to reject the solution at hand as altogether incompatible with his principles, or to accept it with such changes as he may deem necessary to make it reconcilable. But he errs greatly, who tries to force himself to believe something which he feels unable to accept, yet fears to reject. For in these cases, there is always uneasiness, as if the new creed like a garment, were too large or too small for him; always the feeling, that he is untrue to himself; that he is not using, at its best, his divine prerogative of thought and choice. For, whether the belief in question is really false, or whether the difficulty lies in his still undeveloped mental and spiritual state, it can, in the present light, be of no moral use to him. No matter how many endorse it, no matter in how many sincere hearts it is founded, the fact that it is not in harmony with his convictions is sufficient ground for his refusal.

Let him rather, therefore, honestly reject it, and have no fear for the future. For he will develop; and, as a growing sapling splits the rock which embraces its root, so will his mind and soul, expanding, overcome his doubts. Finally, and in good time, whatever truth there may be in the rejected belief will represent itself, and, shorn of its former strangeness, will dethrone the old, adverse arguments, which he alone could comprehend, and will claim the right to his recognition.

If our God is a consistent God, be assured, that, having placed us with limited understandings amid so many great and vitally important problems, he will not expect more of us than a gradual growth and a laborious progress. Nor has he failed to provide for our condition any more than he has failed to ordain the springtide for the growth of the bud. None but a narrow and stunted religion can conceive of a Deity who casts his creations into an impenetrable darkness to find their way out unaided. There will always be some light, always some guidance. We have only to make ourselves submissive to the great and natural course of conviction, so that, when the light comes, we shall not be blind to its radiance.

A man cannot hope to understand everything. There are mysteries which he can never fathom, there are questions which he can never fully answer. Yet even these abstract hypotheses must appear to him rational; in some way he must be able to reconcile them to himself and to life, in some way he must realize their value and his need of them. Otherwise he cannot accept them, otherwise he should not accept them.

So let a man strive to think and live. Not to be a bigot, or an obstinate skeptic; not to shrink from any vital question; not to be afraid of any honest thought, however detrimental to his faith it may at the time seem to be; not to burden himself with creeds and dogmas, theories and rituals, which are not in harmony with his best convictions, and which, therefore, must appear to him more or less a farce, or a mockery. But to act upon such a liberal philosophy, and to pursue such honest lines of thought, as shall aid him in the darkness and obstructions of the valley, until he arrive upon the hilltop, where the light is clear, and the view unbroken.

H. HUNTER SHERMAN.

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

CONDITIONS.

You have not found happiness, beloved! You have searched for it wildly, determined that it must be yours, feeling life to be barren without it; but it has ever evaded you. You have put forth your best efforts for success, but failure has been your reward. Unselfish motives have inspired you to noble deeds, yet you have been misunderstood and maligned. You are bowed in sorrow under the ban of some unjust accusation, or are languishing in the dreary confines of prison, for some crime which you did not commit. Friends have proved false and faithless, frowns have taken the place of smiles.

You have become weary of the journey of life. You are tired, low-spirited, and broken-hearted. The way before, as that behind, looks dark and dreary. You are sick of the strife and malice, lies and treachery of the world. Those whom you loved best, dealt you the blows which paralyzed your heart, and plunged you into the depths of despondency. Those whom you thought to be friends, proved to be your enemies.

Your search for happiness has been like following a mirage upon an endless desert, which ever recedes from your grasp when you think you have attained it. Mad with despair, hopeless, despondent, you close your eyes to your surroundings, and permit yourself to be carried along by the current, convinced that it is useless to put forth endeavor, and that the sooner the current bears you to the grave, the better. You have become so weary of the struggle of life, and of the seeming treachery of the world, that you would gladly lay down the meager pleasures which the future might hold for you, to be able to find that peace and rest of body and mind which you feel you can never realize upon this earth; or, with lines of care and bitterness deepening in your face year by year, you struggle on, striving to stem the tide of adversity.

These are the conditions you have found, and from which you long to be free even though it be by the hand of Death, which seems, to some, to be the only relief from what appears to be a world of unendurable sorrow.

Death, however, is not the panacea for our human ills. It is *Life*. Life more abundant. To become consciously at one with the great Fountain of Eternal Life—God—gives us the power to mold our own destinies as we will, and to say to the storms and tempests which have tossed us so mercilessly in the past, "Peace, be still."

It cannot be that Infinite Life, Love, Goodness, has no real happiness for the masses of mankind during their sojourn on this beautiful earth. Through the power they give us, to create the desirable, and to overcome the undesirable, *conscious at-one-ment* with God, and *living the law of the brotherhood* of men, as taught by Christ, is a certain relief for the manifold ills of life.

Then lift your drooping head, beloved, and turn your eyes upon the light which is breaking upon these conditions of seeming injustice and sorrow; for life, love, wisdom, power and substance are yours.

GROWTH.

By some, it is deemed an unpardonable sin for the individual to change his beliefs—in other words, to grow. The aspiring soul, which must ever be moving onward and upward, will never be understood or appreciated by them, and if life be shaped to meet their approval, there would be no advancement in the world. Change of beliefs does not signify an unstable nature, but that growth and development are taking place in the individual. One trained in sectarian beliefs, not finding that which his spiritual nature craves, perhaps becomes a materialist. After a few years spent in searching the archives of materialism in a vain effort to find something satisfactory to his religious nature, he concedes that, although a seeker of Truth, he has not found it. But when he finally enters into the sacred chambers of his own soul, he finds there the Truths of Being and that "Peace that passeth understanding." Can it, then, reasonably be said that he is unstable by nature? No! he is a growing soul, who, through earnest desire for spiritual wisdom, is led, through various stages into *Truth*. "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

The progress made by the world has come through those who

have refused to follow the beaten path; who discerned a higher order of things than did their predecessors—a larger view of Truth, who were not content to shape their lives after the pattern used and approved by the world, because Aspiration had shown them a pattern truer and more beautiful. These are they to whom we are indebted for the progress the world has made; yet persecution and hatred have sometimes been the only thanks received during their stay on earth, from the world which owes to them much of its advancement. When these advancing souls have passed to another life, and others, through their teaching, have grown upward to a plane of thought where they, also, can embrace this larger view of Truth, then praise and admiration are bestowed upon the memory of those who had the courage of their convictions, and stood for Truth, as they discerned it:

“Whose only crime was that ye were awake
Too soon, or that your brothers slept too late.
Mountainous minds—upon whose aspiring tops the great
Sunrise of knowledge came, long ere its glance
Fell on the foggy swamps of fear and ignorance.”

History proves to us that beliefs which were at first ridiculed, and their promulgators persecuted in the brutal manner of earlier days, have later been accepted as Truth, and embraced by all.

Galileo was considered a fool or a lunatic, and was put upon the rack of torture for declaring the fact which he, as scientist, knew to be true, that the earth was round, and moved. To-day, he is conceded to have been the greatest astronomer of his time.

Much more rapidly would we progress, if we could free ourselves from the fear of having our beliefs ridiculed or misunderstood. We are in mental and spiritual bondage so long as fear prevents us from stepping out of the ruts of an ignorant past.

We can accept Truth only as we, ourselves, discern it, and realize it to be Truth. But, while we may not yet have climbed to the glorious heights upon which another stands, we can at least refrain from hurling the epithet of monster or madman.

Let us be mindful of the lessons of the past, which have taught us that those who suffer persecution at the hands of their fellow-men in one generation are the ones whose names are spoken with praise and admiration in the next, and who are then classed with the benefactors of the race, lest, through our own ignorance, we

unwittingly persecute those who may be God-ordained to herald still greater Light, and thus imitate our ignorant brothers of the past. Let us withhold judgment and condemnation from every living being. We may not agree with the ideas of others, we may not approve of their doctrines; still, if we follow Christ's teaching, we must, at all times, withhold condemnation, and judge no man.

It is not necessary that we seek the society of those who may be distasteful, or that we accept doctrines which are repulsive. We can refrain from judging the individual or his motives, recognizing that he is striving onward and upward as earnestly as we, although he may have chosen a different path.

Let us, then, concede to others, and claim for ourselves, the sacred right of individual growth and progress.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

Growth and progress are the natural requisites of man and until the individual reaches that point in his development where he can come into conscious at-one-ment with the Divinity within him, this necessary growth can come to him only through experience.

We are prone to look upon all trying experiences which come to us as calamities to be endured only because we cannot avoid them. The highest conception of life, as we might live it, is an uninterrupted flow of placid, peaceful conditions. No sorrow, no heart-aches, no disappointments, and no failures; but until the individual has come into conscious oneness with the All Good, such a life of placid joy would be a fatal impediment to the growth of the soul. After this conscious at-one-ment, it becomes the only life. The seemingly hard experiences of life frequently are the means, through the unhappiness which they cause, of bringing the individual into conscious relations with his Higher Forces. He has struggled against what he considers a blind fate—against hardships, injustice, and calumny—until at last, he is overpowered by an environment which he seems powerless to alter; and, acknowledging his defeat at the hands of fate, he ceases further effort.

This is the Divine opportunity. So long as the struggle continued on the mental and physical planes, against the vicissitudes of fate, the Divine could not make itself heard. At last, the silence of defeat holds sway and he plainly hears the still, small voice of the Divine Self, within.

He is relieved to be out of the mad, feverish struggle going on about him. Had he not been defeated in his every desire upon the material plane, he would still be struggling on, as madly as ever. He is now experiencing the first moments of peace and rest since childhood. He would not exchange them for the feverish excitement of the past, even if by so doing he could gain the objects he has struggled for.

It cannot be the wish of the Most High that he should suffer. These things which he has failed to attain are not half what the Father would wish him to have. The Father is Life, Love, Peace and Substance, and all these are *his*, if he seeks them with understanding. In the past, his efforts have been misdirected, moving along competitive lines; had he succeeded another would have failed. It might as well be him as another, for all are equal in the sight of All Good. He has been running his race single handed and alone. Force of circumstances has compelled him to believe that if he did not look out for himself, no one would be likely to do so for him; and so he has struggled to hold his own, with those who struggled just as he did—for place and position. Had he gained the objects he wished, he might have been considered materially fortunate, but spiritually he would have been poor. As the spiritual is the only real and lasting part, the energy and time which he has expended in acquiring these objects would have been wasted, after all, for he would have retained them but a few brief years, and long before departing this life, he would probably have discerned their comparative worthlessness. As he failed in gaining these objects, and has given up the struggle to attain them, he is in a condition to be receptive to higher Truths, where he can hear the voice of the Divine. Thus the individual develops through experience, until he reaches that plane of Being where he comes into his spiritual birthright—a realization of his oneness with God.

Conscious at-one-ment with God, means power and peace, and an abundance of the desirable things of life. Then why should we shrink from experiences, which, however hard to bear, are like a kind teacher, who leads us, through difficult lessons to a point where we can graduate into a higher school.

To attain the stature of the perfect man, where we can realize our Divinity, we must become rounded and developed, the deep recesses of our natures must be touched into life, every vacuum filled,

and every sharp corner worn away; and this can only be done by that agency which we call experience—the romances and tragedies of the heart—the wild ecstasy of love, and the agony of disappointment, the applause of the world, and the speechless grief of being misunderstood and maligned. It is such experience which rounds out, and develops the individual.

“Why live we upon this earth except to grow?” Why indeed! Would we send our children to school, and wish them to escape learning their lessons, however difficult?

Since the individual must reach a certain stage of outer development before he can come into conscious at-one-ment with the Inner Life, and since he can attain this development only through experiences, can we not look upon them as benefactors? Would we prefer to remain without the brightness of the Inner Light to gladden our path, rather than accept the experience, which alone will develop and lift us to a plane of spiritual realization? Beloved, let us learn to bless our experiences; to think lovingly of them; to say of them: They are good; they came from the loving Hand of God; they have strengthened and ennobled us; they have filled us with tender sympathy for our fellow men. Blessed has been their mission, for they have been ministering angels who have led us up the heights of glory, where love, peace, happiness and abundance are ours.

ONESHIP WITH GOD.

“I searched for God with heart-throbs of despair,
 'Neath ocean bed, above the vaulted sky,
 And then I searched myself, my inmost I—
 And found Him there.”

While the individual believes himself to be a thing apart from his God—a mere “worm of the dust”—he feels himself to be helpless and weak, and gropes blindly along the path of life, knowing not whence he came, or whither he is going. With no knowledge of the laws of action and reaction he curses what he considers to be a blind fate, because the thorns along his path pierce his feet. When, however, the consciousness comes to him that there is but one Life, one spirit, and that he is a part of that One, one of the drops making the great ocean of life, he then begins to realize that in his inmost Being he is one. As he is one with God, he must possess the attributes of God—Good, Love, Wisdom, Peace and

Substance; then he—the soul, the real self—possesses the same attributes.

The realization of this glorious Truth causes everything about him, within and without, to take on a new aspect. He is like one emerging from a dimly lighted room into the bright light of sunshine. He is no longer a helpless worm of dust, but a glorious being of power. An individualized ray of Spirit, radiating from the Universal Spirit. And out of the ashes of past sorrows, of broken hopes, of shattered dreams, will spring forth in that hour when he turns to the indwelling God, the glorified and imperishable joys of the Spirit, in comparison with which those experienced by him upon the sense plane are:

"As moonlight unto sunlight,
And as water unto wine."

For in that hour when there comes to him a full realization of his oneness with God, in that same hour will begin the fulfilment of His many promises: "Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. . . . I am the light of the world, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of Life. . . . Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

These, and other promises of the Christ's are literally fulfilled, gradually and surely, after the individual recognizes his at-onement with the Divine.

THE CHRIST SELF.

Conscious at-one-ment with God, then, is a spiritual birth; a birth into a different plane of thought and feeling. Previous to this new birth, experience, on the objective plane, has been the teacher. After the new birth, the Christ—or Divine—Self becomes the Master, and gradually and surely guides the individual into all Truth; and he sees and judges things from a different standpoint, and like the opening of a flower, he grows into the "stature of the fulness of Christ."

From dead environments he steps forth into the quickened life of spirit. The eternal Fountain of life, within him, bursts into

activity, and life and strength vibrate through every atom of his being. Love rises from the sense plane to that of spirit, and becomes the ecstasy of heaven. Fear departs from him as shadows flee before the bright beams of the sun, and a realization of his creative power, to conquer conditions, and to mould his own destiny, brings to him a sense of unfaltering trust in himself—the Christ Self.

Heretofore he has been tossed and blown about by the conditions of the objective world in which he has dwelt, but now he realizes that his own spiritual will—the Christ Will—is all-powerful in carving conditions, and in stilling the tempestuous waves of his objective life; for, if he leans wholly upon the Divine within him, he can gradually draw to himself the conditions of life which he desires. The silence of his own soul, is a mighty creative center, and desire, either formed into words, or held as an aspiration in the soul, is the instrument with which he builds his own destiny. “Ask, and ye shall receive.” To *desire*, is to ask. Desire is the attracting power by which he draws from the inexhaustible Divine Supply, to visibility in his objective life, all of the desirable things of life. But he must desire with understanding and faith, understanding that as God is substance, he—spirit—is also substance, and can draw from his own storehouse of supply. And faith in this understanding, which keeps his desire free from doubts as to its power. Even unconscious desire—desire as an instinct—such as we see manifested in the animal kingdom, is more or less, creative, as we often see demonstrated in the world about us.

A butterfly just emerged from its chrysalis state, creeps out from under the edge of a rock. The sun feels warm and grateful to its tiny form, and it stands still in the bright sunbeams. It does not know that it has wings, but unconsciously to itself, the sun and wind gradually dries them. Feeling light and warm, the little insect begins to walk about in the dust of the road. The dust sticks to its dainty feet, and blows onto its bright-hued wings. It was not made to crawl in the dust. It does not like the dust; and there arises in its tiny being, a *desire*, which grows stronger, and stronger, to rise out of the dust, into the clear, sweet air. And with this ever-increasing desire, the little creature makes one great effort to execute it, and rise upward. It does not know that it can fly, but the great, overpowering desire to find the surroundings which it craves,

causes it to make one great effort to rise. The brilliant wings put on its tiny body by the Divine Hand, are obedient to this God-given desire, and instantly the beautiful creature rises into the air, sweet with the breath of the flowers which would yield its sustenance.

When used consciously, and with understanding and faith, desire is in a sense, creative. It then becomes the law of attraction, working through us, which draws irresistibly to us, the object of that desire. If we wish to grow upward, then, and merge the objective life into the all-powerful spiritual life, desire becomes the lifting power within us, and gradually and surely will the Christ Life become our one and only Master. And as, through desire, we grow in power, we begin to demonstrate the mighty powers possessed by Christ, and promised to His followers: "And it shall come to pass, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." The occult realm, of which, as yet, we know but little, now opens up to us.

A phase of the occult—or spiritual gifts, perhaps, the most commonly manifested at the present time, is the presentation to an individual of future events, by means of visions or dreams. Some hear messages, which, while not audible to the ear, are yet clearly received by the brain; and the gift of healing is coming with wonderful rapidity into the possession of the spiritually quickened. The manifestation of these spiritual gifts is joyously received by the individual who recognizes in them, the fulfilment of one of the promises of the Master: "... the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do," but among His many promises, none is truer or more beautiful to him who has found the Christ, within, than—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*."

BROTHERHOOD AND THE LAW.

"For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Since all Life is one, we, being individualized expressions of the one life, are, in our innermost being, *one*. The mighty bond of Spirit, then, binds man to man in an imperishable oneness. The bond of blood which binds brother and sister, parent and child, is a bond of the flesh, and with the severing of the earthly existence,

this fleshy bond is no more. But the bond of Spirit is indestructible and immortal; ever has been, and ever shall be. The severing of earthly relations can in no way affect it. If we yield love and consideration because of the bond of blood, how much greater reason exists for the manifestation of love and helpfulness because of this real and immortal bond of Spirit.

The laws of Life—God—are laws of Love. To be in harmony with the laws of life, is to be filled with peace and happiness. To be out of harmony with the laws of life, is to be unhappy, dissatisfied, and restless. Harmony, then, is love. It is impossible for the heart in whose depths lies the corrosive element of hatred, to be in perfect accord with the laws of Harmony.

Since all life is one; and man an individualized ray of spirit, radiating from the great Universal Spirit, and since the laws of life are laws of love and justice, it is plain that when we injure another, intentionally or otherwise, it reacts upon ourselves. It may at first seem unjust, that an unintentional injury done to another, should bring similar results to ourselves. We might as reasonably say that it is cruel for fire to burn the tender flesh of a little babe, who did not know that the flame was hot; but how else could the babe have learned that fire would burn? How else could we learn that an injury done to another, would surely rebound against ourselves, through karmic—retributive—law? How else could we have practically discerned the vital truth of Christ's words: "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged"? This law of karma is a positive, demonstrable law. Few there are who have not recognized some demonstrations of it in their own lives. If we injure another, though years may pass, still, "echoing down the grooves of time," we will hear the hoof beats of that injury returning back to us, and lo! we too, are wrapt in the same agony of pain and sorrow in which our former actions had enmeshed another. We cannot perpetrate an injustice of any kind, in any way, or wrong a fellow being, without the full measure of that injustice or wrong coming back to us as the result.

It is both unnatural and self-destructive, then, for the hand of man to be raised against his fellow man. The speedy salvation of the individual from his weight of unnecessary suffering, lies in the acceptance of the truth of universal brotherhood—the oneness of man with man and of men with God. Until he recognizes this

truth, and directs his life along the lines of universal brotherhood, he will remain *under the law*, and will be subject to the uncertain and tempestuous conditions of objective life.

The man who, to-day, through dishonest machinations, or through the exercise of a stronger will, is executing his ambitions by brushing from his path, irrespective of their welfare, all who stand between him and the attainment of his goal, will, ere long, having transgressed the law "Love thy neighbor as thyself," feel upon his own breast, the iron heel of retributive law, and which will crush him backward, out of another's path, as irresistibly as he once crushed another.

Beloved, we are brothers and sisters, in the truest sense; endowed with similar natures, which crave love and gentleness, and are wounded by injustice and malice, each capable of suffering and heartaches, or of joy and happiness. We cannot enter into the consciousness of peace and harmony until we accord to others the same we wish for ourselves. Let us, then, lay down the instruments of hatred, envy and injustice, and deal with each other in love, justice, and compassion. We cannot practice the laws of brotherhood while repeating fabrications regarding another, or while attacking or persecuting them in any way.

We must be loyal to friends, and just to those who seem to be our enemies. To quote the words of another: "Let it be known that the breath of suspicion will not cause your friendship to wither away—and that nothing short of a cyclone of incontrovertable evidence, will uproot your loyalty and devotion. . . . Above all, be ever ready to deny an unproved attack upon the good character of any man, and to make malicious insinuations unpopular." To be cordial, sincere, and without suspicion; helpful, loyal, loving and compassionate; is to fulfil the laws of brotherhood, and to become a true disciple of Christ. We do not pass each other often, beloved, in our journey through life. To-day we may meet, and to-morrow be far apart—and may not soon greet each other again.

These are the fleeting opportunities which are given us of lifting heavy burdens, of cheering and encouraging one another, or, of laying upon each other, heavy and unnecessary crosses. The kindly word, the gentle pressure of the hand, although trivial in themselves, are a mighty power for good, inspiring happiness and hope. Let us lay our garlands of love upon the brows of others, while yet their

eyes can smile back their joy, instead of laying them on their coffins or their graves.

It is easy to criticise another. We may even believe that we are thoroughly familiar with his affairs, but much of the conceit of this belief would disappear if we realized that the real, inner environments of the individual whom we find it so easy to criticise are absolutely unknown to us. In many cases we would exalt the individual, in our thoughts, to the place of a martyr, if his environments we fully understood.

Perhaps the most *difficult* injunction Christ has given us is: "Love thine enemies." This is difficult to do, and many of us struggle long and earnestly before attaining this goal, and are able to really love those who seem to be our enemies. Only through a realization of the actual brotherhood of men through the Fatherhood of God, can we attain this self mastery, and realize that that which seems to be evil in another, is misdirected good; and that the individual will, sometime, through experience, attain even the goal for which we are striving.

There is a strong tendency, at the present time, to pander to the wealthy, influential and successful. Among our intimate friends and acquaintances it is the influential and prosperous to whom we send the most beautiful and expensive gifts, and for whom we put ourselves to endless inconvenience to please. If we would reverse this tendency, how much of happiness we could bring into the lives of others.

The rich, happy, and well cared-for, neither need nor appreciate many of these things, which would bring a wealth of happiness to those less fortunate. The beautiful gift, which we denied ourselves many things to buy for them, is put away among their numerous superfluous articles, never to be thought of again. If we would single out from among our friends and acquaintances the ones in whose lives seem to lie the darkest shadows—either of poverty, injustice or other sorrow—how much of joy and hope we might bring to them.

We do not sufficiently fulfil Christ's injunction, "Bear ye one another's burden"; but on the brow of the happy and successful we lay our garlands, and we are prone to think that the shoulders bowed beneath heavy burdens can easily bear a few more. In our journey through life, let us offer our tokens of love to the sorrow-

ing, the oppressed, the heavy laden. By letting the Divine shine in, and through us, we can gladden heavy hearts and burdened lives, all along the journey of life, and darkened conditions will disappear as the shadows of night before the golden rays of the sun.

The one door leading into heaven—harmony—is the acceptance and practice of the universal brotherhood of men through their oneness with God.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto thee."

Let us, then, lay down the burden of suffering in the manner pointed out to us by the Master, by *fulfilling the law*.

" . . . The fruit of the Spirit of love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; *against such there is no law.*"

VIRGINIA DITMAR.

(*To be continued.*)

WISE SAYINGS OF EMERSON.

The light by which we see in this world comes out from the soul of the observer.

An everlasting *Now* reigns in nature, which hangs the same roses on our bushes which charmed the Roman and the Chaldean in their hanging gardens.

The mind that made the world is not alone one mind, but *the* mind.

It is tradition more than invention that helps the poet to a good fable.

They are not kings who sit on thrones, but they who know how to govern.

Men are not born rich; and in getting wealth the man is generally sacrificed, and is often sacrificed without acquiring wealth, at last.

We live among gods of our own creation.

Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak.

THE MIDDLE PATH.

One Lord—the Lord Buddha. There is a path called the Noble Eightfold Path; the path of Liberation; that is, the “middle path.” It is the path of the Lord Buddha. The middle path forbids sensual indulgence on one hand, and self-mortification on the other. To go in search of, or to enjoy, sensations, is, in the final analysis, sinful; and endeavor to kill out, or even to be oblivious of all sensation, is futile, at any rate with a beginner.

The mind is the cause of our bondage; and the mind is the cause of our liberation. We finally become that on which we persistently meditate. By meditating on forms, we remain liable to be reembodied. Only by persistently meditating on formless space, on Space-Intelligence, on Consciousness imaged as wide as Space, can we exhaust the causes that produce embodiment. By reflecting on form, we become *formed*; by reflecting on formlessness, we become formless. That is how the instrument of reflection—the mind—is the cause of our bondage or the cause of our liberation.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought. A voluptuary can never realize Nirvana, because he always seeks agreeable sensations; and sensations, agreeable or otherwise, can be had only through having in some sort of body. When we love sensation, when we love contacts with that which is finely visible, or finely audible, or finely tangible, or finely odorous, or finely justable—we love forms; for in forms do all agreeable and disagreeable sensations dwell. We cannot seek after, or enjoy sensations, without *thinking of* them; therefore, as long as long as we think of sensations, we keep forming future bodies for ourselves; in other words, we keep forming pain for ourselves. For, by and by, we learn by unpleasant experience that bodies to which we become liable by indulging sensations, are bodies that, by their inherent nature, produce more disagreeable than agreeable sensations. For this reason did The Perfect One counsel passionlessness: eating things without gusto, drinking things without gusto; hearing sounds without gusto, smelling odors without gusto; seeing forms without gusto; touching forms without gusto;—altogether thinking of forms without gusto. Guarding against sensuous indulgence, in due course of time causes love for sensation to cease. With the cessation of love for sensation, finally comes the cessation of forms, through which, alone,

can sensations be enjoyed. And with the cessation of liability to forms, comes absolute disembodied Consciousness—which means Nirvana.

Now the austere, that is, the ascetic man, unlike the sensuous man, scorns sensations. He makes light of them. The sensuous man misses Nirvana by loving sensation, and, therefore, remains imprisoned in forms. But the austere man, too, misses Nirvana. And why? Because in holding sensation in scorn he disregards its powerfulness. When a man tries to fix his mind on Space-Intelligence—on Consciousness imaged as infinite as Space—or tries to fix his mind, say, on a personal God, or an embodied God, amid pangs of hunger or of thirst, or amid too great heat or too great cold, his meditation fails. For, as has been pointed out by Herbert Spencer, a sensation is generally stronger than either thought or emotion.

You cannot do steady thinking, you cannot practice concentrated thinking, with your body clamoring for food or for drink, or protesting against too great heat or too great cold, or too great fatigue. Calm the sensations by satisfying the reasonable demands of the body, and your meditation will be uninterrupted by those influences.

The sensuous man fails of reflecting on formlessness by always thinking of forms, through which he wishes to enjoy agreeable sensations. The austere man equally fails of reflecting on formlessness by being obliged to listen to the clamor of his body, the reasonable demands of which he has failed to satisfy. The sensuous man has his mind dwelling on sensation; because he loves it. The austere man has his mind perforce dwelling on sensation; because in his contempt for it he disregards its strength. The first is a *willing maker* of future forms for himself by thinking on sensations. The second is an *unwilling maker* of forms for himself by perforce thinking on sensations, the opposition of which he has needlessly evoked.

Thus do extremes meet—love for sensation producing a willing mental lingering on forms; and hatred for sensation producing an unwilling mental lingering on forms. And because the lingering on forms has been, therefore is imprisonment in forms insured.

For this reason did the August One point out the path, avoiding the extreme of madly pampering sensation on one hand; and the extreme of fiercely warring against sensation on the other. Thus is the path of Right Meditation, the middle path,—midway between

an undue regard for sensation and an undue disregard for it, both alike subversive of that meditation which leads to Final Rest.

"Good, is restraint in all things," said The Perfect One in another connection. And his noble Eightfold Path is itself that golden mean, which lies between the esteeming and the despising of Sensation.

NARRAIN RAI VARMA.

WISE SAYINGS.

No individual can be truly prosperous in the midst of those who suffer.

—*Obermann.*

Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from heaven.

—*H. D. Thoreau.*

The liar is abroad in the land, and I tell you that to-day the man who tells the truth is the man of power.

—*Gov. Franklin Murphy.*

Man was originally able by gestures and words, by the exercise of imagination and will, to command the whole physical world. Thus, as we can now move our members as we will, because secret force flows from us into them, so could man through secret spiritual influence operate on the physical world; for one is just as conceivable at the other.

—*Poiret.*

So much is now known about the physical body that, by the ordinary laws of logic, one wonders why disease continues to exist; yet it does, and must continue to do so, unless some other factor than the purely physical is brought into its action; because that power which governs the nerve-force belongs to a plane which escapes the otherwise excellent methods of analysis known to the modern physician.

—*Moina MacGregor.*

All rights imply duties. The exercise of rights carries responsibilities with it, and to be worthy of your rights either in the present world or in the other, it is necessary to recognize your duties. If you claim the right to live you must sweep away all hindrances to life at its highest and best from the paths of your fellows. If you claim the right to liberty you must see all share the like condition. Free men must not only live free, but see that freedom is secured to all. If you claim the right of the pursuit of happiness you must acknowledge it for others also. You must be the foes of all tyranny, oppression, evil-living and wrong-doing in every and any form, in high places or low. You must be champions of right, heroes in the fight for freedom, and betterment of human life.

—*J. J. Morse.*

THE CONTROL OF SEX

CONSIDERED ASTROLOGICALLY.

The question of "control of sex" is of the utmost importance to humanity. The desire to control and predetermine the sex of our offspring, is as legitimate as is the desire to breed fine live stock, horses, cattle, etc. It is also of infinitely greater importance to the whole human family than is the ambition, however laudable, to raise horses for racing purposes or along any specialized line of perfection; though, of course, these things, in common with others, have a certain place in the economy of nature's domain. Yet so perverse, blinded, I may say, is the average human mind that when the question of stirpiculture is raised, an immediate hue and cry ascends from nearly every pulpit in the land. I need not dwell upon the reasons for this; there are many and quite obvious ones, the chief of which is bigotry. I firmly believe that the sex of our offspring can be predetermined if we only go about the matter in an intelligent and comprehensive manner. In this article I propose to suggest a means which appears to me to harmonize with natural phenomena. The desire to regulate sex has been latent in the human breast ever since primeval man roamed the hills in prehistoric ages. Through all the upheavals, mighty cataclysms, and mutations of the wondrous past, man has conquered, first the beasts of the field and birds of the air, those monster, reptile-beasts of the early Cenozoic period; or even the Silurian age; then the lands, the rocks, the hills and the caves of earth's treasures. The seas and the very elements, one by one, have fallen vassal to man's mastery. Last and greatest must he master himself and his destiny. That accomplished men will in truth become as "gods." Throughout all this varying "horoscope" of the changing world, one passion, one desire, has ever maintained its changeless, deathless hold upon humanity's heart: that of the power to control or predetermine the sex of offspring.

I venture the broad assertion that there is not one of my readers who does not know of some married friend having a family either of all boys or all girls, and who has a strong desire to have one of the opposite sex; from the threshold of the lowly, the humblest

home of the peasant, to the palatial confines of the prince's chamber, this is true.

What would not his "Imperial Majesty" the Czar of Russia give for an "heir apparent"? or the gracious, charming and beloved though unfortunate Wilhelmina? Who can doubt that the history of "La-belle-France" might not have been different could Josephine only have had a son? Who knows? Echo sobs reply, Who?

These well-known facts clearly prove that slumbering in the human breast is the overpowering desire to control the sex of our spiritual and material similitudes. The pomonologist can now produce a great variety of fruit from the offspring of the original plant, shrub, or tree; How? By observing nature and applying scientific knowledge—at first theoretical as are all demonstrated sciences.

By skilful hybridizing, crossing of stocks, grafts, etc., oranges are now produced in the seedless variety; in many other fruits similar changes are effected, like always producing like. This serves to prove that by culture, care and scientific research, as well as through the intelligent application of certain laws, certain effects will doubtless follow.

In the case of sex, throughout the entire domain of nature, it is altogether a matter of absolute chance, in so far as we are able to determine. Especially is this so regarding the human species.

Quite frequently we violate the most common laws of nature, in many ways, and it is solely due to the fact that we are superior to all organized forms of life and to the wonderful provisions nature has surrounded us with, that we surmount the difficulties and survive when lesser forms perish. To my knowledge, no effort, save in isolated cases, has ever been made to regulate, or predetermine sex; and to write upon this sacred subject is tantamount to inviting villification, scorn and ostracism; or else to cause the daring author to be looked upon as some excrescence of mental irrationality. Many years must elapse ere an enlightened civilization resolutely thrusts putrescent ignorance, fawning hypocrisy, credulity and false modesty into the dim background of the forgotten past, and turns her face to the radiantly rising sun of human progress along the lines of moral, spiritual and healthy development. We are all a part of a harmonious universe; a universe of absolutely fixed order, from the very lowest forms of inorganic life to the highest and most complex expression of organized and

developed power—MAN. Hence this query will resolve itself into one of practical importance: "Can sex be predetermined? And if so, How?"

Many far-seeing, thinking and philosophic minds have accepted the general proposition that the stars have some strange and undeniable influence upon the earth; a belief that a magnetic effluvium, so to speak, permeates the entire microcosm and macrocosm; that every atom in the entire universe pulsates and vibrates in harmony with all other molecules of matter. It was the accidental (so-called) demonstration of this force of attraction, or influence, that gave to Newton the key to that invisible, imponderable and powerful law of attraction, or gravity, and which led to the practical demonstration of his law that "every particle in the universe attracts every other particle of matter with a force directly proportional to its quantity of matter and decreasing as the square of the distance increases." Therefore, if the general theory that the stars do exert a certain influence in accord with their varying aspects in the heavens among themselves and the earth, be accepted, I will hereafter use the terms "spiritual" or "magnetic," in writing of the influence of the ambient. If, according to Newton, these magnetic and harmonious influences (or the principle of attraction) do affect the earth, it follows of necessity, that man, being the highest expression of tangible, developed and organized form, must, perforce, yield to the general influence exerted upon him external of himself, and which permeates the earth and every other particle of matter of which he is an integral part. This must take place in exact proportion to the co-relating and corresponding elements or influences imbued and focalized in his individual and personal organization. This law is as true of man as it is of the tiny bit of steel that yields to the invisible attraction and imponderable force of the common horse-shoe magnet. There is much truth in the philosophy of the "stars," and in the astrological doctrines of the ancients. I will here briefly explain a few tenets of this alluring subject, and offer a curious demonstration in this field, as it may bear relation to the idea under discussion.

The Zodiac is divided into the twelve signs or symbols made familiar by the picture in the almanacs of the poor man with the disemboweled figure surrounded by a "circle of beasts"; i. e., THE ZODIAC, meaning a "circle of beasts." These signs are termed

masculine and feminine; there are six signs of each kind. These signs or constellations were so named centuries antedating written history, and the solemn benison of untold ages lends noble dignity to modern usage of the ancient forms, ceremonies and symbols. The planets supposed to "govern"—or rule—these signs, and accepted by all competent astrologers worthy of the name, are Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Sun, Mars, Neptune, Venus, Moon and Mercury. The first five are termed masculine, the next three feminine. Mercury is supposed to be neutral; that is, he is said to partake of the "influence" (and I assume that "sex" is also meant) of the planet by which he may be "aspected." This, I am inclined to question, owing to the fact that in the parlance of the ancients, Mercury invariably denoted a messenger, or male. The foregoing divisions into "sex" gives us a preponderance of masculine forces and elements; and, throughout the whole domain of nature, from the lowest to the highest expression of organization (with a few exceptions) the masculine element, or force, predominates and rules. Of the foregoing planets, the Moon is supposed to be the most powerful. Among the ancients, she was worshiped as the spiritual expression of fecundity, the worshipful "mother" of all things; the earth being the material expression or body. The Moon was the patron saint of the husbandman, the agriculturist and the gardener (see Diana, Ceres, etc., in any encyclopedia); she stood guard by night, reflecting the pale irradiance of the sun, and caused the stubborn globe to bring forth plenty by promoting fecundity of the soil and causing proper germination of the seed. The farmer of to-day will heed the varying phases of the Moon, during planting time, if he desires best results. As an illustration of "Lunar" effects upon material substance, the curious reader is invited to make the following tests: Take some common peas, sow some one day after the new moon; some after the second quarter; some after the full moon; some just prior to the new moon. Now note the results. Those sown first will grow quickly and flower a little, but they will be barren. The second lot will bloom and will yield a little. The third will bloom and bear in plenty. The last lot will scarcely appear above the ground. Try this curious experiment, and, if proved, why cannot results equally pronounced be achieved in other fields of scientific research and especially in the direction of the subject under consideration?

Astrology as I understand it, is an expressed form of certain causes and effects, of heredity as well. If a good child has been conceived, a good child will of necessity be born; the same law governs in a converse proposition. There can be no doubt that the state of the mother's mind, her aspirations, her ideals, and her environments will affect the embryo, for the latent mentality is as susceptible of development as is the living, separate entity; but, the "sex" of the child to be is a matter of absolute chance. The theory advanced therefore is that if we conform in certain duties or acts to certain aspects of the Moon and the other planets, in harmony with certain predesired results, and the majority of these aspects, or sign and planets, are disposed in "masculine" elements; nature, in obedience to a certain fixed law of harmony, will complete and fulfil the desire of the parents who invoked this law and brought it into operation at that psychological moment of time which would cause the result to synchronize with the astrological aspects in operation at the very moment of conception. The converse holds true in a reverse proposition; that is, considered as "feminine"; for the first would presignify a male, the second a female. The great question, therefore, is to determine when the stellar messengers form aspects agreeable to and in harmony with the predetermined sex. The astrological works are rather ambiguous upon this vastly important subject; much chaff and rubbish encases it, the average student either passes it by or fails to grasp the mighty truths embedded therein with the true perception so necessary in deciphering occult symbolism. This generally results in utter confusion and total failure. Personally I have studied this subject for years and am convinced that there is much truth contained therein. I am also satisfied that the rules are susceptible of actual and practical demonstration.

The reader will please note that this little argumentative discursion into the realms of a curious and fascinating subject is not a defense of astrology as a whole nor a defiance to its enemies. It is, however, intended as a sort of introduction to something that may promote and develop profitable discussion along new, yet old and intensely human lines; research along by-paths of deep interest and for the weal of the human race.

JULIUS ERICKSON.

DEPARTMENT
OF
POETRY AND FICTION.

NOTE.—In this Department will be presented, each issue, subject matter, in the nature of fiction and poetry that conveys teachings in the line of philosophical life, and such as may uplift, instruct and interest the minds of both young and old. The picturing operations of thought, as expressed through the imagination, when quickened by spiritual insight, are prolific in qualities adapted to soul elevation, and much can be accomplished through these beautiful channels of thought, in helping to realize truth. Contributions will be welcome from any of our readers who wish a medium of circulation for productions of this character.

GOD.

Infinite Mind! Thou, without name or place—
Supreme inhabitant of time and space!
Eternal and undying!—first and last!—
Immortal Soul of Future, Present, Past!
Divine epitome of great and small!—
From all apart, and yet a part of all!
Unbounded Source!—vast and unfathomed Mind!
Thyself unknown, nor by thyself defined!
How shall my spirit to thy presence go?
Thou art beside me, thro' all things below;
Thou art above me, with me, everywhere,
Within, without, and in the ambient air—
That which I am, with whom I do exist,
That on whose strength my soul and flesh subsist—
My slave and master—me, myself, and mine,
Heart of my breast, life of my heart, and thine!
Immeasurable, unending, unbegun,
Incessant, indestructible, undone!
Deep as the space of which thou art the soul!
Vast as the Pow'r of which thou art the whole!
All monstrous Mind!—thou universal Womb!—
Creating, and consigning to the tomb!
Quintessent Spirit of all Life and Pow'r!
Eternal guardian of our transient hour!
Soul of Infinity, whence all descend,
And on whose life all finite things depend!
Mind of all matter, soul of self and sod,
Dyaus Pitar, Jehovah, Zeus or God!

T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XXIX.)

"Brownie says he thinks anger makes the most misery in the world; does it?"

"Anger isn't a cause, Snowdrop; it's an effect. What causes anger, Brownie?"

"Hate, I suppose, sir."

"But why does one person hate another? There must have been something to have caused the hate, just as the hate drives its victim into a state of anger."

"Perhaps the other man did something he didn't like—was unfair to him—was unjust."

"That's a correct idea, my boy. Every individual possesses certain rights which if interfered with or denied to him will cause him to look upon the interferer with feelings the opposite to those of love."

"Every individual possesses certain rights?"

"I feel so, don't you?"

"*You* might feel that way," returned Brownie, shyly, "because you're grown up. You don't mean boys have rights too, sir, do you?"

"It doesn't take years to make you an individual, my lad; why, have you never noticed how a little baby, that hasn't yet mastered a word, will cry out at an injustice done him? Just rob him of his tinkling rattle and see how quickly he will resent your infringement upon his rights. Yes, and he'll learn very quickly to dislike you, into the bargain, and this feeling will cause him to evince an anger towards you whenever you approach him. Young as he is he feels in his soul that he has rights that ought to be respected by those with whom he comes in contact."

"That's right!" exclaimed Goldie. "Why, I believe even animals have that sort o' feeling. Once we had a horse—a fine saddle-horse that father loved to ride, and which he always made much of, fondling him, and feeding him lumps of sugar every time he went out to where he was tied in the stall. He was the gentlest, sweetest-tempered creature I ever saw until a new stableman came and was mean to him and abused him. Father didn't know of this at first, and I only just happened to see how the man mistreated Selim."

"And Selim objected?"

"Yes, sir, with his teeth. He snapped back at the man and fastened his teeth right onto his hip and tried to shake him like a terrier does a rat. After that it was so dangerous for that man to go into the stall that he found himself another place to work. Selim just hated him, and was angry every time he saw him approaching. Even a horse—an animal—feels that it has rights."

"And our freedom to exercise these, our rights, is the sweetest thing in life."

"It's what folks first came to America for, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Blooy."

"Then why don't Americans, anyhow, be just to one another? Why do the very ones who oughtn't to ever feel so, be hateful and angry?"

"Tell him why, Violet."

"Is it—is it because they have grown selfish, and forget that the first thought of the seekers after freedom was the desire to establish a common cause—a real brotherhood?"

"I fear it is selfishness, Violet. If we read the daily papers we find them filled with stories of oppression and injustice and dishonesty and crime. If people were unselfish and had the good of all at heart, they'd oppress no one, no matter how weak he might be, nor be unjust; nor take what didn't belong to them; nor be tempted to commit a crime. You remember what the Saviour said when the man asked him what the chief commandment was?"

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

"The second is like unto it,' means it is love, too, doesn't it? To love that which the Maker made is to love the Creator Himself, isn't it?"

"Yes, Violet. And these two commandments, founded upon love, are the only ones we really need to learn. As the Great Teacher said, 'On these two commandments hang all the law'—that is, if we obey these two commandments we will never do wrong."

"Because if you love your neighbor you couldn't oppress him, or be unjust to him, or rob him, or hurt him in any way."

"And if I loved him he would love me, and then there would be

no need for either to feel oppression because neither he nor I would want to be greedy and get all that could be gotten out of any labor we might do for the other. And if I loved him (as I must if I love the Father of both of us) I'd be just to him, and try earnestly to see things from his standpoint.

"Looking through other people's glasses is the finest exercise for the spiritual vision I know, Goldie. It strengthens the optic nerve of him who looks, and it's a nerve that needs strengthening hourly. What sights are to be seen through the other lenses?"

"Do you mean, to try to imagine how we'd feel if we were other people, seeing things as they are obliged to see them?"

"Just that, Pinkie. Have any of you ever tried to do this, dear children?"

"I did once. I wondered how I'd like to be a boy that used to go to our school. His folks were poor, and he had to wear clothes it seemed to me I *couldn't* have worn where others could see me. When I first got to thinking about him I didn't think it was pride or vanity that made me feel as if I'd lots rather be dead than be poor as he was. After a while, though, I knew it was pride and vanity that made the very thought so terrible to me. Then I made myself imagine that I had no other clothes than just those rags of his to wear, and I felt how others must look at me, and how different they seemed to appear as I felt their eyes fixed upon me. It was awful."

"And yet that was nothing to the state of starvation you could have thought yourself into. Look through the blurred glasses of one who, through no fault of his own, lacks food and see what it means to live in a world of plenty yet be griped with acute pain because of hunger. He sees well-fed, well-dressed people walking and driving by; he sees a finely appareled gentleman sauntering along, smoking a cigar, the cost of which would keep him alive for days. He gazes, as one tormented, through plate glass at dainties spread temptingly in restaurant windows, at the wares of fragrant bakeshops, at the sugar-jewels of the confectioner. None of these are for him. Wagons loaded with aromatic goodies, pass him; vans filled with oranges; and hungrily his nostrils breathe in the very air through which they pass. He is starving in the midst of plenty—actually starving. He has tried to get work and failed—no one needs him, no one cares anything about him; his life or death matters nothing."

"Isn't there something that could be done to prevent this, oh, *isn't* there?"

"There is, alas, *everything* to be done to prevent it, Violet. When men see how their personal greed, their thirst to make their own and hold in useless possession many, many times as much of the world's necessities as they themselves can possibly use, must work havoc to that defrauded world—where the suffering they cause others is forced upon themselves, and they see that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and intended for all his beloved children, then there will no longer be any misery upon earth.

"For, as Brownie says, misery is the child of anger whose parent is hate. Who can find it in his heart to blame the shivering starveling whose anger goes out to the well-fed, well-clothed, sleek man of wealth, whose hold upon the natural commodities of the nation robs the poor of what they feel to be their rights? Not I, for one."

"But what is the remedy, sir?"

"A working for the welfare of all and not the one, Snowdrop. The forgetting of the little self in the majesty of the many. The more than negative willingness—the positive desire—to live for the welfare of the world—to do one's full share of its work and to take no more than one's share of its products. To reach out and grasp and hold more than one needs while others must suffer for the lack of what is thus withheld, is the crying sin of the age. To do for those toilers whose daily labor enriches a man—to see after their actual comforts, to watch their needs and supply them and so practice hourly the golden rule of rules, is to win for one's self a far sweeter heaven than the loudly-heralded giving, out of one's immense gains, public benefits that shall blazon one's name all over the more or less thankless world. He who cares for his toiling brothers, who loves his neighbor as himself—and recognizes his kinship with the children of our Father which art in heaven—verily he shall have his reward. And he who performs publicly his great and unusual acts of charity, verily he, too, shall have his reward; but the reward shall be for this one life and upon the earth plane, only. The weight of past oppression and suffering, the toil and travail and misery of those who worked to fill the coffers into which the aging hands plunge to-day with benevolent intent, holds the poor reward to low terrestrial levels.

"Do for others, give to others, but never with a thought of recompense. To give thus is to make merely an exchange—a business transaction of it. Do, give, because it is a *natural* thing to do and to give. Be glad for others, joy with others and your gladness and joy shall be of a heavenly character. Why, dear children, if people would only taste the first sip of the nectar of unselfishness they'd be forever afterward dissatisfied with the unrefreshing draught that they had hitherto chosen as their portion.

"It is so sweet to love and be loved; so blissful to feel one's self a real part of the blessed heart-warmth that brings life and hope to those who faint by the wayside. To be a little golden ray from the great Sun of Joy—to shine into dark places and rout the gloom. Do you know, my children, that it is the easiest thing in all the world to do?"

"Tell us how, please? Can anybody be a ray of sunshine?"

"Anybody, Goldie, that can look, see, listen and love. First gaze about your little world; see what lives therein that has not its full share of sunshine; then draw close, listen with the ear of sympathy, and listening, love. Take the idea of prayer; your mental attitude at such a time will render clear to you how you can help another.

"You go to the All Wise One with your burdens, your faults and your longings, and pour them out as though you knew the Invisible Presence had drawn near and heard you. Realize that you yourself may be just that to your brother in trouble—a simple manifestation of the Divine Love drawn close to him, and he will pour forth to you as to a representative of the Living love, that which will benefit you both. Then comfort him, sympathize with him, make him know that he is dear to you—your brother in very truth.

"And remember, my Urchins, there is no great or small, no humble or lofty, black or white, or bond or free, no pagan or heathen, or Christian, or Jew, in the vocabulary of Divine Love."

"There is no difference—not any difference?"

"The wonderful miracle of the creation is performed by the Creator. In Him, the Father, all things that exist live and move and have their being."

"But, sir, there is a difference in the things created."

"There is a difference only as there is a difference in a family of children who have one father. The earthly father loves all his children—the more they need him the more his love and anxiety go

out to them. We please our father and give him joy in the degree that we learn to appreciate and trust his love for us. This comes with the higher spiritual light that waits upon heart-wisdom."

"And how do we become 'heart wise'?"

"By loving, dear Violet."

"But how can we love everybody?"

"By recognizing them as children of the same father who created us; by realizing this relationship; by comprehendingly accepting the fact of their manifestation (in no matter what form or under what condition) as being as surely a thought of the Creator as we, the comprehending ones, feel ourselves to be."

"The only difference, then, is the being able to see and understand more clearly?"

"The only difference, Snowdrow. Our little mortal comparisons have no place or part in the Heart of Love wherein dwells all there is. Only let us clear our vision, and that beautiful fact takes such perfect possession of us that we become one with the Source of Love from which flows forth life—life universal, life eternal."

"I wonder—" began Goldie, a thought shining in the clear hazel eyes he lifted to the answering lights in the eyes of the Master—"I just wonder—" but no words followed.

"What, dear boy? See if your wonder matches mine. I've a notion that it does. Speak!"

"I wonder if we could see things that way—not narrowed down to the little things real to us, but see *big*, and let that big swallow up the little (without letting ourselves forget that the little things were all there, and every one of 'em as precious as ever) if we wouldn't be looking through the eyes of the angels?"

"The eyes of the celestials? That is a beautiful thought and a true one, Goldie."

"For," went on the pleased lad, "I think we ought to try to see through higher as well as lower sorts of eyes—but then—you said there wasn't any higher or lower."

"Not a 'higher' or a 'lower' in the scale of divine creation, Goldie, boy. But this fine thought of yours has to do with a more or less obscurity of vision."

"Yes, sir; that is what I meant."

"And your meaning makes itself clear to us. To the possessor of the broader vision the atoms that compose it are lost in the

great object itself. But there's not an atom in the mass but claims and receives from the wise of heart its just and due measure of respect as part and parcel of that *which could not be without it.*"

"We are each one of *us* a needed atom?"

"A necessary part and parcel of the mighty universe; yes, my child."

"Everybody is?"

"Everybody; else that 'body,' and by this we mean being—soul—in or out of manifestation, as we call it, would not be."

"Then how dare anybody question another's rights to a full and equal share of all there is *to* share?"

"It is only the ignorant of heart who dare, Violet. These are the graspers, the robbers, the oppressors of their brothers."

"A person could begin to be wise-hearted right at home, couldn't he?"

"Brownie, have you ever wondered why you, little mortal atom that you are, were placed just where you are placed, in a certain locality and among a certain lot of atoms?"

"I never have before, sir, but I do wonder now; and yet while I'm wondering I seem somehow to have a sort of understanding of it."

"Good!"

"It wasn't chance put me here, just here and no other place in the world, was it? It seems to me it was just the very opposite of chance—isn't there a word that means the opposite?"

"Design?"

"That's it—it was *design*. Just as a mason places a stone—a certain stone that exactly fits the place—into the arch he is building. I watched a stone mason once, and noticed how he was obliged to dress all sides of that stone before it would fit into that particular position designed for it. No other stone could have held up just that one's particular part of the arch."

"How did the mason go to work to dress that stone, Brownie?"

"He chipped it with a hammer and chisel."

"Cut away what hindered it from fitting into its place and so doing a good and useful work?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's what our master-mason, Experience, is doing for us. A hammer and a chisel aren't the pleasantest things in the world to

endure, but they are effective, and put us into useful shape," smilingly says the Wise Man, who has walked homeward with the Urchins, and who now halts at the head of the straggling village street, where they usually part company. "Violet, something wants to say itself by means of your parted lips. Be polite, lassie, and allow the thought expression."

"It was only this, that we who are of one family, father, mother, sisters and brothers, form the arch upon which rests our home, and it is more or less beautiful and sweet and heavenly accordingly as we who uphold the arch are more or less fitted to perform our part of the work."

"Are fitted, Violet? Why not say 'as we have fitted ourselves' to perform the work?"

"Can *we* do this our own selves?"

"Can we? *You* answer, my child. Man is a free agent, the architect, the designer of his own life. As he thinks so he builds. The sum of his former lives is the measure of the niche he finds here ready for him to fill. He can enlarge that niche—heighten it, widen it, deepen it for future usefulness by every thought he thinks, by every deed inspired by that thought, by every performance of his duty in the upholding of the arch of home. Man is placed where he has placed himself, and where, therefore, it is necessary for him to be. Close at hand lie his first real duties, and to shirk these avails him nothing. Were there no intervening rounds of a ladder could he gain the highest steps? The first rounds that seem to lift him so small a space above the lowest levels are as important and necessary as those lofty rungs from which he looks across the greater and more glorious vistas of the world. With out first step we learn to love."

"That's why we who live in a home are so especially dear to one another. Home is a kindergarten where at least children learn their first lessons of love. And if we don't learn it here *really*, how can we ever 'skip the steps'—the creations of the Maker—and really love the Creator?"

"There is the vital point in question, Snowdrop. I've known those who excused themselves by saying that they were fonder of some persons who were almost strangers than those who 'belonged' to them. They acknowledge that these unloved ones 'belonged' and yet they do not see that they were placed close beside them because

it is best that they should be there—because they earned just their 'reward,' whether for good or evil who shall say? But they have their karmic debt to pay, and to gain peace and strength to forge on to other, finer fields, they should pay this debt in love."

"Suppose, though, a fellow can't love somebody who lives close to him?"

"What would make it so impossible, Blooy?"

"Why, if the person didn't do right, and, well, was mean and hateful."

The Wise Man laughed the merriest laugh in the world. "Excuse me, laddie, but who does 'do right' in this world of ours? And as for 'mean'—that comes from more or less selfishness in activity, and hate is simply a failure to grasp the true meaning of love. Now, as no one does altogether right in this world I hold that I ought not to set myself up to judge of another. If selfishness is met by its opposite, generosity, there'll be no clashing—no discord, no fierce encounter, but, in time, a melting of a mood that its possessor discovers not only fetches no joy or satisfaction but is as useless and foolish as it is unworthy. And as for hate it can no more live in the presence of real love than can a snowflake touched by the warmth of an April sun."

"Then if the person I can't seem to like keeps on being disliked by me I am the one to blame?"

"Let Blackie's confession answer you. Blackie, what did John O'Connel do when you went fearlessly to his hut and asked him to try that new brand of tobacco you left with him?"

"Came to the hotel next day and asked me to go across to the island with him. And he cooked a dandy lunch for me, and sang a song I'm going to learn, and gave me a queer specimen to add to my collection."

"Yet, how you disliked him before you thought of adding a little to the lonely old fellow's comfort! That was one touch—just the merest tip of your fingers upon him; what would a real, genuine, loving hand clasp do, do you think? A hearty, cordial grasp that sends the fact of recognition of him as a fellow-being worthy of your regard and consideration and love, straight to his heart?"

EVA BEST.

(To be concluded.)

THE MIND WITHIN THE MIND.

I sing no lyric song of love,
Or in a ballad strain
Relate heroic deeds until
The music rings again,
But sing, and singing sound a note
To swell on future wind,
The song of the thought within the thought
And the mind within the mind.

We act by impulse or desire,
And, without *guessing* e'en,
By intuition oft we *know*
Our fate e'er we have seen,
And all the shrouded thought in dreams,
And all subconscious kind,
Is but the thought within the thought
And the mind within the mind.

Or do our old ancestral shades
Pervade our living frame,
With all their oldtime joys and woes
And sins, we would not claim?
Or when we struggle, passion swept,
And all to sin inclined,
Is it *our* thought within our thought
And *our* mind within our mind?

We do not know. Or who does know?
They talk of creed or creed,
All-comforting to those who fear,
Yet not our only need,
But rather may some larger brain
That we are blameless find,
Because of the thought within the thought
And the mind within the mind.

So here's to him (what e'er his creed)
With broad impartial sight,

And here's to him with ne'er a creed,
 But knows *his* wrong and right,
 And here's to them, the wide world o'er,
 Whatever-so-e'er their kind,
 Who ken of a thought within their thought
 And a mind within their mind.

P. F. DU PONT.

ONE LIFE.

As softly fall to earth the sighing leaves,
 A poet's voice fell on my Spirit's ears
 Like whispers of the dawn, ere day appears,
 Gray-swathed to move among the harvest sheaves.

O closer, closer still! as close as fate;
 It moves within us like a flame, and gives
 A brotherhood with everything that lives;
 A law to love God's creatures, small and great.

Life is the bond. It makes us kin. It brings
 Its quickening force to every perfect germ,
 With protoplasm molds in ordered term,
 One life pulsating through organic things.

One life continuous as the crowded air,
 That plastic slave that garners all life's needs,
 The gaseous energies, the germs and seeds,
 Wherewith it builds its structures layer on layer.

One life, in moss and fern, in beast and bird,
 In waking babe and grandsire, old and gray;
 In flame-wing'd gnats that whirl a summer day,
 In horned strength that bellows in the herd.

One life in all the countless forms that be;
 One life enshrined and hid in myriad cells,
 Which are but coverings for life. It dwells,
 One life, in teeming air, and earth, and sea.

—From "Life's Mystery," by *William Wilsey Martin*.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

The night was full of strange confusion.

She had dozed, and dreamed; then awoke, only to doze and dream again.

Occasionally she felt the doctor's hand upon her wrist, and she wondered why he should be in her room in the middle of the night.

There was her husband, too, with his face so white and drawn, and a strange look in his wide, troubled eyes.

If it were another than her husband she would say that his expression was one of love—deep, tender love—but in him! Ah, no! the sentiment was impossible.

Those other people, too—how puzzling they were! Most of them had been dead many years. Why were they here about her bed? And why did their faces seem ever coming out of the darkness and returning to it again?

Presently she would think about it; just now she was so tired—not that it mattered. They were going at last, or, rather, she was going—floating away, away.

There was no pain, no effort. Ah! Now they were quite gone and the night was past.

The sweet air was melting into a soft suffusion, such as comes with a summer dawn. Thought and sense, alike, were hushed; she lay in unspeakable calm and peace.

The light grew fuller, rounder; her being thrilled with a deep wonder and inexpressible awe. Then, suddenly, the sweet, vague landscape, unlimited by even the faintest line of horizon, narrowed into details of hill and valley, of city and town. Narrowed yet more, to that one city, and that one house which had been her home.

With eyes that pierced all intervening walls she looked down upon her bed, upon her very self lying there—still and dead. "Dead." She heard the doctor sadly breathe the word; she heard her husband repeat it in an anguished voice.

"I must be dead," she murmured. "I must have crossed that passage which all men dread, yet I am strong, I am full of life."

"Death," said a voice which sounded close beside her, "is a word with a false meaning. By it men wish to symbolize that which they cannot understand."

"Who speaks?" she asked. "I see no one." "I am a friend," came the answer, "but your eyes may not see me—yet."

"Can you tell me," she asked, "if this place be heaven?"

"Heaven or hell," replied the voice. "The words are interchangeable. Neither is a place, but a condition."

"But"—she persisted in troubled tones. "I cannot understand. Why am I lying dead down there and yet am alive here?"

"*You* are here. That which is there is but the body you have laid aside."

"And the sins committed in that body?" she questioned, for already she was beginning to tingle and smart with intolerable recollection. "Are they also laid aside?"

"Alas, no!" sighed the strange Presence. "Here and now you must meet the ordeal, which none may escape. Already the great volume opens. Fix your eyes upon it! The pages of childhood turn quickly; their burden is light. More slowly those of girlhood. But here we pause. Look well upon this picture."

"'Tis a wedding," she breathed, in a low, pained voice. "A wedding, and the woman's face is mine."

"Yes, yours; but the face matters little. To you it has been given to look upon a human heart unveiled. Her lips utter a pledge of faith and love; what language speaks her heart?"

"Spare me!" she cried, covering her eyes. "Spare me!"

"Nay, none may be spared. Speak!"

"Ambition is there," she faltered.

"She loves not the man beside her. She desires the wealth and position he can give her; for these she marries him."

"And *his* heart," pursued the unrelenting Voice, "to look into its inmost depths, is also vouchsafed you."

"I dare not," she sobbed, "I dare not."

"Look!" was the command, at once sad and stern.

"Ah!" she breathed, in tones of mingled joy and pain. "He loves the woman by his side; he trusts her."

"That passes. Another comes. Has this a place in your memory?"

"Yes, yes! Forgetfulness is denied me. 'Tis our first quarrel. He ever vexed me with his attentions; he loved a home life; I cared more for society and its pleasures; I thought him dull, stupid, and I told him so."

"Yet, he is not disillusionized; he is only sad, because he has failed to give you the happiness his love would so gladly bestow. But—read, read for yourself."

And read she did, while invisible hands turned each well-remembered picture. All was there, even the day on which he had come to her full of almost boyish delight, because he had been able to get the rare flowers she had wished for. She did not soon forget how her grudging thanks had made the light die out of his face. And over all brooded the sad loneliness, lightened, at last, by the baby's coming.

The hopes and longing, enshrined in that tiny form, she realized now for the first time. Had the little one been a tender tie, a closer bond between them? She dared not ask her heart that question.

She seemed already to have reached the limit of endurance, and when the next page was turned her sharply drawn breath ended in a cry of anguish.

"Not that! Not that! I can bear any but that."

"Yet even this must you bear," came the voice of inexorable justice.

"As you see, the little one is dying. Its mother is dancing at a ball. They send for her, and she comes in time, but only just in time, to kiss a living baby."

"But she did not know," she moaned. "She did not realize how ill her baby was. She was vain, she longed for the dance, she suffered afterward so much, so much."

"And he suffered, too," added the Voice.

"Ah! I know it, I know it. He is suffering now. I can see him alone and sorrowing for me. I must go to him, I must comfort him." She paused suddenly.

"Could she go, or was all communication with the world she had left closed?" she asked herself. "Tell me," she begged, piteously, "can I go to him for one little minute—just one little minute?"

"It is permitted, sometimes," came the answer for which she waited. "But those who try to cross the boundary suffer much, and usually they fail. The loved one rarely knows the returning spirit, and to be unrecognized is to suffer."

"Oh! I would gladly be less happy if he could be less sad."

"Then go; there is none to hold you back."

Scarce were the words spoken ere she was on her way. Down she went, down as one swimming in space. She moved through zones, dark with the blue blackness of midnight and cold beyond the imagination of man, for the rays of the sun give neither heat nor light until they strike upon matter.

She passed the sun—a disk of blinding white light rimmed about with a fringe of writhing tongues of red fire and a corona trailing across the heavens like two silver-white pinions.

She swept through the realm of stars, glowing worlds of indescribable glory and color, suspended upon the impulse of the "Divine Law."

At last she touched the outer, rarer atmosphere of that brilliant speck in space—the earth—and on, on through its denser portions, she moved without alarm, without pain, impelled by one impulse, one set purpose. And then she stood outside the dimly lighted house. Noiselessly she entered, and turned with wistful human attraction to where *he* sat alone. She crept close to his side, she looked into his eyes, she heard the cry of his heart:

"My love! My love!"

Her own heart answered, but, alas! he was deaf to its voice.

She held out her hand in mute appeal; she told him all she had ever thought, wished or intended in all her life. But her words fell upon unheeding ears.

Once he raised his eyes, an intent questioning look in their depths.

"I am here!" she cried, "I am here! Can you not see me? Can you not hear me? Oh, have pity! Have pity!"

Her voice, in its keen anguish, was sharp enough to pierce the very heavens, but it could not penetrate the human atmosphere in which she stood, a stranger. Ah! had they been closer in life the gulf between them would not be so great now.

Yet, awhile she stood patient; she touched his arm with caressing tenderness; she told him her love, her sorrow, her regret, but ever between them was the enveloping mantle of his mortal body. Then came the awful question: Was she to be forever condemned to wander in familiar places with those who could not see her face or hear her voice or even feel her presence?

Terror seized upon her. With it came an impulse to fly into

the dark, like a lost child of creation, to find again somehow the door, out of which she had come, and, beating upon it, wildly, implore to be taken home.

And so, groping and blind, she wandered, lost and alone, in the wide universe.

"No, she would not be lost. She *would* burst these terrible bonds and once more be one of that great, pulsing world."

And thus struggling and gasping she awakened.

"Thank God!" the doctor murmured, "the worst is over. Consciousness has returned. She will live."

"Thank God!" she echoed, weakly. "Dear Roger," she added, meeting her husband's eyes with love and repentance shining in her own, "it was so cold and dark and lonely when you did not know me. I have been dead, but now I am born again and will live."

LOUISE JAMISON.

THE PRAYER.

"Come, let us pray," the preacher said,

And he made a lovely prayer,

And he told the Lord what he needed most—

Himself and the people there.

And he told Him all that had chanced to pass

Since the Sabbath day before;

Of the terrible trouble that Providence

Had laid at a member's door.

And he begged the Lord to attend to this,

And lift His chastening hand;

He had suffered enough—it was time to quit,

He gave Him to understand,

And he whined (with a most melodious whine)

For favors and acts of grace,

And he begged His blessing especially

Would rest on this special place.

And he entered into an argument

With the Lord about the rain,

And advised Him to send some on at once
 If He wanted to save the grain.
 And he hoped the Lord would smile upon
 Their efforts to realize
 A sum to build a church that would
 Find favor in His eyes.

And he spoke a word for the absent sick,
 (And told Him the number was large),
 And then, in an off-hand, business way,
 He gave them into His charge.
 He begged for help for the village poor,
 And gave Him a hint or two
 That really he, himself, you know,
 Had all he could possibly do.

And he ordered the Lord to bless the church.
 And also to touch the hearts
 Of the congregation, so they would do
 Their proper financial parts.
 And this was the only other thing
 That he could ask Him for;
 To give success and to bless the arms
 Of those who had gone to war.

The prayer was ended; one knew he felt
 Quite pompously pious when
 He asked all this in Another's name,
 And added a loud "Amen!"

MRS. SIXTY.

ONENESS.*

One Mind, knowing, so deep, so strong,
 One Heart, loving, so true, so long,
 One Breath, throbbing, with rise and fall,
 One Life, living—and this is All.

BARNETTA BROWN.

*Reprinted because of a printer's error. .

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CITIES BUILT OVER CITIES.

Professor Hermann V. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently come home from excavating the buried cities of Nippur in archaic Babylonia. He found some 23,000 old tablets in a temple; and when the key is found and their contents are deciphered and translated, they doubtless will afford important revelations of the learning and wisdom anciently possessed. Professor Hilprecht finds Nippur to be a collection of cities, sixteen in number, each one built above the one immediately older, and the lower ones have not been reached. The temple, like other ancient temples, was a school and university as well as a place of worship. Its library, therefore, is an epitome of the Babylonian civilization.

On one of the tablets were minute calculations relating to the constellation Scorpio; and the places and movements of the stars were described so accurately as to show that the astronomers of 4,500 years ago were as proficient as those of the present period.

The reputation of the Babylonian savants as mathematicians has been greatly underrated. Our multiplication tables stop at twelve, but theirs went up as far as sixty. They sought to obtain swift and large conclusions in numbers, and their system of extended tables show the result of multiplications as high as 1,300 by 1,300.

There were two languages taught in the schools, one for the learned and one for the common use. We have something of the same sort now. Anciently there was a language of the priests, which the laity did not understand; now the professor scientists assume the sacerdotal distinctions.

Professor Hilprecht will return to finish what he has begun, and hopes when he shall reach the lowest of the sixteen cities, to have some surprising revelations.

At Knossos, an ancient city in the island of Krete, now Candia, the excavations by A. J. Evans are of like interest. There in classic story, King Minos reigned, and Daidalos built the Labyrinth, in which dwelt the Minotaur, or human-headed bull. It was fabled that this animal was propitiated with human sacrifices, and that

Athens contributed fourteen youths a year, till Theseus was sent, and killed the monster. It is now disclosed that the Labyrinth was an actual structure, of enormous extent, entirely covering the hill upon which it stood, and descending by a series of walls and towers to the shores of the stream which ran below. It is said to have been so artfully contrived that whoever was enclosed in it could not find his way out without a guide. There was a similar structure of equal or greater antiquity in ancient Egypt. In fact, the art and civilization of Krete were Egyptian and Oriental.

The Labyrinth was a temple, and like other archaic sanctuaries, contained a library of engraved tablets. The image with the head of an ox was a common mode of representing divine beings, as in the case of Osiris in Egypt, the Golden Calf in the Wilderness, Attis the Minotaur in Asia Minor, Baal in Palestine, the two calves of Jeroboam and the Cherubs of Assyria. The deciphering of the tablets found in Knossos will disclose the records of a pre-Aryan people and a former world.

It is significant of this early civilization of forty and more centuries ago, that it was the outgrowth of a reign of peace. There are no traces of military fortifications among the archaic remains. All lived at ease with none to molest, till the Aryan marauders came upon the island, and stamped the blood-mark of Cain wherever they went.

The traditions of Greece, the divinities of Olympus, and especially Kronian Zeus, all relate to Krete as their source.

The French explorer, De Morgan, has been making excavations in Susiana in Persia. He found not one buried city, but a half-dozen, one atop of the other. The conquerors, as they succeeded each other, had the practice of destroying everything and building their own city over the ruins.

So, too, Arabia, Egypt, Nubia, and every ancient country seems to have fared. But it seems to have been reserved for the centuries comparatively later, to write history, as a record of war and crime.

The physical body is made by the soul from the soul, for the soul, and is the soul's greatest possession here on the earth-plane, because it is the temple of Soul and its Mind and Heart. How important, then, that we build a pure, strong, healthy and enduring body.
—Es.

MATTER UNKNOWABLE AND SPIRIT KNOWABLE.

Perhaps few ever think that the thing usually designated as an atom is really an hypothesis and by no means a known fact. No microscope has ever revealed it, no eye ever seen it, no hand ever handled it. Whether it has qualities, as size, weight, color, hardness, no one can tell. The atom, and even that so-called aggregation of atoms called "matter" are as unknown to the scientist as God is to the religious person—it transcends our knowledge.

It used to be thought that the resistance which is offered to pressure, was caused by the hardness of the particles. To this conception Sir William Thomson declares in direct contradiction, that the resistance is caused by the rapidity of suction in some substance that is almost infinitely soft.

Boscovich, the distinguished Italian scientist of two centuries ago, affirmed that matter reduced to its last analysis—atoms devoid of size, form or weight—are only centers of dynamic force. This declaration Faraday showed to be capable of being demonstrated. That which has not these proportions of weight or dimension must be either an absolute nonentity, or a something that is superior to these conditions. It is a spiritual substance, or it is nothing at all.

Professor Clifford, endeavoring to save something from this wreck of current opinion, supposed every atom and every molecule in the universe to be endowed originally with somewhat of life and mind. But Alfred Russell Wallace takes a more tenable position; that material forces may be the direct outcome of the Divine will, and indeed may be that will itself in action.

From these postulates of the most eminent of the scientists, it is perceived that there is no conclusive authority, no undeniable or unquestionable certainty, in regard to the subject. The philosopher Herakleitos defined it as something always changing. It is thus distinct from the *æon*—the always being. It is constantly modified by the operations of nature; whatever form it may take will inevitably be dissolved, and the manipulations of chemistry only accomplish changes more speedily. We are compelled, if we think upon the subject, to the conclusion that in its inception and ultimatum, matter is but a manifestation of thought. And as no body or entity can measure that which is greater than itself, the final decision is that matter is unknowable.

What we do know, is that we are thinkers, that we love, hope,

and also fear and hate; and that we are a something exercising these emotions. We are realities to ourselves, always the same. That which is always the same cannot cease to be. With it all is a contrast now. This the Apostle affirmed: "The things that are seen are of time, but the things which are not seen are always being." "The things which are seen are not made of things which do appear."

GOLD GROWING.

"Gold actually grows and increases in its matrix quartz."—*METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE*, Vol. I, p. 121.

Joaquin Miller some years ago declared his firm belief that gold is still coming into existence. "I have at last found positive proof, right here in these mountains by the Pacific sea," he affirmed. "I have found a piece of petrified wood with a little vein or thread of gold in it. How did that gold get into this piece of wood? Was it placed there by the finger of God on the morning of creation, as men have claimed was the case with gold found in the veins of the mountains? Nonsense! Gold grows! Certain conditions of the air, or certain combinations of earth and air and water, and whatever chemicals may be required, and then a rock, a piece of quartz, or petrified tree, for the gold to grow in, and there is your gold crop! Of course, gold grows slowly. Centuries upon centuries, it may be, are required to make the least sign of growth. But it grows, just as I asserted years ago; and here at last I hold in my hand such testimony as no man in this world will be rash enough to question, a portion of a petrified tree with a thread of gold in it."

A writer in *Popular Mechanics* confirms this statement. He declares that gold nuggets under favorable conditions actually increase in size. Gold is known to have grown on mine timbers which have long been immersed in mine water. In the Museum of the State Mining Bureau of California there is a specimen of a piece of jointed cap and post taken from the Comstock, where it had been under water for years, in which gold has formed in the joints and pores of the wood. Gold is constantly being formed in rocks and veins and placers.

Just what it is that the baby gold formation feeds on to effect its growth is not known. The formation and growth are due to mechanical and chemical action. As in the case of the animal or vegetable, gold has already existed in some other state before assuming

its present form. Waters which percolate through the earth's crust are said to contain substance from which gold is formed. This gold, like the animal and vegetable, must have water in order to thrive. The gold in the water is deposited when it meets the proper precipitant. The precipitant may be an earth-current of electricity, some vegetable growth, or some chemical in the rocks.

It has been claimed that the nuggets found in placers are the formations from the waters that percolate through the gravels and are not from decomposed quartz, as generally supposed. Those who so contend cite the fact that in the center of nuggets can often be found a small grain of iron sand. This was the nucleus around which the earth-current of electricity created or deposited gold from the substance in the waters, just as it is deposited in electroplating. During long ages this influence was at work causing the gold to form around the little grains of iron ore and then grow to become a bright, shining nugget of gold much larger and purer than any ever found in the veins of ore.

THREE THOUSAND YEARS UNDER WATER.

Leopold Batres, the Conservator of National Monuments in Mexico, found the ruins of an ancient city on Monte Alban in Oajaca. It showed unmistakable signs of having been submerged 3,000 years. There was an obelisk similar to those of Egypt, which was found placed at the entrance to a tomb. Monte Alban stands 1,800 feet above the city of Oajaca, and its central square was surrounded by great temples.

CHORES TO BE DONE BY THE GODS.

Professor Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution, says that the most needed achievement of 1903 is the discovery of a satisfactory method of economizing electricity. He says that some day in the not distant future, the rivers will make all the electricity we want. We shall harness the streams, and they will heat every house, run every wheel and light every lamp.

An inventor of celebrity proposes to obtain these results by the employing of solidified air. He is at work upon an apparatus which shall begin by liquefying the air and reducing its temperature to 300° below zero, after which it will be brought in contact with air at ordinary temperature, which causes it to boil and turn to vapor. This, of

course, will also largely increase its volume, an operation which will afford mechanical power to a prodigious degree, that will be utilized in every desirable way. Heat and light for domestic and other purposes will be incidental. It is said that in addition to all this, the air thus employed may be conveyed by means of a part of the machinery adapted to that purpose, back to the first department of the apparatus and used as before. This may seem extravagant and illusory, but it is certain that the advances made in the arts in the Nineteenth Century warrant our great expectations for the Twentieth. What has been transcendental dreaming has already become commonplace realisation, and we are justified in expecting greater achievement still. As science rises above materialistic vagary to a clearer atmosphere, we have much to hope from the diviner light that will pervade it.

This would be a full realising of the words of Emerson: "Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labor, to hitch his wagon to a star, and see his chores done by the gods themselves."

A HEAD OF SATAN DISCOVERED.

The Okapi is an animal recently discovered in the African desert. It comes as a surprise for zoologists, but a God-send for Egyptologists. The one personage, Seth or Typhon, who has figured both as a good divinity and an evil one, in the papyrus-scrolls, was represented in the hieroglyphics with the head of an animal not known to scientists. Professor Wiedmann considers the okapi as affording the solution of the enigma. Seth or Sutekh was worshiped in Syria and Palestine and by the Hyk-sos rulers of Egypt; becoming afterward the evil Potency, with change of Dynasty, the murderer of Osiris, and the Sat-an of the Hebrew tribes.

PAUL THE TRUE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIANITY.

Harris Weinstock is the author of a book entitled, "Jesus the Jew." He takes the position that the teaching of Jesus was pure Judaism; that "the thought of establishing a new belief, or even a new sect, was farthest from his mind"; and that "his aim was not to follow after the heathen, but to seek out 'the lost sheep of the house of Israel.'" He aimed not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil them, to obey them more perfectly. Hence his disciples,

and particularly the Twelve Apostles, "insisted that the heathen must first become a Jew before he could become a Christian."

Paul, however, perceived that it was a hopeless task to attempt the converting of other peoples to ceremonial Judaism. An unwillingness to let a single iota or tittle pass from the law would permit the spiritual enthusiasm of Jesus to die out. He loved the letter but he loved the spirit more. So he made it the basis of his teaching, that if they of the uncircumcision observed the principles, the righteousness, of the law, they should be counted equal with the circumcision, the Jews.

Jesus formulated no system of doctrine; he "knew nothing about the Trinity, vicarious atonement, election, predestination." These and other dogmas grew up under the teaching of Paul. It was Paul's broad cosmopolitanism that gave Christianity to the world. It was his broad genius that conceived the idea of breaking away from the encrusted traditions of the Jew and going forth to convert the Gentile. He set out alone and unaided upon his task, and began a missionary work that in time revolutionized the religious spirit of the world.

Extraordinary as these visions may seem at first sight, closer examination will go far to substantiate them. The teachings of Paul, so far as we have them in their genuineness, are philosophic, and address themselves to the good sense of all. That he is the Apostle *par excellence* of Protestant Christendom is indisputable.

A LETTER.

BOMBAY, * * * 1903.

MR. L. E. WHIPPLE,

Editor METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir—I have duly received, with thanks, your three copies, October-December, 1902, containing my article on the "Bo Tree of Ceylon." The three photographs and two leaf illustrations come out excellently. They are done in superior style.

I am so pleased with the get-up of your new quarterly and its contents that I shall be obliged by being enrolled a subscriber and enclose you a British postal order for 6s., which acknowledge.

If ever I get late with my subscription, be so good as to send me a reminder before stopping the quarterly.

I have written to you instead of the business manager because I thought you would like to hear from me. I am a busy man. I

can but seldom write articles, unless there is something special, worth listening to.

I am above all a Theosophist. But you and we are traveling on similar lines. I think I have one of your Dr. Wilder's books.

I am glad to see that you believe in mental healing. So do I. I learned about it some years ago through a Christian Science lady traveling for pleasure in India, an old grandmother of 60; and then I read their books, though I have no official connection with them. Thus the good done by each separate society radiates over the world, appealing to him who is ready for the teaching according to his individual idiosyncrasy.

I have no difficulty in curing toothache in self and others. . . . Also other ailments.

I once instantaneously and permanently removed the pain of my serious railway accident, by thinking the formula "pain has no reality. There is no such thing as pain." I read the newspaper comfortably in the evening train home thereafter. I did my daily work at office as usual, though it took a month for my crushed flesh to heal, and the cartilage of my bones to get to its normal state, and two finger-nails came off.

Last May (1902) I cured one of my coolies of strong malarial fever, brought on by the chill of heavy rain at the burst of the rainy season. He fell down in weakness while carrying no load, and refused to get up. To leave him would be to die in the rain and chill. We got him to get up and walk through and across the river. In ten minutes he turned around, saying, "Sahib," *i. e.*, My Lord, "I am well; the fever has gone; give me my load." And he walked with his load a distance of two hours (not miles) steadily in the rain down the steep hills to our destination. He had no idea that he was being operated on. My cure was a thought to the Divine Spirit in me and him till he reached his destination. The cure was permanent, so long as I was in the district.

You can publish any portion or the whole of this if you like. You see, people cannot (constitutionally) believe these things until they have in some measure experienced their truth. That is the cause of the current infidelity (unbelief), which is only temporary in its nature. Yours truly, D. GOSTLING.

IRON THAT DOES NOT RUST.

Col. H. S. Olcott, in his "Old Diary Leaves," describes the famous iron pillar at Dehli. "This column of malleable iron without alloy, which has stood in the open air exposed to all the vicissitudes of the North Indian climate *through fourteen centuries*, is without *rust or any sign of decomposition*. From base to capital it is forty-three feet high, with a diameter at the bottom of sixteen feet and at the top of twelve feet; some twenty feet of the base being

under ground. The capital is three and a half feet high, sharply and clearly wrought into the Persian form, and affords a most striking proof of the fact that in that far-distant age the Hindus achieved results in metal-working which have never been paralleled in the Western countries up to a very late date.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES ON TELEPATHY.

Is it inconceivable that intense thought concentrated toward a sensitive with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain of brain-waves along which the message of thought can go straight to its goal without loss of energy due to distance? And is it also inconceivable that our mundane ideas of space and distance may be superseded in these subtle regions of unsubstantial thought where "near" and "far" may lose their usual meaning? I dare to suggest this.

NAMES.

It is a well-known idea, and one capable of proof, that so-called luck may be modified by change of name; and, seeing the force attributed to the power of sound and its correspondences, there would appear to be nothing astonishing in this theory. Noting the apparently chance manner in which the name given us unknowing, yet influences us, and that in this way our lives are linked with a certain vibration, it is possible to conceive that a carefully-selected name from the occult point of view, *i. e.*, in harmony with the nature of the child, would be of considerable support to the *natus*.

—*Moina MacGregor.*

REST.

Perhaps the most popular idea of Heaven, the one most prominently voiced in song or prayer, is that of a place of rest. But rest is not quitting the busy career; true rest consists in fitting one's self for one's sphere, an adaptation so perfect that all friction is annulled, and fatigue is unknown, or as slightly perceived as it is sensed by the driving-wheel of an engine under the behest of a presiding intelligence.

—*S. C. Clark.*

HEALTH THE ONLY NORMAL LIFE.

The notion that pain and disease are inevitable results of life I utterly refuse to accept. Herbert Spencer's remark that "all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins," conveys to the aspirant after health and vigor a hint of great significance, for it suggests the possibility of getting a more intimate acquaintance with the laws of our being, and thus of avoiding the ills that now are considered impossible to escape.

—*Arthur Lovell.*

THE ASTRAL NATURE.

It is strange to say the very existence of an astral sphere presents to many a question of doubt and insincerity. With man the sense of true being, of real existence, is perverted and extended outwardly, an inversion from the true source and foundation—namely, the inner being. The heart of true being is the most inward. It is a central core and cannot fluctuate, as is peculiar with outer natures. All external natures subsist as departures from the fountain-source—the inner—and therefore they are only relatively real. The difference of departure from the central core or approximation to it determines the difference of facts and illusions.

It has been shown that the astral natures predominate by far over the physical natures in essential being, and therefore it approximates the more the central core of true being; or, in other words, it is the weightier evidence of the truth.

Let it be asked: "Where does the astral plane exist?" The answer is, "WITHIN." This implies the elimination of space or physical measure. It is a Within requiring no distance to travel in order to enter. Not like a city which is positively located by the side of the sea, lake, river, mountain or upon the plain; these also being distant from all seas, lakes, rivers, mountains and plains. Neither is it located, like a world, planet, sun, moon or firmament.

The locality of the astral sphere is like that of the kingdom of heaven. "The kingdom of heaven is within." The astral nature, the mental, psychic, intellectual and spiritual natures, have their existence within.

When we contemplate matter we of necessity conceive of bulk or mass. If by contemplation we consider the possible extent of the divisibility of bulk, where shall we end? For, in so far as we concede the presence of matter, so also do we concede the possibility of a division, and so on *ad infinitum*. Concede the ultimate division possible never so small, yet within this small atom the astral natures predominate with all their powers.

The presence of the astral natures are, in a sense, absolute and ineffaceable. But if this be true, then must the astral nature, the starry heaven, in so far as the essence of being is concerned, be perpetual; and if participating of life, then immortal. This is true in respect to the hypothesis of its essence.—D. E. *Wagenhals*.

OUR STRANGE LANGUAGE.

BY E. L. SABIN.

When the English tongue we speak,
 Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak?"
 Will you tell me why it's true
 We say "sew," but likewise "few,"
 And the maker of a verse
 Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse."
 "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard,"
 "Cord" is different from "word,"
 "Cow" is cow but "low" is low;
 "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
 Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose,"
 And of "goose," and yet of "choose."
 Think of "comb," and "tomb," and "bomb,"
 "Doll" and "roll," and "home" and "some."
 And since "pay" is rhymed with "say"
 Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
 We have "blood," and "food," and "good;"
 "Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
 Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?
 Is there any reason known?
 And in short it seems to me
 Sound and letters disagree.

—*Ex.*

BIG WORDS FOR LITTLE THOUGHTS.

A mining expert in Colorado described a lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat argillaceous composition." This phrase rendered into English means "a charred mass of a somewhat clayey-sandy composition." In the English as spoken by the people it is "mud."

Much of what is called science is little else than bundles of terms and sentences carefully wrought into forms that common readers, and even those of superior intelligence, cannot understand without a glossary. "There is a language of priests," Professor Lesley says.

Old errors do not die because they are refuted, but because they are neglected.

—*Lecky.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. A Study in Human Nature. Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion, Delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902. By WILLIAM JAMES, LL.D., Etc. Pp. 534. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, London and Bombay. Price, \$3.20 net.

The scope of these lectures as shown by the titles, embraces such topics as these: Religion and Neurology, Reality of the Unseen, Religion of Healthy-Mindedness, The Sick Soul, The Divided Self, Conversion, Saintliness, Mysticism, Philosophy, Other Characteristics, Conclusions. Professor James holds the Chair of Philosophy in Harvard University, and is distinguished for the breadth, candor and liberality of his utterances. He is a man who is not circumscribed in his humanity. In these lectures he scouts no form or manifestation of religious experience, but treats every one as genuine and seeks to deduce from all of them what is really good upon which we may all agree. The assumption often wantonly made, the religious state of mind is neurotic and therefore of no value, he sets aside as illogical and arbitrary. Indeed, it is like assuming that the star which we see through a hole in the roof was created by the hole, that has enabled us to see it. Nobody dreams of enquiring into Mr. Edison's mental or nervous condition as a way to account for his theories, but only whether they are intrinsically sound and practical. Yet some states of mind are superior to others in the apprehending of truth.

Our author treats religion psychologically, not as systems of doctrines. He begins by the definition: "The feelings, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider the divine." He considers the explanations which rationalism may give, with its characteristic loquacity and chopping of logic, as relatively superficial.

In illustration of the candor exhibited we may refer to the remarks on the "New Thought." In the theory of evolution he remarks, "We see the ground laid for a new sort of religion of Nature, which has entirely displaced Christianity from the thought of a large part of our generation." But to his mind a current far more important and interesting religiously than that which sets in from natural science, is that which has recently poured over America and seems to be gathering force every day—the "Mind-Cure movement." It has both a speculative and practical side, and "it must now be reckoned with as a genuine religious power." One of its doctrinal sources is the four Gospels; another is Emersonianism or New England Transcendentalism; another is Berkleyan idealism; another is Spiritism, with its messages of "law," and "progress," and

"development"; another the optimistic popular scientific evolutionism just mentioned; and, finally, Hinduism has contributed a strain. "But the most characteristic feature of the mind-cure movement is an inspiration much more direct. The leaders of this movement have had an intuitive belief in the all-saving power of healthy-minded attitudes as such, in the conquering efficacy of courage, hope, and trust, and a correlative contempt for doubt, fear, worry and all nervously precautionary states of mind. Their belief has in a general way been correlated by the practical experience of their disciples; and this experience forms to-day a mass imposing in amount.

"The blind have been made to see, the halt to walk; lifelong invalids have had their health restored. The moral fruits have been no less remarkable. The deliberate adoption of a healthy-minded attitude has proved possible to many who never supposed they had it in them; regeneration of character has proceeded on an extensive scale; and cheerfulness has been restored to countless homes."

Overlooking the innumerable failures and self-deceptions that are mixed in with the better results, and the verbiage of a good deal of the mind-cure literature, "the plain fact remains that the spread of the movement has been due to practical fruits. . . . It is evidently bound to develop still farther, both speculatively and practically, and its latest writers are far and away the ablest of the group. It matters nothing that there are hosts that cannot by any possibility be influenced by the mind-curer's ideas. The important point is that so large a number should exist who *can* be so influenced. They form a psychic type to be studied with respect."

Other views and experiences are treated with the same generous fairness.

The chapter on "The Sick Soul" discloses pessimism where one hardly thought of it existing. We remember the man in Dickens' story who found life "a demnition grind." He is echoed by Goethe who at the age of 75 affirmed that he had not had four weeks of genuine well-being; and likewise by Martin Luther who declared that rather than live forty years more he would give up his chance of Paradise. Indeed, our author remarks, "the completest religions seem to be those in which the pessimistic elements are best developed." Buddhism and Christianity are best known to us of these. But sadness also "lies at the heart of every merely positivistic, agnostic, or naturalistic system of philosophy."

The peculiar experiences popularly known as "Conversion" receive a diligent examination, and examples are given in abundance. "But," remarks our author, "in all these matters of sentiment one must have 'been there' one's self in order to understand them." One can never fathom an emotion or divine its dictates by standing outside of it. Piety and charity live in a different universe from worldly hopes and fears, and form another center of energy altogether. If

religion is true its fruits are good fruits, even though in this world they should move uniformly ill adapted and full of nought but pathos.

Mysticism is fairly treated, though it is admitted to be at second hand. "Personal religious experience has its root in mystical states of consciousness." The "everlasting and triumphant mystical tradition" is that "we both become one with the Absolute, and we become aware of our oneness." This is the case in all ages, countries and religions. Non-mystics, however, are affirmed to be "under no obligation to acknowledge in mystical states a superior authority conferred on them by their intrinsic nature; yet the existence of mystical states absolutely overthrows the pretension of non-mystical states to be sole and ultimate dictators of what we may believe."

Howbeit, there is also noted a mysticism that is not religious. Paranoia or delusional insanity is of this character, and is sometimes even diabolical. A pathologic mystical state is also produced by intoxicants and anæsthetics, as in the case of B. P. Blood.

Passing as we must over other discourses, we note the principal conclusions. Both thought and feeling are determinants of conduct. In the field of religion a great variety of thoughts has prevailed, but the feelings and conduct are almost always the same. "Stoic, Christian and Buddhist saints are practically indistinguishable in their lives." Accordingly an impartial science of religions might sift out from the midst of their discrepancies a common body of doctrine which she might formulate in terms to which physical science need not object."

The subconscious self is nowadays a well-accepted psychological entity. "In religion," our author declares, "we have a department of human nature with unusually close relations to the transmarginal or subliminal region." From this region come "our intuitions, hypotheses, fancies, superstitions, persuasions, convictions, and in general, all our non-rational operations." In it many of the performances of genius seem also to have their origin. "The conscious person is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences come." The unseen region is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in this world. God is the natural appellation for this supreme reality—the Something larger than ourselves.

A brief argument concludes, reminding us of the warm encounters of the late Prof. Thos. Davidson, at the Concord School of Philosophy in 1885, with Commissioner William F. Harris. The latter is an "Hegelian." With each man and continuous with him is a larger power friendly to him and his ideas. This is all that the facts require. It may not be infinite, it need not be solitary. It may conceivably be only a larger and more godlike self, of which the present self is only a mutilated expression; and the universe may be

a collection of such selves, of different degrees of inclusiveness, with no absolute unity realised in it at all. The "gods and demons" of Oriental philosophy may thus be found possible beings. "I think," Professor James actually declares, "that a final philosophy of religion will have to consider the pluralistic hypothesis more seriously than it has hitherto been willing to consider it."

With this problem unsolved, the argument stops.

HAVE YOU A STRONG WILL? or How to Develop and Strengthen Will-Power, Memory or Any Other Faculty or Attribute of Mind by the Easy Process of Self-Hypnotism. By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, Author of "Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune-Telling," "Breitmann Ballads," Etc. Philip Wellby, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

The author of this little treatise has been long known in literary circles. For more than forty years he has been a contributor to literary periodicals, and he has also written books upon a variety of topics. He is equally at home in subjects weird, imaginative, philosophic or commonplace. Among his works are "Fusang" treating of the Buddhist mission in prehistoric Mexico, the "Edda of the Algonquin Indians," the "Gypsies" in India, Europe and America, "Practical Education." Having been many years a teacher in Philadelphia, he was able to introduce successfully many things esteemed as novelties. This volume is devoted to the means of bringing the will into active exercise, even to achievements often considered miraculous. He has tested them upon himself satisfactorily. "I have by this process," he affirms, "succeeded since my seventieth year, in working all day more assiduously and without any sense of weariness or distaste for labor, than I ever did at any previous period of my life."

KRISHNA AND KRISHNAISM. By BULLORAM MULLOCK, B.A. Calcutta: Published by Nakur Chunder Dutt, 6 Chorenagan Lane.

These two pamphlets afford the reader a fair insight into the character of "true Hinduism" as set forth in the *Bhagavad-Gita*. The "Land-Marks" consist of a summary and explanations of the "Song Celestial." It was from this work that Emerson derived the concepts which he embodied in his celebrated poem, "Brahma," in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*—the puzzle of the many, and the admiration of those who understood.

The larger treatise condenses the whole story of the *Maha Bharata* into brief dimensions, delineating the career of Krishna, the avatar or hero-god of India, and giving an outline of the whole religious system of the Neo-Vishnavic School. It is no less than an endeavor to rehabilitate the old faith of India, now passing into

desuetude, and to show that it is a spiritual system, and ample for the religious wants of the people. The author has kept his eye single upon this matter, and has executed his work with tact and ability. He would almost persuade the reader to accept his belief.

A SKETCH OF THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY, to Which is Prefixed that of the Life of Sujna Gokulaji Zala, in Typical Vedantin. By MANASSUKHARAMA SURYARAMA TRIPATHI. Second Edition. Bombay: N. M. T. & Co., Kalikadeva Road.

The individual who desires to gain some knowledge of Hindu philosophy will find the opportunity in this little treatise. It is given in concise form, simple language, and attractive style. The philosophy is explained "that it begins with the idea of God, who is, as it were, a circle whose center is everywhere and its circumference nowhere; who transforms into his own likeness the mind that receives him." The greater Reality, Brahman or Substance, is the Absolute Existence (the "real being" of Plato) from which all things exist. The dynamic Energy, the Maya or Sakti, coordinates the whole range of phenomena. Man, the individual Soul, is a miniature image of the Absolute Being, and to be studied in order to acquire true knowledge. The means are self-examination; the end self-government and self-fruition. From these principles the whole Vedantin philosophy is deduced.

HUMAN PERSONALITY, And Its Survival of Bodily Death.

By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS. Two volumes, 1,350 pp., cloth, \$12.00. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

This valuable work is one of the most important publications of the season. The name of the author, the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers, is known the world over in his past connection with the Society for Psychical Research, London. The work gives in minute detail the main results of the grand work done by this society. It contains an extensive Glossary, Explanation of Plan of Arrangement and System of References, Syllabuses of Six chapters, and an elaborate Introduction, besides the enormous amount of subject matter of the body of the work itself, Appendices, etc. It stands entirely alone in the world of literature relating to the subjects of which it treats, and in this age of advancement it must become indispensable to every library.

Volume I treats exhaustively the subjects of "Disintegration of Personality," "Genius," "Sleep," "Hypnotism," "Sensory Automatism," etc., and there is no end to interesting topics and results of experiment which controvert many of the established rules of the accepted sciences. Volume II treats of such subjects as "Phantasms of the Dead," "Motor Automatism" and "Trance, Possession, and Ecstasy," and contains an index of 60 columns by Miss E. M. Sampson.

Photographic reproductions of experiments in "Thought-Transference" and sworn statements with regard to events occurring under investigation are numerous, interesting and instructive. In fact, the exhaustive work and researches of this noted society are herein given a representation entirely worthy of the great minds connected with the undertaking, and we can scarcely conceive of a work more important to be in the hands of every thinking person. It is impossible to adequately treat such a work within the limits of a "book review," and we must leave our appreciative readers to peruse its inspiring pages for themselves.

WISDOM AND DESTINY. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated from the French by ALBERT SUTRO. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 353 pp., cloth, \$1.75.

This book should occupy a foremost position in the metaphysical and advanced-thought literature of this advancing age. While clothed in a language always plain to understand it is in style poetic, filled throughout with true feeling, expressive, descriptive and forceful; and withal philosophic in import, and in many places distinctly metaphysical. A profound Wisdom in the understanding of that which is *right* in life, and for the eventual good of the individual, predominates throughout the work. It is not alone interesting but helpful in adapting the action of our minds to the changing vicissitudes of life.

GREEK AND ROMAN STOICISM AND SOME OF ITS DISCIPLES. EPICTETUS, SENECA, AND MARCUS AURELIUS. By CHAS. H. STANLEY DAVIS, M.D., Ph.D. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 269 pp., cloth, \$1.40 net.

The title of this book is fully descriptive of the work. The author evidently believes thoroughly in the teachings given and which are readable and helpful equally in fragments or as a whole. "Stoicism contributed the noblest men and the loftiest conceptions of virtue and morality that we meet in history." The selections given from Epictetus, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius are among the best and noblest thoughts given out by these great disciples of stoicism. The book will interest a large number of readers.

ALL THESE THINGS ADDED. By JAMES ALLEN. In purple and gold, cloth bound. Price 3s. net; by post, 3s. 3d.; American price, \$1. The Savoy Publishing Company, 1 Savoy Steps, Strand, London.

In the first part of this work the struggle of life is considered and dealt with, and the way by which that struggle may be mastered and transcended by the individual is pointed out.

The second part deals with the powers, blessings and supreme attainments of the poised and steadfast life.

REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

One of the functions of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, is the diffusion of knowledge in language "understood of the people;" so that, while most of its works are intended primarily for the specialist, there is an exception made by the Secretary in publishing an Appendix to the Report of the Board of Regents, which is in fact an annual summary of the most interesting events of the scientific year, prepared for that large body of the public which does not care for professional memoirs, but has a general interest in such matters.

This popular volume for 1901 is before us. It contains fifty articles, many of them illustrated, nearly all prepared by masters of the respective subjects, telling in clear and interesting language of the latest progress in all the principal branches of knowledge.

A short sketch of the history and the work of the Smithsonian Institution, begins with a paragraph from President Roosevelt's first message to Congress, in which he calls attention to the Institution's functions and its present needs. The paper further states that the Smithsonian Institution, which is composed of the President and his Cabinet, and the Vice-President and Chief Justice of the United States, has a remarkable organization for the administration of funds for the promotion of science. Its activities could be still further increased if it had greater means at its absolute disposal.

"Bodies Smaller than Atoms" is the title of an interesting paper, and as we read "The Laws of Nature," "The Greatest Flying Creature," and "The Fire Walk Ceremony at Tahiti," we are reminded of the wide range of subjects included in the Report. Wireless telegraphy, transatlantic telephoning, and the telephonograph are discussed by experts in electrical progress. Attention ought also to be called to papers on utilization of the sun's energy, the Bogosloff volcanoes of Alaska, forest destruction, irrigation, the Children's Room at the Smithsonian, the submarine boat, a new African animal, pictures of prehistoric cave-dwellers in France, automobile races, the terrible lizards that once lived in America, and Thompson Seton's paper on the National Zoological Park at Washington.

The whole volume has been called "the best popular scientific annual published in the world."

The Smithsonian Reports are distributed by the Institution to libraries throughout the world; may be had by purchasers at cost from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington City, *and may also generally be obtained free of charge from the applicant's Member of Congress.*

PERIODICALS.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL; a Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology and Philosophy. Published by Williams & Norgate, London and Oxford, England. Edited by L. P. Jacks, M.A.; G. D. Hicks, M.A., Ph.D. Price, \$2.50 a year.

This is a new quarterly, for which we can safely predict a long and successful life, coming as it does "in the nick of time" to fill a place that had just been made for it. Not that the *Journal* is the only one of its kind, but, unlike many of its elders in the field, it evidently promises to be very broad, progressive and dogma-freeing. The editorial board has been admirably selected. Indeed, it might be said with truth, that every member has made his name famous the world over, in some branch of knowledge. Such names as those of Sir Oliver Lodge, James Drummond, Prof. Percy Gardner and the others are surely as well known here as are those of our own countrymen, Prof. Wm. James, Prof. G. Howison, Professor Royce, Professor Fenn, abroad. The fact alone that the new quarterly is to favor its readers with papers written by men of such wide reputation, admired at once, for their depth of learning and broadness of views, by men, in short, known universally as caring more for the truth than for this or that doctrine, whose chief aim is to lead humanity on the road to progress and happiness, this fact alone, I say, will more than suffice to make *The Hibbert Journal* one of the most successful periodicals of our fast-growing and knowledge-craving generation.

We much regret that for want of space we must deny ourselves the pleasure of giving our readers a "résumé" of the splendid articles already published in Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Journal*. We would have liked also to say something of the interestingly written book reviews, and of the clever work of the editors; but we shall have to be contented to-day with reproducing part of the editorial published in Vol. I, No. 1, which will convey to our readers a more comprehensive idea of the spirit of the *Journal*:

"The differences of opinion existing in regard to matters religious, theological and philosophical are recognized by the editors of *The Hibbert Journal* in the spirit in which any natural phenomena would be regarded. As editors of this journal it is not for us to deplore these differences nor to take measures for their reconciliation. We shall judge of opinions by the seriousness with which they are held and the fairness and ability with which they are maintained. Among extant varieties of religious thought none is selected by us as the type to which the rest should conform.

One possible exception may be found. To *dead* forms of religious thought (if such exist), and to those which have lost the power to outgrow their own limitations, *The Hibbert Journal* does

not profess a mission. Its opportunities will be reserved for the thought which lives and moves.

Within the wide area thus indicated we seek to provide a common center of literary expression for as many as may desire its opportunities.

We stand, then, for three positive truths: that the Goal of thought is One; that thought, striving to reach the Goal, must forever move; that, in the conflict of opinion, the movement is furthered by which the many approach the One. These three principles, which are obviously coordinate, express the spirit of *The Hibbert Journal* as a Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy."

THE INDIAN REVIEW, published at Madras, has completed its second volume. It is devoted to education and the promotion of the welfare of India. The number before us contains a series of papers of superior character, exhibiting research, familiarity with the subjects treated, and a wide intelligence. Among them we note the following: The Extinction of the Old Indian Fauna, by Richard Lydekker, F.R.S.; A Request for a New Religion, by Max Muller; Problems of Education, by Geraldine Hodgson; Municipal Ethics, by Captain J. W. Cornwall; Indian Politics in England, by Dr. Sarat K. Mullick; The Conversion of Al Ashari, by Rev. F. Bell; Hindu Chivalry, by Jean Chandra Bannerjee.

The scientific views presented by the writers are well calculated to attract attention. Extreme antiquity is affirmed for India, far exceeding that of England and European countries, and its probable connection with the African continent in that far-off period is supposed. We learn also that the giraffe, the hippopotamus and ostrich once flourished there as in Africa, and the writer does not accept the opinions of Alfred Russell Wallace upon the early physical condition of the peninsula. The account of Al Ashari tells of the Mutazilas, a liberal school of Muslim theologians flourishing at Baghdad in the time of the Khalif Mamun. They held views of the inspiration of the Quran very similar to what is now generally believed by rational Christians of the Bible. Many expressions were construed as figurative. Al Ashari seceded from this school promulgating the eternity of the Quran and rejecting the notion that the Muslim sinner unrepentant will be forever lost. The Asharian doctrines resemble those of the Sunnis in the West. They were proscribed under Togrul Beg, but favored by Alp Arslan, and prevailed in India. But culture is superseding them, and the young generation of Muslims is tending toward the Mutazila doctrines.

The article on Hindu Chivalry gives statements which differ from the views generally extant in Christian countries. In early times the wife participated actively in religious and social life; and

women were held in high honor down to the time of Arungzebe. Filial respect exists even now. The literature confirms this. Widows as a general thing are not ill treated, nor is their condition more miserable than that of old maids among Christians. The *Suttee* rite was Scythian, and not Vedic; and was only introduced at a later period. It was adopted from dread of dishonor. Owing to persistent misrepresentation, the most confused notions prevail on the subject.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

AN EASTER EXPOSITION OF ST. JOHN. By SRI PARANANDA. Cloth, 301 pp. Published by William Hutchinson & Co., London, England.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEANCE. By A Life-Long Spiritualist. Paper, 64 pp. Price, 25 cents. Published by Lunt Bros., Station A, Boston, Mass.

THE LOGOS OF THE NEW DISPENSATION OF TIME. By SARA THACKER. Paper, 107 pp., 75 cents. Published by D. Johnston & Co., Sacramento, Cal.

CONCENTRATION AND INSPIRATION. By SARA THACKER. Paper, 88 pp., 50 cents. Published by D. Johnston & Co., Sacramento, Cal.

SEX, OR PAIR OF OPPOSITES. By SARA THACKER. Paper, 130 pp., 25 cents. Printed at the Logos Office, Applegate, Placer Co., Cal.

BABY ROLAND BOOKLETS. VESPER. By GEORGE HANSEN. Paper, illuminated, 50 cents net. Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, Cal.

WHO ARE THESE SPIRITUALISTS? By J. M. PEEBLES, A.M., M.D. Cloth, 131 pp. Published by the Author, Battle Creek, Mich.

SHAKESPEARE AND ASTROLOGY. By WILLIAM WILSON. Paper, 15 cents. Published by the Author, 169 Walnut street, Brookline, Mass.

THE LAND-MARKS OF ETHICS ACCORDING TO THE GITA. By BULLORAM MULLOCK, B.A. Calcutta: Published by Noni Gopal Goswami at the Sen Press, 14 Dharrumtolla Street.

THE LIGHT OF CHINA, the Tào Teh King of Láo Tsze, 604-504 B. C. By I. W. HEYSINGER, M.A., M.D. Cloth, 165 pp. Research Publishing Company, 133 North 13th street, Philadelphia.

ILL HEALTH IMMORAL.

Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical immorality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effect of conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true that, in the case of drunkenness, the vitiousness of a bodily transgression is recognized; but none appear to infer that if this bodily transgression is vitious, so, too, is every bodily transgression. The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins.

When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive the attention which it deserves.

—*Herbert Spencer.*

CORRECTION.

In the table of numbers of the letters of the alphabet according to the Egyptian Tarot, given in Vol. XVII, No. 2, a printer's error caused the number of the letter Z to read 1. The number for this letter is 7. Please correct your tables accordingly.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is the leading periodical of its kind in the world. At all times it stands for and represents the *best* of the thought along the various lines of activity that relate to the finer forces of nature and of the universe of intelligence. It is doing the greatest work of the day, in literature. Its circulation should now be increasing by many times what it has been in the past. Many thousands are yet waiting to hear of its existence and searching for such a periodical.

The active support and assistance of *every friend* is urgently needed to bring it to the notice of those who would appreciate it. Its publishers will be grateful for any such assistance in increasing its circulation for the general good.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is for sale by newsdealers everywhere. If not found on any news-stand or in any depot or ferry-house, please notify the publishers, giving the name and address of the newsdealer, and steps will be taken at once to have him supplied. The American News Co. is General Agent.

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PERSONAL IMMORTALITY.

Many eminent writers upon the subject of immortality, while admitting that the personal existence of the soul apart from the body is inconceivable to us in this life, have held that the fact that it is inconceivable does not disprove it; but it must be remembered that the inconceivable is that of which we cannot think; and that therefore all that has ever been written or spoken concerning the future existence of personality and all that ever will be written or spoken concerning it, must relate, not to the personality that is *inconceivable*, but to the personality that is *conceivable*; for in speaking or writing, we express our thoughts, and we cannot express our thoughts concerning that of which we cannot think. All that we have to say concerning personality while we remain in our present state of existence, all of our anxiety concerning its continuance hereafter, must refer to the personality with which we are familiar in this life.

That which is inconceivable cannot be identical with that which is conceivable; hence any inconceivable personality that may exist in the future cannot be a continuation of present personality, and is therefore irrelevant to the question as to whether or not we are personally immortal.

When one says of himself, "I am immortal," he speaks of that of which he is thoroughly cognizant, of that of which he has a distinct idea; as is proved by the fact that he makes use of a word to express that idea. The question whether that which one signifies by the use of the term "I" has an eternal duration, is the only question of personal immortality that ever has been or ever can be discussed. Let us, then, inquire whether that to which one refers when he uses the pronoun "I" is eternal. To illustrate, let us suppose that this word, instead of being used in its present significance, were used

to signify all that lies within the speaker's range of vision at the time he makes use of the term. Yesterday, a man, standing in a certain place, looked upon the landscape that spread out before him, and said, "This is I." To-day, having passed beyond this view, his eyes were resting upon an entirely different scene; and again he says, "This is I." Now, since only that which is within the range of vision can be called "I," the "I" of yesterday must certainly have ceased to exist; and if he should continue throughout an infinite future to look successively upon different scenes, calling each one "I," keeping in mind that the scene and not the seer is called "I," what would be observed would be not one eternal "I," but a succession of scenes, each one of which would be "I" until it had passed from view. In the actual use of the word "I," each one of us is doing something very similar to this, the only difference being that instead of using the term "I" to signify that which is within the range of vision at the time we make use of the term, we use it to signify that which is within the range of consciousness at the time we make use of the term.

We are certain that what one signifies by the use of the term "I"—in other words, oneself—cannot consist of anything beyond the range of consciousness; for, as we have observed, one is thoroughly cognizant of that which is signified by the use of the term "I," and he cannot be cognizant of that which is beyond the range of consciousness; therefore the question whether or not one is personally immortal is the question whether that which is at present within the range of consciousness will continue there forever. There is within the range of consciousness nothing but one's experiences, in other words, one's mental impressions; and of other self—other personality—than that which is constituted by these mental impressions, it is impossible to conceive. These mental impressions, it appears, are not eternal; for to say that the years pass is to say that the mental impressions made by the years pass; to say that we see creation and destruction continually going on about us is to say that the creation and destruction of mental impressions is continually going on within us. Seeing, then, that these mental impressions, which are parts of oneself, are temporal, how shall we escape the conclusion that oneself—one's personality—is temporal? for that which is eternal cannot consist of temporal parts.

One has mental impressions that are so enduring, that occupy

one's consciousness so much, from childhood to extreme age; and that retain so much of their original freshness, that they may, at first thought, seem eternal; but sufficiently deep reflection must convince us that all of these impressions are made of one common stuff, and that they have one common destiny. When the sculptors began fashioning the great Egyptian sphinx, natural forces began the obliteration of the work; and though so feebly have these forces contended against the resisting rock, that after the lapse of thousands of years but slight impression has been made; yet we know, since time stays the sculptor's hand, while natural forces are forever operative, the work of demolition must at last be complete. As the sculptor fashioned the sphinx, so certain environment has fashioned the personality of every human being; and, as any particular environment has but a temporal existence, it can, but for a limited period, control personality; and the personality which is the result of this particular environment must at last succumb to the modifying and molding forces of the environment which shall succeed; just as the sphinx must finally succumb to the various natural forces exerted against it.

Back of the shifting phenomena that we call personality is the eternal essence, that appears in no particular garb of flesh, speaks in no particular tone of voice, smiles and frowns through no particular form or mien of facial features, manifests itself through no particular kind of degree of intellectual gifts; and of which it may be truly said that:

"Never the spirit was born, the spirit will cease to be never;

Never was time it was not; end and beginning are dreams!

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems."

As oneself can exist of nothing else than one's mental impressions, it follows that birth can consist of nothing else than the creation of mental impressions, and that death can consist of nothing else than the cessation of mental impressions. It becomes apparent, therefore, that the creation and cessation of mental impressions, which are occurring through every moment of our lives, are essentially birth and death; that birth and death are not merely the boundaries of each individual existence, but that they are the warp and woof of even the smallest portion of each individual existence.

To believe that the creation and cessation of mental impressions are essentially birth and death, is to recognize the truth expressed by Emerson in his essay on compensation, when he says that the universe is represented in every one of its particles; and we may reasonably conclude that as the globular form of the earth is suggested in every dewdrop, and the theory of evolution in the growth of every blade of grass, so does every part of the life of an individual intimate to us all the great truths concerning birth, life, death and immortality. Within the life of an individual, the birth and death of mental impressions are not the creation and cessation of life; for, though old *impressions* die, life fails not; it is still manifest in the existence of new impressions. If, then, basing our conclusion upon the continuity of law, we may believe that the universe is represented in every one of its particles, we may believe that what is true of birth and death within the life of an individual is true of them everywhere; that nowhere does birth begin, or death end life; but that everywhere birth begins and death ends the manifestations of life. Thus would it appear that never does birth begin or death end the life of a human being, or of any living creature; but that forever does birth begin and death end each peculiar manifestation of life, and each group of manifestations that we regard as a person or as an individual being.

As oneself consists of one's mental impressions, and the mental impressions which at present constitute oneself are constantly fading away, while new impressions are as constantly being created, it is clear that the self of childhood is not the self of mature age, that the self of mature age is not the self of old age; and the question as to which self will, at death, enter upon an eternal existence seems to baffle all attempts to support the doctrine of personal immortality. These several selves cannot coexist, and to assert the eternal existence of one is to deny the eternal existence of the others; while personal immortality is supposed to be true of the individual at every stage of his existence.

Finally, then, it appears that we must conclude that *life* is eternal; but that individual forms of life are temporal. And thus we fall into harmony with the general order of the universe; for matter is eternal, while individual forms of matter are temporal; and though we may range from objects that are as fleeting as the morning mist to worlds whose duration extends through unnum-

bered eons, nowhere, unless the human individual is the exception, does it appear that there is a finite being whose duration is infinite.

Let us now inquire whether, having reached the conclusion that, so far as personality is concerned, man is mortal, we must therefore conclude that death, which we regard as the boundary of this present life, is the beginning of an endless night; let us ask with Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Told to its breathing myriads o'er and o'er;
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation;
A sun-lit passage to a sunless shore?"

In order to ask these questions, let us inquire what has become of the child which one does not now remember, but which through the process called growth has given place to one's present self. Little by little the qualities and attributes which constituted that child have departed, giving place to those which constitute the individual of a more advanced stage, until the child has ceased to exist—until, if death means the cessation of personality, the child is as essentially dead as though on account of death so-called, with all the anguish and the tears, the funeral rites had been performed, and its body consigned to earth to moulder back to its original dust. If it is true that one's past personality has thus ceased to exist, since "one-self" and "one's personality" are synonymous terms, we may say that each one of us who has reached mature age has already given up a past personality, in place of which his present personality exists; and, as this transition has subjected us to nothing worse than the ordinary, every-day experiences of life, which Mr. Holmes metaphorically terms "a sun-lit passage," why should we fear lest our present personality be lost in that final death, which has been called the "King of Terrors," and be succeeded by another personality in a life beyond? In that respect, it obviously could be nothing worse than the repetition of previous experiences, out of which we construct our highest ideals of joy and happiness.

Since it thus appears that a revelation so important depends upon the proposition that every child that we regard as living from early infancy to mature age actually ceases to exist, virtually dies, before reaching that final event which we call death, let us see how true this proposition really is.

If an artisan should disintegrate an old house, and after remov-

ing all the materials of which it was constructed, should build a house of new materials, upon the same site, we should be sure that the new house was not the old house, however close might be the resemblance between them; but if he should gradually remove the materials of which the old house was constructed, replacing with new materials each part thus destroyed, and continuing the process until nothing remained of the old materials, while the fact that the new house was not identical with the old, would be just as real, it would be less obvious; and its obviousness would depend upon the speed of the process. If it were so rapid that in a few days or a few weeks a new house occupied the place of the old one, we should not be likely to be deluded into the idea that the new house was simply the continued existence of the old; but let us suppose that each year the amount of new material made to take the place of the old is so small that a century would pass before all of the original house has disappeared. During that time we should see what appeared to be slight repairs to the old house, but nothing that appeared like a new one; for the new material would itself grow old as the years passed; and during the whole period one family and its descendants might occupy the house, undisturbed by the change that went on; and thus it would appear that what had been seen was the continued existence of the same house, but, at the end of the century, when all the old material had disappeared, the original house would have ceased to exist; and in its place would stand another house, just as really as though the change had been wrought in a single day. In order that we may clearly understand this fact, let us suppose that with the fragments removed in effecting this change, the original house had been reerected upon another site; then, since the same object cannot occupy two places at the same time, the delusion that the new house is but the continued existence of the old is impossible.

In the life of every human being, we observe that this exchange of the old for the new continually goes on; new thoughts, new feelings, new inspirations, new desires are ever supplanting the old; and how can we escape the conclusion that, as in the case of the house which we have just used as an illustration, the old individual gives place to the new individual; that the individual of one's forgotten childhood gives place to another individual of later years? That the body, as well as the mind, is involved in this change, we

must admit, if we accept the deductions of science, for science teaches that the living body is continually parting with portions of its substance, the place of which is as constantly supplied with new matter, so that in a short period of years the entire body is renewed, the old matter of which it was composed mingling with the elements; and through the ceaseless transitions effected by the alternating processes of growth and decay, composition and decomposition, entering into the structure of countless material objects, in a manner essentially the same as that which occurs when death so-called returns the body to its mother earth.

Thus it appears that in the event of what we call living or in the event of what we call dying that which is essentially the same as what we call death actually occurs. It seems, then, that we are correct in concluding that every child that we regard as living from early infancy to mature age, actually ceases to exist—virtually dies—before reaching that final event which we call death; and that one really does, during this present life, part with his past personality. As this surrendering of one's personality during our present existence consists in all the experiences that make life desirable, all that creates within us a longing after immortality, we contemplate it without fear or dread. But this transition of life is effected by a gradual process. What if death so-called is an abrupt transition from one personality to another? Let us try to answer this question. The transit from one's forgotten childhood to one's mature life is accomplished by the development of the physical and intellectual powers; and if we conceive of the time required to accomplish this transition as being continually diminished by a more rapid development of these powers, we discover therein nothing that is incompatible with our highest enjoyment, no matter how abrupt the change becomes, so long as it is regarded as one of an endless succession of like transitions; for man, in his ardent and unbounded desire for higher degrees of felicity, is ever seeking to become more rapid in physical and intellectual acquisition. From this we may infer that if what we call death is a sudden instead of a gradual transition from one personality to another, it can on that account result in nothing less of human happiness.

Let us suppose that the soul of each human being is an entity that is forever distinct from all other spiritual substance, and that what we call death is a sleep from which we awaken to another

state of infancy in which there are no memories of our experiences here. Having thus parted with its past experiences the soul would be without its past personality, would have given up what one calls self; for we have clearly seen that we can think or speak of no other self than that which consists of one's experiences. This would be an abrupt transition from one personality to another; and yet, in what respect is this conception of immortality less consistent with our highest ideal of human happiness, than is the conception in which the future life is the continued existence of our present personality?

It is, indeed, true, that if the same life which is back of one's personality here has a future existence in which that personality is lost, we shall never have the joy of meeting beyond the grave those to whom, in this life, we are bound by the ties of love and friendship; but, if we would reach the correct conclusion, we must observe that in the memory of a loss consists all the pain of that loss—that to cease to remember is to cease to mourn; hence, if one's personality terminates with this present life, only during the brief period between parting with friends and kindred by the brink of the dark river and our turn to be carried by the pale boatman to its farther shore, can we know the grief occasioned by their absence. The darkness of the night that occurs within this interval no dream of immortality ever has or ever can wholly dissipate; but beyond this darkness we see a gleam that betokens the coming of a day wherein life, untouched by the sorrow and the gloom that fall upon us here, may begin with a cloudless morn, and

“All the pathway of its checkered years”

May not be “strewn with ashes and remorseful tears.”

And if all the joys of this present life be given up to make way for greater joys in that life to come, the yielding up of one's personality must be positive gain. Nothing can be more certain than that life in any state of existence must be valued according to the degree of happiness it affords, whether the source of that happiness be found in the life that then is or in the life that was. And, we may believe that each summer sees the earth no less richly robed in verdure and in bloom because the previous year death came to every leaf and flower, so the soul, in its future existence, will be not less rich in joy because it has parted with all that constitutes its personality in this present life.

Just as in our present existence we continue to experience the joys of life at mature age, though we have forgotten our earliest childhood, so in a future life, the soul may be happy though it is oblivious to all its experiences here. Joy will be joy, whether or not it is associated with past joys. In this present life we do not grieve because we do not remember a previous one, therefore we may believe that in a future life the soul will not grieve because it does not remember this one.

But why do we shrink from this idea of immortality, as though to part with one's personality were nothing less than the annihilation of the soul? It seems reasonable to conclude that it is because we are unable to adapt ourselves to changed conditions. We are like the beaver that, confined in a dry pen, still continues to build his dam; or the Indian who cannot conceive of a heaven that is not a "happy hunting ground." We seem to feel that our present desires will endure eternally, and that happiness will come to us only through the gratification of those desires; but we have seen little children sob themselves to sleep because of desires that could not be gratified, and awaken from a calm rest with old desires all forgotten, and the sunshine of gladness upon their faces; and so it may be with the soul when we lie down in the sleep called death.

When a child, falling into slumber, escapes from all thought of grief, it is sufficient to know that joy will attend the waking; it matters not whether that joy springs from the gratification of desires that preceded the slumber or from the gratification of subsequent desires; for the grief that precedes the slumber is grief still, whatever be the source of succeeding joys; and all this must be true in relation to every sleep, even to that whose awakening is beyond this mortal ken.

It is true that to believe that one's present personality will in a future state give place to another personality, is to believe that the individuals now living will cease to live, and that others will live in their places; but what others? Not other souls, for the idea of plurality is based upon difference; and difference belongs, not to the soul, but to the manifestation of the soul; and therefore there can be but one soul—one life—one singer, the number of whose songs is infinite. The personality of each individual is but a single song; and when we hope for the eternal duration of that personality, we mistake the song for the singer.

This one life has manifested itself through all that has ever lived. The life that is exhibited in any human individual began, not with that individual, but has manifested itself through all of his ancestors, brute and human, that ever existed on this earth; and, to be consistent with these ideas, we may believe that it was manifested in an infinite variety of forms before this earth came into being, and that it will continue to be manifested in an infinite variety of forms when this earth has ceased to be. A human individual, like every other organic being, is controlled by two factors, heredity and environment; that is to say, these two factors determine his personality. That which we call the heredity of an individual was, in his ancestors, the result of environment; and thus it appears that, directly or indirectly, personality is solely the result of environment. Everything by which one is environed makes its impress upon him; and it is by these impressions that we recognize one another. When, therefore, we meet among a group of strangers one whom we conclude an old acquaintance, the ground of our conclusion is that we do not suppose that the impressions made upon one life, by its environment, can be transferred to another life that is distinct from that in which those impressions originated; which appears reasonable. But upon the life of every individual is the impress of the environment of his ancestors; and not only his immediate ancestors, for the study of embryology, together with research in other fields of science, seems clearly to have revealed the fact that there is upon the life of every individual the impress of that which environed the organic world long ages ere man had yet appeared upon the stage where he was to be the chief actor. And why shall we doubt that the life that bears the impress of all this past environment has dwelt amidst that environment, any more than we doubt that the impress of a human face upon the photographic film tells toward what object the camera was directed when it contained that film in its sensitive state?

If we cannot be assured that the life that is manifested through any particular individual to-day is the same life that was manifested through his most remote ancestor, we can scarcely be assured that the life that is manifested through that individual to-day is the same life that was manifested through that individual in his childhood, for the character of the evidence in each case is precisely the same. It is no more logical to assert the plurality of life

because it is manifested through countless organisms than it is to regard a traveler as having a different identity as often as he is transferred from one conveyance to another. The leaves that trees put forth in spring are not the manifestation of new life but new manifestations of the same life that was manifested by the leaves of previous years; and we may regard all the life that has existed on this earth as a greater tree, on which the various animal organisms are the leaves that, like those upon the literal tree, fade and wither and fall, and are succeeded by other leaves.

There is another way in which it becomes apparent to us that back of all individual existence there is but one soul. It is true that not only organic forms, but inorganic as well, are controlled by their environment. We are controlled by our immediate environment; but our immediate environment is controlled by that which is remote, and that which is remote by that which is still more remote; and thus, however far we reach out into space, we find all things interlinked, so that a change anywhere must produce a corresponding change everywhere. In the same way is everything that has existed in the past interlinked with everything now existing. We must believe, therefore, that there is nothing so remote in time or space as not to effect that which exists here and now. We are in accord with this belief when we hold that all life is one; and that the words and thoughts and deeds and all the various experiences of each human individual, as well as individuals themselves, brute and human, are but the ever-varying, ever-passing manifestations of that life. But if we believe that the personality of each human being is to exist forever, we must so far ignore the principle of continuity as to believe that somewhere in the universe there is a region whose existences remain unaffected by the changes that are forever occurring here. Thus we should depart from what, in other matters, we regard as a correct principle of reasoning.

Let us suppose that we believed that the cloud that we see floating in the atmosphere above us, momentarily changing its shape and scattering its mist as it journeys across the sky, until at last it vanishes from our sight, did not really cease to exist, but in some mystic realm forever retained its individuality. When we ask ourselves which of the several shapes assumed by the cloud while our eyes rested upon it would be the one with which it would be identified in its eternal existence, why one of these forms any more than

another, knowing that the various forms could not coexist, and realizing, too, that an object that by its very nature is forever changing could not become an unchangeable one without thereby losing an essential part of its identity, such an idea would become to us a chimera that could find lodgment in no rational mind; and yet just such a chimera as this seems the belief that the personality of an individual has an eternal duration; for we are cognizant of the cloud only as we have a mental impression that vanishes precisely as the cloud vanishes. The mental impression is, while it endures, like each of one's mental impressions, a part of oneself; and as this mental impression vanishes as the cloud vanishes, we have the same reason for regarding this part of one's personality as temporal as we have for regarding the cloud as temporal. And, as every mental impression ceases to exist as certainly as does the object that causes the impression, it is inconsistent to believe that oneself—one's personality—is less truly temporal than are the vanishing clouds.

Whenever we are conscious of death or destruction anywhere, something that previously was part of our personality ceases to be; and whenever we are conscious of a new creation anywhere, something is added to our personality that was not previously a part of it. In the creation of everything in the universe we, as individuals, are created; and in the destruction of everything in the universe we, as individuals, are destroyed. But of the soul, of which all personality is but the expression, we may truly say:

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

As science extends her reign, the ghosts and goblins that have haunted us through an intellectual night are fading away; and though we may be less willing to part with a pleasing phantasy, still we may believe that in the clearer light of a later dawn, we shall awaken from the old dream of immortality as from the veriest night dream; and find it as grotesque and full of incongruities.

EVERETT C. BRAINARD.

SUBCONSCIOUS MENTALITY.*

The intricacy of subconscious mental action is almost beyond comprehension, and quite beyond recognition in usual ways by the ordinary mind of the world. It is possible, however, to study its laws and to understand their modes of operation. From observations already made it seems probable that if this realm of mental action were properly studied, the most and perhaps all of the perplexing phenomena of life would be explained; and it is certain that on this plane of subtile activity, which rests just back of the everyday consciousness, a great variety of actions of a seemingly phenomenal character occur in perfectly natural ways.

These modes of action, since they are beyond the range of vision of the Conscious Mentality, are not recognized in themselves, and their results upon the conscious plane are usually attributed to whatever the mind of the material personal observer may chance to hit upon as the most plausible explanation of a phenomenon which is not yet understood, even in its most external expression.

This hidden reservoir of force, with its subtile powers for operation in all the fields of action of human individual life, is herein dealt with under the heading of "Subconscious Mentality." It is the mind of the human being, operative on a plane of life-action not recognized in the usual state of waking consciousness and not depending upon the five senses for action or for power. This phase of Mentality is sometimes spoken of as "The Subconscious Mind," and by some it seems to be considered as a mind *per se*, and capable of operating independently of certain other mental forces.

But the spiritual mind, not the body, is the man; and man is necessarily ONE. Thorough investigation gives no warrant for a theory of duality of mind with the Individual, or of a double personality, in itself. Duality of both *faculty* and *function* of the personal mind, however, is both natural and practical, and becomes the easy conclusion of every complete experiment. In some lines of experiment the faculty which is under observation is readily mistaken for the mind itself; and under this mistake the theory of a "dual mind" may easily become established with the investigator.

The Subconscious phase of mental action constitutes a *plane of action* of the mind of man. The man, himself, is a unit; ONE BEING; spirit. As such, he has functions of being, three in number,

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all distinct, each one easy to examine on its own plane and under its own laws, all being capable of proof and demonstration in understanding when these requirements are fulfilled. These three functions of individual being are the Soul, the Mind and the Body. The Soul has its faculties and its functions, and so has the Body; but our purpose here is to examine and understand the Mind, and to gain knowledge of its faculties, functions and powers.

The most important faculty of the mind is its Individual Consciousness. It operates in ways so intricate and so different, and in each instance so unknown to either of the other two states of consciousness, that it has become divided, in our comprehension, into three phases of consciousness or planes of action, on all of which the mind must function in order that it may evolve a full manifestation of individual life. These three planes of action must all be considered as mental, because the Understanding of the mind is involved in all their operations. They are defined as conscious, subconscious and superconscious mentality.

The term "Consciousness," as used in this analysis of the functional activity of the mind, signifies that state in which the mind is operative during the waking hours of external life, and in which the personality is aware of its surroundings and conscious of its own acts. It is commonly, though erroneously, considered to be the only *conscious* state enjoyed by man during physical life. This is sense-consciousness, however, and in it man is involved in the limitations and illusions of the external senses.

The superconscious realm or plane of action relates to that state of spiritual activity of the mind in which principles are recognized and comprehended through understanding, and in which illumination material and personal affairs remain unrecognized, or, at least, are ignored as unreal and unimportant.

Intermediate to these two planes of consciousness is found the subconscious realm. It relates directly to all that vast amount and great variety of action that is so evidently associated with individual life in all of its most important details and which relates in some way to every faculty, feature, function or organ of both mind and body, yet is unknown in sense-knowledge and impossible to explain from a physical standpoint. Its action evidently operates under the guidance of intelligence and through an intricate understanding of laws and principles as expressed in individual life. It.

therefore, belongs to the mind, and it distinctly operates in the body, producing the functional activity of the body at all times, though without sense-consciousness of the fact. It evidently is the controlling agency both of the functional and the organic action of the body, whether asleep or awake. Its operations begin at birth and cease only when the mind leaves the body at death.

In subconscious action the mind does the most of its bodily work. By it the physical body is built and sustained through chemical action more intricate and subtile than any form of chemistry known to scientific men. Any course of action that interferes with the natural movements of the subconscious mental operations may arrest action and cause chemical disintegration. This would be the natural result of a mental cause, the operation belonging to the realm of Subconscious Mentality. Most action in life, however, is judged by a material standard, and physical results are commonly attributed to material causes, even if a vivid display of imagination be required to provide a plausible excuse for the hypothesis.

The coarser of these results are pronounced physical, in both cause and effect; those belonging to the next finer grade are judged externally as the direct physical results of sense-action and power; while those showing a little more intricacy are attributed to the mind as their cause. But usually the seeming mystery as to how the action obtains and by what means it is reproduced in physical life, is little understood. These phases of action in life are commonly considered as natural phenomena, not to be understood and beyond control. Frequently, the more mysterious of these are passed by as the results of chance or as mere coincidences, while little attention is given to examination of their character or inquiry into their nature or their source.

Next in order come those evidences of action that the senses cannot in any event examine and that the mind is unable to judge by any of its external rules. This is where speculative philosophy begins, and the sense-reason undertakes to account for action beyond its limits by theories built upon those same limitations. All such theorizing falls short of actual knowledge, and never accounts for any of the facts.

The most, if not all, of these mystifying phenomena, are directly or indirectly the natural results of subconscious mental action generated in the minds of the individual, the group, the community,

the nation or the race. This opinion is not based upon theory alone, and it is not newly fledged. It is the result of twenty years of study and observation and of nearly as much time spent in constant experiment, research and demonstration through the use of the mind in healing practice and in developing the mental faculties through teaching metaphysical and philosophical principles. Large numbers, even societies and bodies of scientists, are constantly searching in earnest though vain effort to account for the various phenomena observed, on the ground of the supposed laws of action already accepted by their schools as fundamental and true; but they die as ignorant as they have lived, so far as actual knowledge is concerned, because the real source of the action remains hidden and its presence is never even surmised, though close at hand in the subconscious mentality of their own intelligence.

When the modern elaborate and intricate physical processes that have received so much attention during the mechanical age are abandoned, when physical interests to test non-physical action are laid aside and the finer instruments of reason and perceptive thought are brought into play in the mental realm where all causative action in personal life has its seat, then experiment may be expected to yield results, and knowledge be gained that may enable us to reach just conclusions and establish adequate theories for further experiment and higher tests. This cannot even be begun, however, until the hypothesis of subconscious mentality is accepted, tentatively, at least, as the \times quantity or number for the working of the problem. It is because the material scientist never does this that he never gets any experience of the kind necessary to prove the facts.

The spiritualist, also, in his vain efforts to "materialize" his spirit-friend, in order to bring him before his own material gaze, instead of *consciously spiritualizing himself*, in order that he may see his friend on the ground of his *more real* being, remains entirely on the personal ground of deluded material illusion; and after fifty years of spiritualistic phenomena that have surprised the world, and the making and holding of several millions of converts, mostly firm believers, he knows no more to-day than when he began, of what spirit is, what its substance, what degree of intelligence it possesses, whether more or less than when the person was here, what his occupation, condition, state, or power for

action, or what the phenomenon of materialization is. Not one of these questions receives any definite answer or intelligible explanation from modern spiritualism.

The theologian, also, studying souls with the avowed purpose of "saving" them, has so persistently held his eye to the glass that looks toward separate and even *material* personality that the phenomena of his subject—the spiritual man—have remained unexplained, and he utterly fails to regenerate even the *mind* of man. And to-day, after several thousands of years of earnest work, with millions of converts and grave errors without number to be laid at his door, he knows no more of the real origin and character of man or the true nature of the soul than did the misguided and fanatical religious theorists before him, who have speculated since the time of Confucius and Buddha.

And so it has been in every line, with each investigator who has trusted to sense-evidence or based his theories of life and being upon either materiality or personality. All such look for material signs, and are "doubting Thomases" until they see them; and they base action upon sense-functions, placing so little reliance upon mind as never to discover its innate powers. They scoff at the statements of sub-conscious and super-conscious states, ignore the soul and its qualities, and are blind to spiritual intelligence, activity and power. What, then, should we expect from their efforts and their doctrines? The efforts prove fruitless, and the doctrines are empty of truth. Both matter and the personality are the nothingness of reality, and from nothing, nothing can come. The problem is simple and direct.

Experiment with the mind, applied through the right exercise of its own faculties, according to its natural laws, shows conclusively that the action of every phenomenon associated with any of the phases or functions of individual and personal life on the external plane, is natural with the Subconscious Mentality, and can be examined there, through understanding of the subconscious powers and laws; also that when understood it can be used for any legitimate purpose in life. This statement is far-reaching; the fact is not overlooked, however, that thousands of all classes stand ready to deny the statement; but there is not one to support his denial or to prove even the first step in his own theory. Not one has a proving ground of demonstration in human life. The Metaphysical

system of human philosophy, however, provides just such a ground, in the HEALING POWER OF THE MIND, in which results physical, sensuous, mental, moral, and spiritual are readily produced by every one who becomes acquainted with the philosophy and assimilates its ideas. This, we feel, is our strong foundation; and through work on it we become acquainted with man on all the different planes of his active being, and understand his nature to the extent of effectually working the problems that have baffled all classes of investigators. This does not mean that there is no more to learn; the field of wholeness is infinite in all ways, and the process of learning must be endless. But, having the key to understanding, in the fact of man's consciousness on the different planes of his existence, each problem that is properly worked renders satisfactory results and proves the hypothesis to be right.

But what is subconscious mentality? Can we define it more intelligibly and understand its workings in a more practical way?

In the first place, to answer these questions we must give a little more thought to the original consciousness and see how it ever became subconscious. This is a term that relates to the external plane, yet not entirely to external consciousness itself. It is *sub*-conscious to the external, worldly, waking consciousness of the personal man, but not to the real man of spirit consciousness itself. There it probably would not appear; but its definite actions would stand as real parts of actual consciousness. Subconscious mentality is the operation of the spiritual intelligence of man when he turns his attention to self-existence but is not yet entirely given over to sense-evidence. In it he individualizes his universal spirit-nature. As soon as the mind gives itself entirely to the evidence of sense, it enters the external sense-realm, and, as it seems to itself and to others under the same degree of illusion, becomes "conscious." In this state of sense-mentality, however, man is not conscious of any of his spiritual activities, and the real forces for both intelligence and consciousness disappear. Such of his activities as remain operative within him, and which now relate to individual self-thought, are considered subconscious. These are highly conscious, intelligent and knowing faculties; they now relate to his life here, and they keep him in a state of life and intelligence, in spite of the delusions of his sense faculties, which, if allowed full sway, would deprive him of all reason and leave him in idiocy.

It is this organized mentality, spiritual in its real nature, but now turning its attention outward, by which act it becomes sub-conscious, that constitutes the "Chemist in the laboratory," who builds, maintains the integrity of, and uses the body. All of these modes and varieties of action are entirely unknown to the personal-sense mind, which claims the body as its own. This external mind barely knows how to use the body as an organic instrument for the most common of operations, such as walking, lifting, eating, etc., and it does not exercise any marked degree of wisdom even about these things. It scarcely knows enough to select suitable materials to eat to enable the body to maintain its physical integrity. Such judgment as is exercised in that line is usually more of the nature of what, with animals, is commonly called instinct; and the fact that no two think or act alike on such questions shows the absence of law in the matter. The disaster that so frequently overtakes people after exercising this function of material life according to animal appetite, bears out this illustration of the lack of wisdom displayed by the sense-mind.

But, subconsciously, the mind knows all these things to a nicety; and if the selfishness, conceit, and obstinacy of the sense-mind can be withheld, and the subconscious mentality be given a chance to assert itself, a perfect degree of wisdom will be displayed in the selection of materials for the rebuilding of any part of the body. This selection is made through the medium of the natural appetite; not in an almost insane self-desire for indulgence of emotion through taste in the use of palate-tickling viands, but in a vigorous and natural call for food, such as comes through natural hunger (never in a craving) and is expressed through a calm but steady call continuously made for the same article. When the physical system has become depleted in any part, requiring certain chemical constituents to resupply the waste and restore its integrity, if an opportunity be quietly given, without any obtruding of self-wishes, or pandering to desire, exactly the right kind of food to resupply that particular waste will always be called for in the manner described. Under a perfect application of this rule the selection will invariably be some article which contains the chemical constituents of food in such a state as readily to be assimilated in the system, and made applicable to the particular requirement of the case in hand.

This call is many times made strong and clear, over and above

all other actions and rules of life; and in all such instances, if it be obeyed, benefit results. The universal accuracy of these decisions shows a remarkable degree of intelligence operative subconsciously, and is quite incomprehensible in sense-undertaking. The external mind, even in its greatest display of wisdom, cannot equal it; and in so-called scientific understanding the physician is frequently horrified at the seeming unreasonableness of the demand. The chemist, architect, and builder of the human body has the knowledge as well as the ability, but sense knows none of it and is helpless. The builder is the mind—the real man, always alive, always awake, and ever active. Though it is now partly deluded by the idea of separate being, yet it still is remarkably intelligent in the comprehension of the more subtle laws of external life, both mental and physical. This same mentality keeps the heart in action and the lungs breathing, carries on the intricate chemical operations of digestion in all its stages, and the assimilation of food as constructive material. It builds cells, constructs tissue, establishes systems of nerves and nerve centers, and does all with a degree of wisdom that, by comparison, puts all the knowledge and power of the external mind in the shade. Yet it is **THE MAN HIMSELF** who does this work, and on the plane where he does it he is perfectly conscious and intelligent, understanding every law with which he operates.

The theologian avoids the dilemma caused by the recognition of greater power in man than sense and reasoning can account for, by asserting that God does all this work for *each one* of his "little flock" of dear personalities; but this brings the Infinite Deity down to the finite plane of personality and makes the Infinite Mind, which includes Truth and Reality, personally concerned, often in most trivial ways, with finite action of illusion and error; and besides this it makes God busy with details beyond any possible conception on our part of *even a spiritual* personality, even when we stretch our imagination to its fullest extent in wild speculations about the infinity of number. Any idea of being that could be described as a personality, even infinite, if that were possible, would be incapable of performing so many acts as separate personal life demands for *all*, and any such thought must be speculation only. Any being actually infinite must necessarily be above the notice of the separate actions of a finite life.

That the Infinite performs all that is done in the being and life of man is freely admitted; but it is conceived as the "Infinite" that is within man himself—the divine intelligence of his own being; that which thinks, feels, knows, and acts, in the care of all parts of his own being, and in the interests of his own needs. It is God, but in his form of Divine Manifestation in the being of man, not in the fundamental state of Deity. God watches over man when he watches over himself, and helps him when he helps himself—never at any other time; and it is always the spirit of God which is incarnate in man, and which, by that manifesting incarnation has become man, that does the work. As such it is man himself and should be so judged, for two reasons: First, to attribute to God all of that which is not consciously understood, is to shirk responsibility for what we do in life and to become indolent and apathetic as regards conscious exercise of our faculties; and, second, such judgment leads to personal interpretation of the idea "God" and sinks one deeper in the illusion of *separate being* for both God and man.

The materialist brushes aside the perplexing thought of the controlling power of subconscious action in bodily function, with a wise look, which may serve to hide his ignorance of the intricacies of the subject and his failure to discover anything by experiment; and, with the statement of "unconscious cerebration," the action of "physical function," or "distorted appetite," which he thinks should always be thwarted in its purpose, he leaves his victim to find his own way out of his trouble. Too often this is the final result of contact with the man of learning, who, dupe of "hard study" that he is, knows so much from books filled with the empty words of vacant minds gone before, that he has no time to *think*, and cannot tell what to do in cases where even the mind of a child, in quiet but forceful thought, may produce an activity that will work a cure.

Subconsciousness also has its distinct mental features that are even more wonderful than its operations in the physical system. The mind thinks about the things of this life in subconscious action; and on even the simplest question only a fraction of the action involved is interpreted by the sense-mentality, the balance taking activity only in the subconscious realm of the mind. That is to say, *the whole* of the subject is comprehended subconsciously, but only *a part* of it is recognized in sense-consciousness; and it is always

the most external part that is so recognized. The sense-consciousness becomes confused, overburdened and soon forgets what it deals with, but the subconscious mentality faithfully retains every thought, deed, or action, and can reproduce it, to the minutest detail, at any time when suitable conditions become established.

Whatever takes form consciously in the mind, also takes form subconsciously, and to a fuller extent. The sense-consciousness of the occurrence fades and disappears; sometimes gradually, and at other times almost immediately. But the subconscious mentality performs the act fully and retains its own clear impress of the deed as a permanent record of what was done. While physical life lasts this can be recalled and reproduced at will, by giving it sufficient attention; and while the individual life continues in conscious mentality this memory should remain intact.

If it can be demonstrated that the state of consciousness known as "subconscious," persists after the distinctly personal characteristics have disappeared, it may, perhaps, be shown that subconscious memory of *personal events* continues as a conscious activity after death. Definite proof, however, is yet wanting, and the intricacies of subconscious mentality are so numerous and so subtle that the action involved in the various phenomena met with in investigation of the matter of direct communication with the spirits of departed personalities, is easily traceable to a possible subconscious intelligence of those still living this external life. The normal powers of a subconscious mentality are sufficient for all the spiritualistic phenomena thus far produced, and, in fact, vastly more. By direct experiment, honestly conducted, frequently it is shown that much of the action commonly supposed to be possible to man *only after death*, is the most natural operation, through the subconscious faculties, of the minds of the living who have been mentally associated with the personalities or connected with the circumstances and conditions of the case, either consciously or subconsciously, or by means of the natural reflection of thought-action through mental pictures operating from mind to mind in the realm of mentality.

In order that a just judgment on this subject may be rendered, there must be a deep understanding of these intricacies of subconscious action, because such knowledge prepares a foundation for dealing with consciousness in all its phases, without which there can be no right recognition of spirit or spirit-life. It has already

been demonstrated in many ways that subconscious action and power of the human mind exist that frequently reach heights of mentality so great as to be incomprehensible without deep and exhaustive study. It is also a fact that most, if not all, of the phenomena usually attributed to spirit-intervention can be produced at will by the mind when its powers are properly understood. It would seem, then, to be our duty first to fathom this reservoir of active power of the minds of the living, before going beyond, possibly to attribute our own acts to the innocent ones who have passed to a state of higher consciousness.

When we understand the activities of the subconscious mentality of the living, realize their powers and scope of action, and have tested them until we know their *limitations*, if phenomena still occur that do not find explanation here and cannot be accounted for by known laws of action, then we may be justified in making an hypothesis of the departed spirit. But while knowledge of what the mind of the living man can do here is confined to the limited realm of the external senses, and the reason based upon sense evidence, we are too densely ignorant for even an hypothesis to be necessary. Let us learn what is before us, and then go forward rejoicing in the strength of truth understood.

The realm of subconscious mentality is a universe in itself; and it seems to be the entire individual universe, so far as human life is concerned. Theoretically, and for speculative thought, this, like any other subject, is of little importance—really none. But practically, as a means of understanding man's powers, abilities, and operative forces, it is of the very greatest importance; because, the subconscious realm of action covers and fully accounts for a large variety of the subtle phenomena that constitute problems to be studied by man; and for lack of understanding of its perfectly natural powers other and misleading conclusions are daily being rendered. To think wrong is to do wrong, to be wrong in life, and eventually to be compelled to retrace *all* of the steps taken in the wrong direction. And still more important is the fact that while believing a wrong theory one's usefulness among his fellow-men is *nil*, and it will be fortunate if he is not a serious obstruction because of his spreading of false doctrines.

The facts of subconscious mentality and its tremendous influence in life, can be investigated and proved by any one who is free

enough to learn and sufficiently industrious to carry on the work. It is operative all the time with every one. Every-day life is filled with its experiences, often misunderstood and usually attributed to something unknown and unknowable. All organic and functional action is attributable to it, and to it alone, as previously described. Much of the mental action, also, belongs with it and is most interesting to study. The action of the mind in dreams, so incomprehensible to people in general, is the operation of the mental faculties while the sense-consciousness sleeps. Two distinct kinds of dreams are common with people. First, there is the dream which, being a mixture of action occurring on both the conscious and the subconscious plans, without the guiding influence of intelligence or the impelling choice of the will, and seen by the mind as a mixture of pictures of action, without meaning. This is a confusion of thought-imagery caused by sense coming in to take possession of the faculties; or, more correctly, by the mind taking on the sense-conditions of separate consciousness for another period of waking consciousness. In this phase of dream nothing is intelligible, and the dreams cannot be interpreted. They have no definite meaning and they betoken the confusion attendant upon the mind's change of base of consciousness from sleep to the waking state. There is an entirely different kind of dream, however, which, in the study of subconscious mentality is more fruitful of results. This is the dream in which one sees people with clearness, converses, receives definite information, and sometimes formulates plans for future action. These dreams are always vivid, usually quiet and calm even amid what sense-thought would consider to be danger. If the dreamer awakens during or at the conclusion of this dream he retains a clear memory of it. These dreams are frequently verified by future experience. They prove that while the senses were in abeyance the mind was awake, active, conscious, intelligent, and in communication with others. This line of action, followed out in thought and experiment, will prove volumes of power and action not heretofore understood. The matter is so important and so interesting withal, that it will be made the subject of a separate paper, therefore it receives only a passing notice here.

Another valuable contribution to the power to investigate mentality is the fact of Thought-Transference. In this any careful and observing person can quickly satisfy himself that minds can

communicate without sense-action, and during sleep as well as in the waking state. This subject will also receive independent treatment, so space need not be taken here for more than a passing notice, to call attention to the fact that thought-transference is also a subconscious action, and that if understood as such and used with that knowledge it may help to unravel many an otherwise unsolvable problem.

The fact of the power and clearness of subconscious mentality is also illustrated in the action of the mind in dealing with problems that are not easily understood in conscious thought alone, and which sometimes prove impossible of solution by the closest concentration of conscious attention, but which, left without attention for a time, are brought to a conclusion without more conscious effort, and the solution comes before the mental vision instantly, as a completed work.

Your boy spends the evening in anxious effort to solve that troublesome problem in mathematics on which he failed in school. Baffled and disappointed, his brain is too tired (as it seems) to make further attempt, and he abandons it with no conscious knowledge gained about it and seeing no possible way of working it. He sleeps the deep, quiet sleep of the tired youth, and awakens in the morning to find, with his first conscious thought, that he knows just how to work that problem; he sees the rule and the solution clearly pictured in his mind. To put the problem upon the slate, now, is the work of but a few moments.

What has occurred here? When he retired he did not know how to solve this problem. He abandoned the work with no conscious power to find its solution; yet in a flash he has it all completed, without effort. This is one of the mighty powers of the subconscious mentality. On that plane all knowledge relating to human life and individual being is present and ever active. It is a reservoir to which the mind may go for information. But it must go in quiet and in peaceful attitude, else the impress of the image of the idea to be dealt with will not appear. In the state of anxious effort the conscious thought-action is not sufficiently quiet for this operation, and no information is received. In peaceful sleep this youth forgot external consciousness, and his mind searched out the necessary information on the subconscious plane, where it was stored and fully accessible. The same thing occurs during waking conscious-

ness whenever one who has any kind of a problem to solve—mathematical, scientific, moral or philosophical—withdraws from the external influences of sense-action and its consciousness, and concentrates his thought entirely upon his subject. The light of the consciousness of truth shines within him and he sees that to which other eyes are blind. He does not need either to sleep or to die in order to accomplish this; he can do it anywhere, under any circumstances, if he learns to withdraw his thought from sense and external surroundings and holds his mental forces exclusively to the one purpose.

Memory is another feature of subconscious mentality. In the realm of the subconscious there is the most perfect system for the recording of events as they take place; and the workings of this system are absolutely accurate and without flaw in operation. Here the intelligent mind has a perfect record of every event that has transpired in his consciousness, and it may be recalled, or its details recollected, for use at any time. The matter of a seemingly poor memory, or one faulty in its workings, is a matter of ignorance of the nature of this function of the mind and consequent failure to exercise it aright. The memory is a function of mentality, operative through the imagining faculty. It is subconscious in its actual workings, but may be used by the mind, consciously, as an instrument for remembrance of events. The subconscious faculties are involved in the recording operations of memory, hence its great power and faultless action. The subconscious memory is thus an intelligence operative in the form of permanent consciousness of *events*; or, an individual reproduction of the unit of spiritual knowledge. The operative action of memory being subconscious, its conscious reproduction is practically automatic after the first impression is made with clearness.

The only conscious effort necessary to accurate remembrance, is, that the event to be remembered be clearly impressed in mind, together with all particulars necessary or desirable to be operative in the culmination of the remembrance. To accomplish this the mind should note carefully the idea on which the act is based, and see, as clearly as may be possible, all its features of action; then note its purpose and the use to which it is put, in the transaction. Next add to the conscious recognition any detail of result, and whatever it is desired to hold in readiness for action, and the date or time at

which you wish to remember the occurrence. This, clearly evolved in conscious thought, will be recorded subconsciously, and retained for use at any time. It never tires, fades, or deteriorates in power; and when the time that was set in consciousness for its revival arrives it will be precipitated, as it were, into the conscious realm of mentality; and even if the person be asleep it will arouse him sufficiently for the thought to recur. All of this may and often does occur in mind without there having been any intention or plan to remember the incident. All that is necessary is that the mentality shall be allowed to operate in natural ways, and the remembrance occurs, at times even against one's desire.

An entire volume could easily be written on the fascinating subject of Subconscious Mentality, and it is impossible to do it justice in this one paper. The aim here has been to call attention to the fact of its powers and importance, and to arouse individual thought on the subject, in which event many mysteries will be solved and many truths discovered; for in the realm of Subconscious Mentality lies hidden an entire universe of mental action.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

LIVING WITHOUT MEDICAL TREATMENT.

To me the question is of very little moment whether morphia or opium will relieve pain, or whether such and such a medicine does one what is called "good." *The problem worth solving is how to get out of this wretched state altogether.* To put ample patches here and there is, at need, a grateful task, but what is compared to the idea of a suit that will stand wear and tear without the aid of patches? Instead of tinkering the constitution with a dose of this or that, suppose we can reach a stage where this method of recruiting vitality is crude and childish.

—Arthur Lovell.

Health is man's highest good, disease his greatest curse. There is no need of being sick. It is even a positive disgrace, to say nothing of its self-denial, expense, pain and so on. Medicines, however, do not constitute the chief element in curing disease, and when given on any other principle than as food and drink, they are positively injurious.

—M. F. Rodermund.

The more we investigate the domain of Will the more hopeless becomes the task of defining its precise meaning; for Will is the Motherhood. It is the fire of life.

—Arthur Lovell.

THE MYSTICISM OF THE ASCETIC.

Asceticism, being a subjective volition of the mind, has ever been a spiritual ideal of the race. The prototypes of the Nazarite or Buddhist devotee is lost in the prehistoric birth of the races. The story of human perfection and happiness in Paradise, was handed down as a condition, or quality of being, the realization of which brought a peace, the consummation of which was attainable. The state of innocence was misconstrued as a quality of divine purity, which could be attained, though titanic struggles with the sensuous were requisite.

The secret of the attainment of this life of virginal innocence, this principle of ecstatic being, was believed to have been enfolded in the eternal mysteries of the semi-angelic life of the mythical Adam. That the fruit of this tree of life was worth the culture, seemed to be a latent memory, lying like a chrysalis in the mind of man, awaiting the climacteric of the soul, when it would burst with the glories of purity and immortality.

The earliest conception of this ideal in man was not in the development of the later Hebraic materialism; that was degeneration. The emblem of the Tree of Life, stood out in the consciousness of man, as the Idea of Renunciation. Abstention from the desires of carnal nature, sacrifice of the ambitions of material power, denial of the comforts and satisfaction of vain appearances, were the common acceptances in the search of the great Truth.

Man's early history, except in those instances mentioned in Biblical accounts, could not have been normally spiritual. Should we accept the theories of science, we may understand why the materialistic elements of prehistoric man predominated over the finer qualities of the mind. Man, in his conflict with Nature and her creatures, required all his energy, in the physical subjugation of the world. Not until this was done could mankind feel at liberty to undertake, to know and to conquer man's physical temptations.

Undoubtedly, the nature of man in these early ages must have suffered a partial elimination of many spiritual elements, yet the traditions and folklore, from all sources, converging to the individual, in that then small family of man, must have been latent with many mysterious suggestions of what may have been pre-existing recollections of the divine spirituality and power of man.

So, when the dormant germ of divinity was warmed to renewed

life and action, when individuals felt the commanding, though quiet, impulse of reviving conscience, when the spark that had been smouldering for centuries burst forth into flame, the world was prepared to appreciate and admire the superhuman qualities that were required in a struggle, where man or woman relinquished the possible pleasures of the world; sacrificing all that appeared real, for the vague and indefinite attainment of a purity, wherein was the realization of the highest hope. The recluse, then, early received a respect, nearing veneration, which in the blind faith of man, often assumed a trust in him tempered to the prophetic.

Asceticism, from the first, partook of different forms, mainly from the inherent nature of its devotees. In the extreme East, the Buddhist's idea of divinity was to rise above earthly existence, by overcoming all desire, even the primary desire of purity. Indeed the state of Nirvana, or conscious rest from transmigration, was so enviable a state that the devotee of Buddha found it no superhuman effort to force innocuous bliss into the soul of a comatose body. From the point of view of the Buddhist, though it may not be the opinion of the western mind, "Existence is the evil and non-existence the good." The cause of evil is ignorance, which cleaves to *maya*, appearances or objective life, this ignorance propagating infinite generations and transmigrations for the soul so ensnared by the world spirit. Freedom from desire results in Nirvana, a subjective divinity, wherein the subject is embraced by the Universal Spirit.

The Brahmanic idea is that all reality is but the One Soul; all else is misery and hallucination. In this knowledge is the sole Freedom. Absolute perfection lies solely in the realization of this thought. To live and believe differently results in an eternal life of births and deaths, while the caste of the Sannyasi achieves the attributive life in the Soul of the All, before the earthly life has passed, and in ecstatic periods obtains glimpses of his future state—a glorious, divine, yet passive immortality.

It is, therefore, with a feeling of complete satisfaction, a condition which the western mind rarely experiences, a pleasing, all-consuming thought, that the Yogi can enter the mysteries of asceticism and in the quiet of solitude, partake of the universal Spirit of the All. His mind is easily subdued, the contrast between his

wretched earthly life and his glorious immortality is so vivid that no conflicting desires overcome his will. He is free from worldly ambitions and animal appetites. He squats firmly on a spot supposed to be sacred and incorruptible. There he remains rigid, with the meaningless imperturbability of a sphinx, his whole mind on the attainment of his soul's purity and the emptiness of material realities. It is thus that the Buddhist attains his mystic divinity, looking solely at the point of his nose and faintly murmuring Oom! Oom! Thus he rots into immortality. The mystic of the East, believing that our idea of finiteness is delusion or *maya*, offers the ecstatic lapse into the Universal as the only reality. However, it may be that Nirvana is nothing, only to those who do not attain it.

With the Oriental asceticism—the Persian, Chaldean, Judaic, Arabian and Egyptian—there was a dissimilar motive for its mysticism. The idea of Deity is entirely different, is more personal. The world is not viewed in the light of transmigration. Existence is not a pain; nor is the future a horror, to be avoided by a living death.

In the Occident life is misery. In the Orient there is no pessimism; life is happiness. So the Chaldee must really sacrifice something worth while if he wished to become a recluse; or, if he sought a knowledge of Deity and Destiny in his astrology, he must needs surrender the luxurious life of the Orient to the intensity of a will bent on wisdom. What the mystic imaginations of these Chaldeans were is lost in the mounds of ruins that contain for the future successful explorer only mines of interesting research.

In the Judaic, like the Iranian, we have a record of the rules and results of an asceticism, which guided a materialistic race from the beginning of the world, by a mysticism that was and is believed to have been the Voice of God, speaking through those men, who by their austerity in an age of licentiousness attained a divinity within themselves, which spoke with the tone of Supreme Authority.

The Nazarite, whose rule of life is definitely set down in Numbers VI, was a man whose purity and purpose was so supremely spiritual that he was venerated even above the priests. It was this ideal of manhood, who after forty years of preparation could lead a nation out of the bonds of Egypt; who could express God's law only as one who had been with him face to face. While the

Hebrew mind honors the family life and reveres the marriage ties, yet it was the ascetic characters of their nation who have given it its advancement in physical and spiritual development. It required a character like Joseph in Egypt to obtain mastery; an austere spirit like Daniel to preserve the Jews throughout three dynasties in Babylon.

Such sublime men as Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekial could not have prophesied with so forceful a premonition and fearlessness and be tolerated or heard, had their lives not been of an ascetic and noble motive. No doubt, the mind disassociated from the world, disinterested materially, absorbed solely in spiritual thought and prayer, who through the solitudes of years and the imaginative meditations on the Being of Deity and the condition of man, is better fitted, if not divinely appointed, to speak with prophetic truth, and mankind have always listened to this class of men in awe and veneration.

Egyptian life has always had its examples of asceticism. In Egypt all is symbolism; here the mysticism of austerity entered into all the forms of worship. While many of their priests, like those of the Jews, were allowed the privilege of marriage, it was the priests of Seraphis who exercised the greatest moral influence on the masses and mainly through their monastic system of living. Egyptians were alert for the mystic emblems of virtue. The sacrifices for virtue were taken as the signs of perfection, of divining, of pagan seership, and the Ancient Mysteries no doubt received many of their mystical invitations and obligations from the austere principles of the higher Egyptian religions. Egyptian mythology, though, of course, idolatrous, did not contain the immoral ideas of Persian, Grecian or Roman licentiousness. The very nature of Egyptian climate made life sensuous, but it was an abuse and not a ceremony. All the principal ideals of Egypt either show a Judaic influence or an innate idea of spiritual good and material evil. The symbolism in Osiris and Isis is death and resurrection, and this idea lived and died before the Jews anticipated the Messiah.

The Arabian has practiced asceticism to a great extent, but the racial characteristic, wiliness, has always overshadowed the austerities of its greatest prophets. Take Mohamet as an example. If his years of meditation and abandonment in the cave of

Mount Hara are true, they lack the element of sincerity in subsequent years of incontinence. An idea that purity was essential to receive the message of Allah should have kept a true character forever after, untainted from intercourse with Kadidja.

The asceticism of Greece, though rare and without spiritual influence, is worthy of mention. The wisdom of Thales was not such as the voluptuousness of a Solomon would develop; its logical soundness presumes austerities in those early Grecian times. It is said that Pittacus, another philosopher of that time, never drank anything but water and is jocularly referred to by Goodrich as the first temperance man on record. Bias, another philosopher, said: "Riches are but playthings; my only real treasures are my thoughts."

Pythagoras was probably the first of Grecian mystics believing that souls of men transmigrated at death into the bodies of birds and animals. Although he left no written thoughts his disciples have credited him with most sublime and original ideas. His life was one of strictest austerity, and only those of his pupils who attained the greatest degree of purity were allowed to discourse with him face to face. His mind was filled with the love of the East, and until recently his imagination was considered the most prolific and original of the Greeks. Among those Grecian philosophers who were exceedingly austere may be mentioned, also, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Diogenes, Socrates (though married) and Plato. Many of the symbols of the Mysteries of the Greeks were inherited from the fertile imagination of Pythagoras, and there is no doubt that the Mysteries contained all the vague languages of the soul and all the analogies of nature and mind that pertained to the mystic dreams of immortality.

Plato is the world's greatest mystic, more mystic than Spinoza or Swedenborg. As Emerson has said: "Calvinism is in his Phædo; Christianity is in it. Mahometanism draws all its philosophy in its hand-book of morals, the Akhlak-y-Jalaly, from him. Mysticism finds in Plato all its texts." Living after Plato we cannot hope to be original in any mystic thought; his great mind absorbed it all and his great imagination is given to the world in his Dialogues. The memories of our transmigrations, Plato said, are the foundations for all our conceptions of the sublime and beautiful. What we have experienced in heaven we see again

here in our earthly imaginations. What is beautiful to us here merely resembles the heavenly beautiful which we saw before our soul left God.

Thus it is seen that mystic asceticism is not original with Christianity. It is said that some Roman Catholic missionaries in China, discovering the fully developed monastic life of the Buddhists, looked on it as the devil's caricature of their system. "The first Christian hermit," says Schaff in his *History of the Christian Church*, "Paul of Thebes, is traced back to the middle of the third century, but is lost in the mist of fable; St. Anthony, the real father of monks, belongs to the age of Constantine. At the time of Cyprian there was as yet no absolutely binding vow." And yet about this time Plotinus wrote: "You can only apprehend the Infinite by a faculty superior to reason, by entering into a state in which you are yourself no longer, in which the Divine Essence is communicated to you. This is ecstasy. It is the liberation of your mind from its finite consciousness. Like can only apprehend like; when you thus cease to be finite you become one with the Infinite. In the reduction of your soul to its simplest self, its divine essence, you realize this union, this Identity."

While most mysticism seeks only the beautiful, as in Plato and Milton, many have imagined and perhaps created the horrors and sufferings of hell, as Dante and Swedenborg. As an example of this order, let us cite Porphyry, who believed in *dæmons*, which were supposed to pursue souls but lately disembodied. After being freed from the chains and pains of the body, "fluttering in its newly gained freedom and the sunshine near its late home, among the trees in the fields, it soars through the air on its journey upward. But afar off the soul sees, high in mid-air, a troop of dark shapes, and as they approach they seem to grow out of the airy recesses of the distance—forms invisible to man—and with them specter hounds, whose baying, spirits alone can hear. As they approach the soul recognizes its enemies. In a moment it is flying away, and after it they sweep, pursuers and pursued, with many a winding and double mount in the air. At last, hemmed in, the soul is forced, in spite of the desperate side-long dart, which had all but eluded them, down into the body of a beggar's babe or of a slave's.*

*From R. A. Vaughn's "Hours with Mystics."

"One of St. Anthony's visions is not without grandeur. The brethren had been questioning him one day concerning the fate of departed spirits. The following night he heard a voice saying: 'Anthony, get up, go out and look!' He obeyed and saw a gigantic figure, whose head was in the clouds and whose outstretched arms extended far across the sky. Many souls were fluttering in the air and endeavoring to fly upward past this dreadful being. Numbers of these the demon seized in the attempt and dashed back upon the earth. Some escaped him and exulted above, while he raged at their success. This he was given to understand was the rise and fall of souls."*

Many of the early Christian sects—the Manicheans, Marcionites, Ebionites, Docetics, etc.—no doubt obtained their doctrine of asceticism from the life of Christ, but the office of the Saviour of the world is higher than any man dare presume. It is inconceivable that the all-loving Christ should love one being, male or female, more than all mankind, and the Person of Christ was too high, too pure and divine to be bound to any woman. It is sad to think of the awful tortures and self-inflicted cruelties, the debasing barbarity of the Gnostics, practiced in the belief that they were imitating and meriting rewards of Christ.

The fanatic mystic has persisted in lashing himself into a fury over sin, lacerating and emaciating himself in a vain attempt to expiate the evils, for which Christ is the only propitiation. The Montanists, in their vagaries, became so convulsed that they were worse than the howling dervishes. The sounds of the musical instruments and the groans and shrieks of the devotees over their sins created a wild, contagious mania of self-spoilation—frothing at the mouth, plunging knives deep into their flesh—until overcome, they were a sacrifice to their own fury.

Marcion's system contained the principle that God is so absolutely good he cannot be in harmony with any matter. He believed the world was created by the devil and all the carnal desires were but the work of Satan; that God has only once revealed Himself, and then in Christ; that the spiritual only is real, and that it is the life the Christian should constantly lead.

The Docetics believed the human element, in the Person of Christ, was a deceptive appearance, mainly to give man the oppor-

*R. A. Vaughn, "Hours with Mystics."

tunity of witnessing the Messiah, and that Christ lived only spiritually on the earth; hence all Christians should treat the humanity of ~~their~~ nature as hallucination. Such was the impulse that drove the ~~Docetes~~ into seclusion. The superspiritual motive of this sect made its mysticism an awful conception. Their cosmology consisted of an infinite abyss, into which God sent forth æons for development. These attributes, or Pleroma, such as wisdom, power, life, reason, spirit and truth, are in eternal conflict with the Kenoma or the power of the darkness and emptiness of the material world. The Demiurge or creator is of the Kenoma, in contrast to the place of Jehovah with the Jews. The redeeming æon of Christ descended and assumed the ethereal appearance of a body at the baptism and forsook it at the Cross.

As Gibbon wrote: "Thus, according to the Zend Avesta, it is by the Word (honover), more ancient than the world, that Ormuzd created the universe. This Word is the logos of Philo, consequently very different from that of Plato. It is from this mixture of Orientalism, Platonism and Judaism that Gnosticism arose, which has produced so many theological and philosophical extravagancies, and in which Oriental notions evidently predominate." It was more from the philosophies, than it was from the life of Christ, that the early Christian asceticism arose. In all the recorded sayings of Christ there is very little that is mystical. He offers no ecstasies for the meditations of his disciples. His promise is of immortality. Thus the early Christian doctrinaires, seeking in philosophy for some confirmation of their belief, stumbled on the conceptions of Plato, and overcome by his orientalisms, their imaginations seized upon these mysticisms of the spiritual. Had they accepted a dualism of the two doctrines, instead of attempting only to reconcile the mysticism of the spiritual to Christianity, much of the fanatic conflicts between the practical Christians and the Neo-Platonists would have been averted.

Origen, Plotinus and Porphyry were probably the chief Neo-Platonists. Origen was so imbued with the idea of asceticism that he "disarmed the tempter," as Gibbon expressed it, and his example was followed by thousands of fanatics, who sought by this means to attain the visions of mysticism and at the same time satisfy their ideal of Christian living. Such was the spirit of the

early hermits, but later the philosophic motive was lost in the spiritual ambitions of the Middle-Age monks.

Thus John of the Cross, in *The Obscure Night*, wrote: "I went out—that is, of myself—out from my own poor, feeble manner of knowing, loving and tasting God. I went out unassisted by any action of own powers, while my understanding was wrapped in darkness, while will and memory were overwhelmed with affliction. I went out, abandoning myself in pure faith to darkness—that is, to the night of my spirit and my natural powers. This going forth has crowned me with happiness, for I have been straightway elevated to operations entirely divine, to most familiar intercourse with God; in other words, my understanding has passed from a human to a divine condition, uniting myself to God by this purgation, my knowledge is no longer weak and limited as formerly, but now I know by the divine wisdom to which I am conjoined."

Such was the thought, that, in the Middle Ages, sent thousands of monks to the monastery. Of course, many were not sincere, but merely vampires on the ignorance of the people, but with the true Christian members of the order the motive that prompted their zeal was no doubt mystical as well as spiritual.

Savonarola was the chief mystic of the Renaissance. An ascetic by vocation, a man with a visionary imagination, buried for years in the solitary confinement of the monastery cell, he dreamed of a great reformation—the regeneration of the world and the Church. So, overwrought with his idea, his meditations carried him beyond the present, and his prophecies that were afterward brought to pass to the letter, made the Florentines of San Marco revere him as a divine prophet. However, his power waned before the Pope, through whom he was ensnared into a self-martyrdom. The following extract from a sermon shows his likeness to Isaiah: "O, Lord, thou knowest I am willing! Take me, stretch me on Thy cross. Let my sweat be anguish. Lay me on the altar; let my blood flow and the fire consume me. But let me be Thy witness."

Dante, another ascetic, though he loved a woman, was also an expression of the mysticism of his age. His *Divina Commedia* is probably the world's masterpiece in imagination. No celled hermit could have had more horrible visions of human passions

of hell, purgatory and the night of the soul than this genius of mysticism. No saint had more glorious visions of paradise, heaven, or the grandeur of the soul's flight in immortality. The spirit that could describe these conditions in so beautiful terms must have had a life of visions in harmony with his great work.

Spinoza was another mystic. He is the Euclid of Theology. Novalis called him the God-intoxicated man. Spinoza and Descartes formulated many original idealizations from his marvelous brains. Cousin said of Descartes: "After having run round the world, much studying men on a thousand occasions, on the battlefield and at court, he concluded that he must live a recluse. He became a hermit in Holland." He believed it no inconvenience and appreciated the retirement as the life for his work.

Swedenborg, as Emerson describes him, is the typical mystic. His conception is a vague and mysterious idea of the spiritual world. He is indeed the first great modern spiritual medium, claiming to have seen dead friends and relatives in the active spiritual world. He is indeed a mystic, and so mystical that it is doubtful if any one has ever fully understood his teaching.

Behmen was the development of the early German mysticism, and though an ascetic of austere type, he was thoroughly Christian. To the pantheist, who asked him if he believed in a God, the heart and life of the universe, the soul of the world, he answered: "Yes, but I do not believe in a God who is a mere vital force, a God of necessary process, a God lost in the matter he has created."

Kant, the great idealist, was also a great mystic, but his idealism was not that of the ascetic; it was the logic of his great reason. Novalis,* though he married late in his short life, has left many writings which would have done credit to the most ascetic saint. He said: "The true philosophic act is the annihilation of self. All fabulous tales are merely dreams of that home world, which is everywhere and nowhere. The first man is the spirit seer; all appears to him as spirit. What are children but first men? The fresh gaze of a child is richer in significance than the forecasting of the most indubitable seer." Carlyle in writing of him said: "He loves eternal Nature with a singular depth; nay, we might say, he reverences her and holds unspeakable communings with her, for Nature is no longer dead, hostile Matter, but the veil and myste-

*Friederich Von Hardenberg.

rious Garment of the Unseen; as it were, the voice with which the Deity proclaims himself to man. The Invisible World is near us, or, rather, it is here, in us and about us; were the fleshly coil removed from our soul, the glories of the Unseen were even now around us as the Ancients fabled of the Spheral Music. Thus, not in word only, but in truth and sober belief, he feels himself encompassed by the Godhead, feels in every thought that 'in Him he lives, moves and has his being.' Novalis said: "There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Bending before men is a reverence done to the Revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body."

Probably the greatest mystic of to-day is Nordau, though many acclaim the symbolist Maeterlinck as *the* mystic. Nordau would deny that he is mystic, but his work on Degeneration shows that he has deeper insight into human character, literature and art than any other living writer. In ridiculing mysticism he wrote: "Now this state of mind in which a man is straining to see, thinks he sees, but does not see—in which a man is forced to construct thoughts out of presentations which befool and mock consciousness like will-o'-wisps or marsh vapors—in which man fancies that he perceives inexplicable relations between distinct phenomena and ambiguous formless shadows—this is the condition that is called Mysticism." By this definition and his writings, he classifies himself. His work is great in its originality, its conception, relative comparisons and marvelous imagination.

It may be said of the mysticism of the ascetic, that though in the opinion of the twentieth century it is useless, out of date and a morbid form of insanity, it has, in its time, achieved results most beneficial to Christianity, most noble for the souls sacrificed to its cause, most sublime for the lives that would have achieved more honor in the fields of action and the material struggles of the world. Though we may regard it as fanaticism, we should only judge it in the light of our understanding of its motives, sacrifices and achievements, of which we may be entirely ignorant.

"Who contemplates, aspires or dreams is not
Alone: he peoples with rich thoughts the spot.
The only loneliness—how dark and blind!—
Is that where fancy cannot dupe the mind."

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

REINCARNATION AND CHARACTER.

"If a man die shall he live again?"—Job xiv, 14.

The question asked by Job is the most momentous ever propounded by or to man. And upon the answer which each human being finds in his own mind and consciousness depends the view he will take of life and its uses, its duties, and his own relations to his fellow-men. And upon the answer to this enigma depends the solution of another question: "Is life worth living?"

If this life is all, then I think in the vast majority of cases it is not only not worth living, but its trials, pains and miseries would induce us to cast it away as soon as possible.

It would seem that the great number of those, who, like the Sadducees of old, "say there is no resurrection"—no future life—can hardly be sincere in their declaration of faith. If they were, the percentage of suicides would surely be greater than it is. They certainly must have some hope for a future existence, or they would not endure the condition of hopeless misery of the race—But that the dread of something after death—that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, must give us pause, and makes us rather bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

Nearly all of the old theologies taught the doctrine of man's immortality in some form, and it will readily be perceived what an influence the different forms of this belief exercised upon the characters of the nations who held them.

The Scandinavian mythology represented heaven as the place of reward for victorious warriors, where their days were passed in the bliss of again fighting with and slaughtering the shades of the enemies they had conquered in earth life (who were the residents of hell), and the nights in drinking mead from cups made of the skulls of slain foemen—for the Scandinavian races were the fiercest and most warlike conquerors and pirates that the world has seen.

The ancient Greek filled his ideal heaven with forms of beauty, and his gods were but incarnations or symbols of the divine attributes: wisdom, love, justice, etc. Under the influence of such ideals the race excelled in evolving forms of beauty, in sculpture, painting and poetry, in philosophy, oratory and the earlier forms of science.

The mythology of the Hebrews, was, insofar as we can learn from their Bible, purely materialistic—without belief in, or hope for,

any future life. The life and characteristics of the race were strictly in accord with this materialistic belief—cruel and revengeful, slaughtering and enslaving most ruthlessly the inhabitants of weaker nations, yet they were destitute of the bravery inspired by a faith in a future state of being, and so fell an easy prey to all the conquering nations. Held in abject subjection to their priesthood, and compelled to furnish sacrifices *ad libitum* to the altars, yet the rewards promised for these sacrifices and for good behavior were confined to temporal and physical matters, such as help to steal their neighbor's property; long life; or increase of flocks and herds.

The priesthood of Christianity, seizing upon the literal meaning of the Oriental symbolism used in the Gospels, formulated the monstrous doctrine of the orthodox heaven and hell, and predicted the eternal doom of human beings upon their belief in certain dogmas, or creeds; a belief impossible to many, because incompatible with common sense, and with those principles of justice which all reasonable beings recognize as one of the highest attributes of the Deity.

From whence they derived the authority for this doctrine of salvation by faith is a mystery to many. It surely was not founded on the teachings of Jesus. His doctrine, as taught by himself and his apostles, was preeminently that of works. He says, "not to every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall the kingdom of Heaven be opened, but to him that *knoweth* the Father's will and *doeth* it."

As with the nations of old the result of such doctrine is apparent in the rule of the law of selfishness, with its train of evils—dishonesty, greed, oppression, uncharitableness, adultery and murder. At the end of a life which was perhaps utterly misspent, all that is required of the sinner to entitle him to a free pass to heaven and a seat among the saints and martyrs is *belief*. No restitution of ill-gotten gains. No undoing of evil deeds. The soul that has passed through life filled with hate for all who opposed it—that never thrilled to a higher aspiration than the lust of gold—that was "of the earth-earthy," is supposed through the reception of an instilled belief, and the laying aside of its bodily clothing, to become so changed as to be fitted to reap the highest enjoyment from a condition of absolute purity. The base love of wealth is to be converted in a moment into adoration for God, and all the petty spites, and hates, and heart-burnings into celestial love.

What object, then, can men whose natural leanings are not in the

direction of good have for the avoidance of evil, when they are taught that the punishment of that evil can be so easily and surely avoided?

It is true that there is a vast number of orthodox Christians, professed believers in this doctrine, who are virtuous, loving and charitable people—true followers of the precepts of Jesus; but they are so, not because of, but in despite of, the orthodox faith; they do good, not from the hope of heaven or fear of hell, but because it is their nature to do good. And why they possess that nature we will discuss later.

The Theosophical Society has no creed in relation to this or any other matter. Theosophists, however, have a well-defined and well-grounded belief in a future life; and they name it the doctrine of reincarnation and karma.

Believing firmly in the immutability and sufficiency of the natural laws as being manifestations of the wisdom of the Infinite Spirit, the faith of the Theosophist in the working and results of the great law of evolution is unbounded.

In the vast succession of the interwoven links of the wondrous chain of evolution, that, beginning in the rock leads up to the soul-conscious man or woman, he finds no breaks, no sudden changes from condition to condition; each change of form only takes place when the subject has become fitted for the new condition and surroundings. He also finds that with each advance in the scale of evolution the limitations of form and matter become less and less cumbersome, and that the steps in advance become more rapid. The rock, immovable, unconscious, obedient to the laws of gravitation and expansion only represents the utmost degree of limitation of matter and the greatest duration of form. But when in the slow course of centuries it at last becomes disintegrated and changes to clay, and finds re-birth in the vegetable kingdom, the roots are still attached to the soil, but the limitations of matter are so far relieved that its sap can rise and fall under the influence of the genial sunshine, and its leaves and branches wave in the breeze; it unconsciously manifests the first principle of love in directing its energies to the propagation of the seed, and the first principle of worship in struggling towards the light. In the next great advance, to the animal kingdom, the limitations of matter are again greatly lightened, allowing of free movement, choice of food and location,

natural selection and a measure of intelligence to adapt itself to surroundings and profit by experience.

Passing to mankind we find the same rule obtains. Exactly in proportion to his evolution do the limitations of form and matter become less onerous. Matter, which was, in the lower forms of evolution, the jailer, becomes in the higher grades the tool and the servant of man. Obstructions of matter which in the case of the savage man stand insurmountably between himself and the accomplishment of his desires, are, in the case of the more highly evolved or civilized man overcome or removed without difficulty; he using, in obtaining his freedom, the very agencies that in former states of being held him on bondage. From the fetters of matter in which he was bound, he forges the keys that open, one by one, the doors that lead him to the realms of ultimate and glorious freedom from the restrictions and limitations of matter and form. Yes, freedom—for he sees no reason why God's law of evolution—evolving suns and systems from the dust of chaos—working upward from the inert rock to the conscious, thinking, acting man, should stop there—become inert and incapable of further manifestation. At the base he sees rock, incapable of thought or motion—at the top, intuition, reason, analogy, all point to the future condition of *freed spirit*—a pure, incorporeal intelligence, capable of performing all its desires—of giving effect to its will—without the use of the clumsy implement of matter—an existence free from all limitations of time, space, matter and ignorance; in harmony with the universal spirit, because loving all things; enjoying absolute happiness and freedom from care because "it sees the end and knows the good."

In the working of this grand law of evolution he sees no vast bounds made from one condition to another. As he knows that the savage does not spring at one effort into the enlightened man or woman, reasoning from analogy he cannot believe that the average human being—savage or civilized, vicious or virtuous, ignorant or learned—can pass, by reason of the mere laying aside of the body, to the condition of pure spirit. In fact such a change would amount to practical annihilation; for a person of wicked and selfish character and impure life, and all of whose impulses and desires arose from physical causes, would, by being converted suddenly to the condition of an angelic being, be utterly deprived of identity, and loss of identity amounts to annihilation.

The Theosophist or occultist recognizes the spiritual principle in man as the real ego, and in the physical body but the instrument which, in its present state of evolution, is necessary for giving manifestation to the will of the real, invisible man. As the mechanic, the artist, the scientist, are, each and all, constantly seeking for improved tools and appliances, better fitted to give form and effect to the clearer ideas and higher aspirations of their evolving minds, and gladly throwing aside the old and less complete instrument to replace it with that better adapted to their needs, so the real ego, the spiritual, invisible man, finding the old body worn out or unfit for giving manifestation and effect to his conceptions, or to enable him to gain the necessary experiences for development in knowledge and harmony with the ALL, lays it aside by the change which we call death, and invests it with a new one better suited to the manifestation of that will or the gaining of that experience.

This change—this laying aside of one instrument to take up a better one—the Theosophist calls "*re-incarnation*."

It will be acknowledged that absolute wisdom is one (and a principal) condition of that state of happiness to which we all aspire. *Experience* is the tree from which the fruit, wisdom, must be gathered. It is impossible to enter fully into sympathy with any condition of which we have no personal experience. We can form no just judgment of the actions or motives of others who are living under different conditions from ourselves, because we have no experience of the feelings, temptations or necessities of that condition. To gain this wisdom we must place ourselves in the same condition, and use the same instruments.

Let us again illustrate from the physical plane: If a carpenter finds that it will aid him in his business to gain a practical knowledge of iron working, he must lay aside the plane and chisel, and accustom himself to the use of the file and the sledge. His surroundings are changed from the open air and sunshine to the gloom of the shop and the glare of the fire; but he is gaining experience. Does the chemist desire to acquire the knowledge of surgery, he must exchange his laboratory for the horrible surroundings of the dissecting room, lay aside the crucible and scale to handle the scalpel and forceps; but he gains an absolute experience that no reading, no teaching from others, would have given him.

When Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, determined that

Russia should have a fleet and become a maritime power, he did not place his dependence on others for the knowledge of how ships should be built. He resolved to acquire that experience—that wisdom—himself; and mark the vast change of condition and surroundings involved in gaining it. Appointing a council to govern during his absence, he laid aside the purple and ermine of the emperor, and donned the coarse blouse of the workman—cast aside the scepter, and took up the hammer, laid down rank and even personal identity, and, under the humble name of Peter Michaelhoff, hired out as a workman in the great shipyards of Saarbruck. For a long time he so fully identified himself with his surroundings, working, eating and lodging in a manner so exactly the same as that of his fellow workers that his identity was never suspected by them. Here was a vast change of conditions indeed; but he gained the experience—the wisdom—by which he raised his empire from a fourth-class to a first-class power.

The law of re-incarnation provides the means for the ego, the real but invisible man, to acquire these varied experiences of different conditions—this wisdom—which it would be utterly impossible to acquire in one (even the longest) earth-life, and which it would be as foolish to expect to acquire by the mere change called death as it would be for the savage to think that by laying aside his feathers and paint, he could at once become possessed of the wisdom of the philosopher.

Re-incarnation supplies the means; but the succession of these states or conditions, like all else included in the Divine plan, is not left to blind chance, but is governed by an immutable law—a law which causes the experiences, thoughts and actions of one life or manifestation to govern the selection of the conditions of the next life; and this law the Theosophist calls “karma.”

The first objection urged by all unbelievers to the doctrine of re-incarnation is: “If I have lived in this world before, why can I not remember it?”

The answers to this objection are many, and yet so palpable, that the thought of each person, if left at liberty, would supply them.

You cannot photograph the world on one plate—you cannot write the history of a nation on one sheet of paper. The physical brain is the instrument for recording events or impressions on this plane; and it fails to record all the incidents, recollections of even one

short life. How many more incidents in the lives of each of us are forgotten than the number that are remembered? The physical memory is a mere camera, photographing more or less distinctly the objects that pass before it, and could no more record incidents of a former incarnation than could the camera record events that happened before that camera was made. But even in the present life there are many experiences which, while totally forgotten, yet shape our characters. The child burns its fingers—the incident is forgotten, but the experience remains, and for the rest of life it avoids touching fire. The professional man or the mechanic knows that certain things must be done or avoided to arrive at a desired result, but they could not recount to you the various experiences of success or failure by which they arrived at this knowledge.

So there is the sub-conscious memory of the spirit, in which are stored up the results of previous experiences, and the manifestation of this memory is what we call "character."

Thus the man referred to in the beginning of this paper, who lived a good and pure life, because such was his natural bent, without fear of punishment or hope of reward, acquired that character by the memory of the spirit. He is one who in previous lives has experienced the evil effects of certain acts and avoids them intuitively; recoils from them as does the burnt child from the fire. His physical brain or memory contains no record of these errors or of their consequences. His brain could not record facts which occurred before it existed; but the conclusions drawn—the result of these experiences—are stored up in the memory of the spirit and manifested in that "character."

While confined by the limitations of matter, the spirit can only use the material instrument in manifesting on the physical plane; but when at last these limitations are removed—when all experiences are attained—when entering the domain of the formless as pure spirit, then will the restrictions on memory be removed and in the light of the *wisdom* acquired during all these battles, and defeats and victories, will be attained that condition in which the liberated ego knows all things—sympathizes with all things—and, loving all things, enters into absolute harmony that infinite spirit of whom it is said "God is love."

CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

THE HIGHER AND THE LOWER MEDIUMSHIP.

There can be no question in the minds of all true students of science that every endowment, every attribute and every quality of man's nature was created for some good purpose, and that it is only when directed into wrong channels or used for ignoble ends that it calls for censure or condemnation.

One of the questions most frequently asked in regard to spirit-phenomena is "Why is it necessary for us to employ 'mediums' in order to obtain communication with the spirit world?" and the majority of those who ask the question feel that a species of favoritism is shown by spirit intelligences, and are inclined to resent it, much as they might if a dear friend should communicate with them only through letters addressed to a third party.

This is not the correct attitude, and cannot be maintained when one fully understands the nature of mediumship. The fact that some individuals have been endowed with certain psychic susceptibilities should excite no more wonder or doubt than does the fact that some are endowed with musical genius, some with artistic talents, and some with a gift for oratory or poetry; nor can we doubt that the one is any less divine in its origin than the others.

It is highly probable that the development of purely psychic powers is within the reach of most individuals to a certain extent, just as most persons can by diligent labor learn to play the piano or draw a fair picture. But few people give any attention to the cultivation of these powers; and it is well that this is true, for until the laws that govern them are more generally understood, their employment would in many cases be attended with danger.

Those individuals commonly known as mediums or sensitives are the instruments through which spirit-intelligences are best able to communicate with mortals, and their employment is no more an evidence of partiality on the part of those intelligences than that of the telephone would be. We do not refuse to accept a telegram because we cannot go out to a telegraph pole and draw off a message for ourselves. We do not refuse to listen to Beethoven's music because we are ourselves unable to compose divine symphonies. A person who is unacquainted with the French language must employ an interpreter if he wishes to communicate in that tongue; we talk with a friend at a distance through the medium of the pen, the telegraph or the telephone; with one in the same room through the

medium of speech. In any case, communication on the physical plane can only be carried on through the use of *some medium*. On the psychic plane, Mind speaks to Mind, and Soul to Soul; but when a spirit-intelligence would hold communion with one who is unable, on account of physical limitations or because of a lack of development, to use this method, some medium must be employed; and so far from attempting to detract from mediumistic gifts, we should consider them of high importance, to be dedicated to most sacred uses, and carefully guarded against prostitution of any sort. It is greatly to be deplored that these powers should ever be dominated by a commercial spirit and given over to the acquisition of wealth. But there is no God-given talent that is not liable to abuse, or that may not be used for ignoble ends.

The phases of mediumship are diverse and are for convenience divided into two classes, physical and psychic. It would require too much space and is unnecessary to enter into a detailed description of the various forms of physical mediumship with which many of our readers are more or less familiar, but we will say in passing, that these should never be sought for the gratification of mere idle curiosity and no medium who appreciates their true import will consent to employ his talents for such a purpose.

Psychic phenomena are those that come through the mind of the medium, and it is just here that the greatest mistakes are made in the matter of development, and here that the greatest danger lies. There are two distinct lines of development, and both lead to the possession of psychic powers. One of these is the path of Common Mediumship, which is the one ordinarily taken by those endowed by nature with psychic gifts. The other is what is called by advanced Spiritualists the Higher Mediumship, which is acquired by those who have attained some considerable degree of Self-realization, and who may or may not have been especially sensitive before the spiritual awakening.

Now, although the same apparent end may be gained by following either path, so far as the attainment of psychic powers is concerned, it is the Higher Mediumship that we should seek to cultivate, for it comes through the true spiritual unfoldment and conduces to the highest spiritual welfare. It belongs to every individual and is capable of infinite development. This path all may seek, not only without danger, but as a safeguard from every evil; and while it is

not certain that the particular phases most desired will be speedily gained, that which is most needed will certainly be found. This Higher Mediumship is greatly assisted by Concentration and Meditation, and is the opening of the inner ears to the voice of the Spirit.

In the case of Common Mediumship the mind of the medium is acted upon from without by an unseen operator, in the same manner that the mind of a hypnotized subject is acted upon by a hypnotist. Just as there are varying degrees of consciousness in the latter case, so there are varying degrees of spirit control. Impressional and inspirational writing and speaking are common phases of mediumship, as well as trance work, and the difference is one of degree. Clairvoyance and clairaudience are most frequently produced in this way. When a medium of this kind hears something that is not audible to other ears, it is not because such words or sounds have actually been produced, but the impression of such words or sounds has been conveyed to him by suggestion. In precisely the same manner, a clairvoyant may believe that he sees what is taking place at a distance, or that spirit-forms are visible to him, whereas it is simply a mental picture that is conveyed to his brain by some skilled operator. It is probable that in spirit-photography there is a slight materialization, not sufficient to render it visible to the eye, although it is capable of affecting a sensitized plate. This, however, does not, of course, come under the head of psychic phenomena.

Thus we can readily understand how a clairvoyant may be shown the pearly gates and golden streets of the New Jerusalem, or white-winged angels with golden harps, as well as trees and gardens, birds and other animals.

As regards the Higher Mediumship, however, the case is different. Here the soul is brought into direct communication with Truth itself. Realizing his own identity with the Master Mind of the Universe, the medium becomes at it were *en rapport* with All Truth, and experiences at times, though perhaps not continually, the God-consciousness that brings with it a sense of omnipotence. Upon this path also one may attain clairaudience, clairvoyance, and all the varying degrees of inspirational writing, but there is no longer danger of delusion, for the Soul that knows Itself cannot be deceived.

That variety of mediumship which has probably attracted the

widest notice is what is known as the trance. There are many eminent writers who hold all unconscious mediumship to be dangerous, and who contend that the highest intelligences never employ an unconscious medium, just as there are also many who condemn all hypnotism as dangerous, and all who exercise hypnotic control as charlatans and unscrupulous usurpers. But all such wide-sweeping assertions should be avoided, and we should never forget that every condition has its own wise purpose and place in the divine plan.

That there is great danger in submitting oneself to the influence of an unknown hypnotist, few will question; yet the fact remains that a careful and conscientious operator possesses a power of inestimable value to the race, since it is possible for him to render severe surgical operations painless where the use of chloroform would be attended with danger, to restrain vice, prevent crime, and by suitable suggestion direct the attention to higher things.

Just in the same manner there is danger for one who lends himself indiscriminately to unseen influences and allows himself to be controlled by every wandering spirit. Trance mediumship should be resisted until the real selfhood has gained the mastery over the apparent self. It should be permitted only on the path of the higher mediumship, since it is only after this path has been entered that one acquires the degree of discrimination necessary to guard against deceit. There is such a thing as *knowing one's guide* among the denizens of the spirit world as well as in our own; and while it is not a common thing for the higher intelligences to use an unconscious medium, there can be no doubt that they sometimes do so, when they have a special work for him to do. The condition of such an unconscious medium is not precisely that of the hypnotized subject, however, and in this it differs from that of the common trance-medium, since he is never used until *his own consent* is given, and since it is his body alone that is used as an instrument for writing or speaking, while his own soul, freed for the time from its fetters, is gaining much in the way of experience on the higher planes of life.

There have been marked changes going on during the past few years in what are called the Spiritualist ranks. The dividing line between Spiritists and Spiritualists is becoming every year more marked, and the Higher Mediumship is rapidly gaining recognition.

But we must not make the mistake of condemning the Common Mediumship in toto, as some writers have done. There are hundreds of conscientious mediums who are doing the work laid out for them faithfully, and are struggling heroically against the temptations which beset their way. Many of these have already passed on into the path of realization which leads to the Higher Mediumship, and the number is growing every day. The great attention that is now being given to the study of the mind—to the importance of Concentration, and to Meditation—is having its wonderful effect upon the better class of mediums, and it is evident that the higher intelligences are laboring to bring about a higher type of Mediumship than has yet been known.

Psychic development should always proceed *hand in hand with spiritual development*. To each one is given what his own best interests require, and with this he should rest content. At some stage of evolution psychic powers come to every soul, and we should be devoutly thankful if they are preceded by that awakening of the spiritual nature which is the safeguard against their misuse. For one who has entered upon the path which leads to complete realization, the ordinary temptations of mediumship will have no fascination, but whatever power is gained will be used in the promotion of the higher interests of his fellow-men. Until he has received the assurance *from within* that he will be able to resist the dangers which attend them, no one should seek or desire psychic powers.

To those who are endowed by nature with special mediumistic gifts, a few words as to the methods and conditions of development may not be out of place.

Unless the members of his own immediate family are in perfect sympathy with his aspirations, it is better for the developing medium to sit alone, though there may be cases where the companionship of one or two friends imbued with the desire for Truth may be advantageous. But he should never sit in promiscuous circles, or where there is a single person of doubtful or untried character. Should any influence of a low nature obtrude itself, discontinue the sitting at once, and let it be distinctly understood that nothing of the sort will be tolerated. It will always come to pass in time that as the better influences gain stronger control, they will be better able to protect their medium, until at last he will be

perfectly safe from adverse influences of every sort, and can be used only as an instrument of good. There is no gathering held in the name of religion more sacred than the "home circle," and there are hundreds of these circles held in true Spiritualist homes, of which the outside world has no knowledge. To speak of them to strangers, or to those who have no sympathy with their purpose, would be almost impossible to the devout Spiritualist, but the mighty influence which they are to-day wielding in the world of religious thought is beyond all estimate, and, recognized or unrecognized, it is destined to be one of the chief factors in the world's regeneration.

To New Thought readers it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to explain that the terms "higher" and "lower" are used rather because we have no better ones than because they convey the exact meaning desired. The word "lower" is in no sense intended as derogatory, while "higher" simply implies a greater degree of unfoldment. Where all are God there can, strictly speaking, be no high or low. Some have had larger experiences and some are much older in manifestation than others. That is all. But one who does the work that lies at hand faithfully and gains from each experience all that it holds for him, stands just as high as it is possible for anyone to stand.

ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

The true success is gained when a man is master of himself, though all men be against him. It is obtained when a man can see others growing rich without envy, and without bitterness.

—*Bishop Burgess.*

Cicero derives the Latin term "religio" from the verb *relegere*—to go over again in thought, to contemplate. Servius, Lactantius and Augustin form it from *religare*—to obligate, and hence also to worship.

Spiritism and worship made up ancient religion and thought, and underlie later religions.

Religions have subordinated moral obligation to the idea of the salvation of the individual.

Have you ever noticed that the Bible says very little about religion, and that it never speaks well of religious people?

—*Charles Kingsley.*

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

(PART II.)

Among our various relations in life, perhaps there are none which have greater need of the application of the Higher Thought, than those of "marriage," "divorce" and "malicious misrepresentation." The misunderstanding associated with each of these subjects becomes a source of great human suffering, which could be eradicated by the application of the laws of brotherhood, and a realization of the Divine nature and unlimited power of the individual.

MARRIAGE.

"Not till Love comes in all his strength and terror,
Can we read others' hearts; not till then know
A wide compassion for all human error,
Or sound the quivering depths of mortal woe."

Vital, and far-reaching in its effects, is the sorrow caused through the mistakes which many individuals make in selecting their companions in marriage. It is impossible to read the daily newspapers without becoming convinced that some grave mistake is made by many men and women in their selection. Our courts are filled with divorce suits, and the newspapers tell us a continuous tale of domestic anguish, of ruptured homes, of bitter legal struggles between parents for the possession of their children.

Mismatching in marriage is a pitifully common mistake. Thousands sink in the maelstrom of marital unhappiness with pride-sealed lips. Others, more courageous, or with less worldly pride, seek to break the bonds which have proved repulsive to them, by resorting to the divorce courts; and little need be said of the torture to sensitive individuals which comes through the publicity sometimes given to their private affairs in divorce suits.

Since mismatching in marriage is a mistake which causes such universal suffering, is it not time for thoughtful men and women to make this subject of the marital relation one of deep and earnest study? To seek the underlying cause of this discontent, restlessness and unhappiness in married life, that coming generations may profit by the wisdom so gained? There is no doubt but that those who enter the relation of marriage do so with the expectation of finding permanent happiness. That a large percentage find but transitory happiness or none, no one can doubt with the evidence at hand. That

there is a *cause* for this failure, no one can deny. *What* is the underlying cause would seem to be the important question of the hour.

To those giving this subject but a passing glance it may appear that, if both parties should discharge fully their obligations to each other, and each accord to the other the delicate attentions which are expected, there would be no discontent or unhappiness in married life. Many cases, however, prove the contrary.

Mismatching—incompatibility of natures—is one of the causes, if not the greatest cause, of unhappiness in married life. The only possible excuse for mismatching is ignorance; for, aside from the mercenary marriage, it is impossible that men and women entering the marriage relation, do so with any but the highest motives. Yet many discover, after it is too late, that, while they are legally bound together, there has never been a union of their hearts. They learn, through the suffering their mistake has caused them, that there are higher laws governing marriage, than they were aware of.

We concede that the perfection of the individual through experience and spiritual unfoldment, enables him to realize greater peace and contentment, in whatever conditions he may be placed. The coming into conscious at-one-ment with the All Good, brings to the individual the strength and self-poise which may enable him to overlook the petty annoyances of every-day life, to brush from his memory the seeming injuries of the past, to look only upon the bright and beautiful side of life; and this sometimes renders it possible to live with comparative comfort with another of a quite different disposition.

We have the power within, to mold gradually the personality according to the dictates of the Higher Self. Therefore, if the bond of attraction on the three planes exists between husband and wife, even if their personal characteristics are somewhat unpleasant to each other, through earnest desire and concentration of thought on the part of both these tendencies may be somewhat changed, and both be brought into harmonious relations with the whole.

On the other hand, however, no matter how amicable the social side of their domestic life may be, if unsanctified by personal love—spiritual, mental and physical attraction—on the part of each, marriage would still be but a pitiful failure; for no mere changing of the traits of disposition could alter this instinct of the soul, which says, in unmistakable language, "You are not mine."

The law of repulsion, proves the opposite law of attraction, and the true marriage must be based upon this law of attraction on the three planes.

In striving, then, for purer, truer marriages, can we do better than to seek the solution of this mighty problem, which is driving the flower of our men and women into darkness and despair?

Almighty God created the Divine emotion of love in the hearts of men and women, and made it subject to His great law of attraction, which renders possible the perfect marriage of soul with soul. How important, then, for the individual to create such conditions in his own life, before entering the relation of marriage, as will enable him to conform to this eternal law of God, and thereby avoid the unhappiness and unrest of an incompatible union.

The solution, it would seem, lies, then, in the recognition, by the individual of the laws regulating the true marriage. That of *realisation* between two individuals, that they have been drawn and bound together *in soul*, constitutes *the marriage* which makes of the two, one; the marriage *ceremony* giving them *the right*, in the eyes of men, to found the home, and live together as man and wife.

Let the individual recognize the law of attraction, the boundless power of concentrated thought, and how to conserve these mighty forces within, and to use them for the perfecting of his own life, holding firmly to the thought, until it becomes a fixed belief, that his *own* will come to him, drawn by the inexorable law of attraction. This course, if followed persistently, will bring those conditions which make for his greatest happiness. It is better to wait, if necessary, many years for one's *own*, than to contract a marriage other than the perfect one. Those who recognize the perfect, personal love as a priceless gift of God to man, to be cherished and protected as a jewel of inestimable worth, will find in it the perfect marriage which defies discontent and divorce courts.

Can any believe that Divine sanction rests upon a loveless marriage? Or that individuals entering the marriage relation, who are not first joined together by the Divine Hand, in the unmistakable bonds of love, are truly wedded?

A mistake fatal to the happiness of those, whose welfare they ignorantly believe they are conserving, is made by parents who attempt, through mercenary or personal reasons, to separate, or break up a strong attachment between those whose happiness may

rest in their care. Let these beware how they so use their personal prejudices, for they may be separating those who are Divinely united, and irreparably injuring their truest happiness.

The heart is the truest guide to permanent happiness in marriage, if its judgment is left unwarped by the prejudices of others—"Whom *God* hath joined together, let no man put asunder." And no man can separate them.

Marriage means the binding together of two souls in bonds of mutual love and oneship. Only God, through the great and beautiful law of attraction, can truly unite two souls.

For what purpose was the element of personal love created in the hearts of men and women if not to be used as a guide in marriage? Who will attempt to say that God erred when He created the laws of attraction and repulsion? There are those who believe that to "like" or to think well of another, justifies marriage; but the true, harmonious marriage must be a love-marriage, founded upon an attraction on the three planes—spiritual, mental and physical; for Life is Love, and Love is Life. That soul which does not love fervently and well is not quickened into Life. It is dormant. For the time it is dead, for *Life* is *Love*, and those who are filled with the *living spirit of life*, are channels through which inexhaustible love flows from the great Fountain of Divinity to objects about us.

Love is the purest, most exalted and inspiring sentiment of the soul. It matters not upon what particular object the individual may center his great, outflowing love. It may take the form of a broad, universal love, or of a narrower, but no less beautiful, personal love. It all comes from the same source—pure, ennobling, life-giving. It is an ecstasy; a joy; God's sweetest gift to man. It binds heart to heart, soul to soul, in an unselfish, indescribable oneship. It is the golden link with which the Divine Hand joins human souls.

Love, then, is the All in All. Cherish, cultivate and protect it, but do not confuse it with the beast called sensuality. Love wakens and quickens the whole being into life. Its soul-inspiring influence lifts the individual above all sordid things, onto a plane where no darkness is seen, where all is bright and light.

The quickened life of love is the ecstasy of heaven.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

DIVORCE.

It is not very interesting to discuss, under this heading, the subject of divorce, from a standpoint of right or wrong; as, from that standpoint, the question is one which should be decided individually, not by general rules.

The *methods* resorted to, however, in obtaining divorces, by those who find divorce necessary, are a source of much unnecessary pain and sorrow, and therefore should be eradicated by the application of the Higher Thought.

Many who seek divorce, seem to think that a certain amount of falsifying regarding each other, is essential to divorce proceedings.

In some cases the grievances of one, or both parties, are very great, yet the dignified, silent course may be the better for both parties. Some who probably know their companions to have been true to them bring charges of unfaithfulness which may spoil their lives, chiefly, perhaps, because they failed to find that happiness and harmony which they expected.

One of the seeming wrongs of divorce is the separation of mothers and their children.

Throughout the entire animal creation, the female is endowed with those qualities which make her the natural possessor of her offspring. The strong mother-love, and the ability to nourish them, are necessary endowments for the care and protection of her young. When she possesses these qualities she is their best protector.

The wild animals of the forest, without exception, concede to the female the right to possess and guard her young under all circumstances.

Men of strong domestic traits love their children very dearly, but we must concede that there is no parental love, so strong, enduring and unselfish as that of a *true* mother. It is to be hoped that a higher state of civilization will render the brutality of separating a mother and her offspring, impossible.

It should be an agreement at the altar, that, if the marriage of the contracting parties proves, after proper trial, to be a failure, and disruption of family ties follows, offspring, born of the union, shall remain under the care and guardianship of the mother, all other points be equal.

Great changes will take place in the social relations of the world, as the age of the Higher Thought is ushered in, which will be com-

ducive to greater harmony in married life. It should be the duty and privilege of nations to support and educate *all* children, without separating them from either parent; and when this condition exists, one source of the unhappiness of divorced parties will disappear.

When a divorce suit comes to our attention, we are prone to ask, "Which party is to blame?" But neither party is necessarily guilty of wrong. Nine out of ten divorces are caused by mismating; both parties may be entirely worthy, and yet be quite unable to adapt themselves to one another. In this event they should separate.

Occasionally we find an isolated case where parties separate and secure divorce by mutual agreement, and without hard feeling or recrimination. The case of an actor, and his wife—a prominent actress—is fresh in the memory of the writer. After gaining a divorce, without scandal of any kind, the man said: "We are still good friends. I believe, as she does, that when husband and wife cannot agree, they should separate. We agree to disagree."

Has not this couple set an example of dignity and consideration for each other, which would be well for those to follow who find divorce necessary?

And how greatly we could lessen the volume of human misery by withholding our judgment and condemnation in these matters, and even in this, do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

MALICIOUS MISREPRESENTATION.

Perhaps the most deplorable of the many causes of human suffering is that which comes through the tongue of slander—the most deplorable, because the most unnecessary and wanton. Truly has the poet said:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."

Slander is a manifestation of the lowest side of man's nature. It is the instrument of selfishness, cowardice, malice, injustice and ignorance. Love, honor, justice and wisdom are solidly arrayed against it. It is not the honest criticism of the known actions of others. According to Webster's definition it is "To injure by false report. False report maliciously uttered."

Slander, then, is the imputing to others of actions of which they are innocent.

Jealousy and personal hatred are the chief causes from which slander arises. With men, business or political rivalry is usually the cause. With women, the mere fact of a woman possessing an unusual amount of beauty, or talent, or being innocently popular with others, is sufficient cause to arouse in their hearts a jealousy great enough to cause them to wish to injure the innocent object of their envy, and they only await the leadership of the most unjust and untruthful of their number, to utter defamatory and idle tales about the one whose innocent beauty, or God-given gifts have aroused the fury of jealousy within them. Even a marked independence of character has been known to be the cause of subjecting individuals to malicious misrepresentation. Persons of narrow personalities consider it an unpardonable sin for others to be cut after a different pattern from their own; and, being lower in the scale of spiritual and mental development, they look with ill-concealed suspicion and jealous hatred upon the broad spiritual and mental attainments of those whose general make-up is so different from their own.

A cultured mind, dignified reserve, and quiet independence of character, antagonize women of narrow personalities. These qualities, in others, seem to be a perpetual reproach to them, and unconsciously there springs up in their hearts a bitter hatred and enmity for their broader-minded brothers or sisters. The reserve and independence marking the characters of the unlucky ones, they attribute to haughtiness or pride; and this but increases their blind animosity. Sometimes extreme sensitiveness, through want of confidence in themselves, and lack of the average amount of personal conceit, have caused them to shrink from their more confident and aggressive sisters. The more these are criticised, the more their sensitive natures shrink from contact with others, and the more they shrink from women of the narrow type, the greater become the suspicion and animosity, until the desire to cut at what this class consider pride or talents becomes so great, that all sense of justice is lost, in this desire to injure them. The slanderous word is hatched in this incubator of human jealousy and animosity. Not one among them will make an open accusation against the object of their ill-will, that it might be labeled with its virulent falsity. Openness and candor are not characteristics of the scandal-monger. An honorable battle is waged face to face; but the coward strikes

his unsuspecting victim in the back. Scandal, then, is moral assassination. It may be years before the victims become aware of the full extent of the outrage perpetrated against them.

Beloved, it is infinitely better to be sinned against, than to sin against another. No one knows this better than the student of the Higher Law, who has a knowledge of the immutable laws of karma. So that even from a standpoint of self-interest, it is wholly dangerous and unprofitable to be the author of, or give credence to, malicious misrepresentation; for, in obedience to the karmic law of action and reaction, the false report which we have helped to propagate against another, will react against us, and show forth in our own lives, or in the lives of those who are dear to us. There is absolutely no way of evading this law of justice, and the fulness of time will bring to us the exact measure we have meted out to others.

There is, however, a higher and broader reason why we should refrain from uttering the slanderous word, than that of self interest. We inhabit this beautiful earth by virtue of the All Good, and we spring from the infinite Source of Reality. We are bound together by an imperishable oneship; a Divine bond that cannot be severed and that holds us in a closer and more real oneship than any law formed by men, on the physical plane. The bond of blood, which binds parent and child, is a physical bond, but that bond which binds all souls springing from the one Fountain of Eternal Life in an imperishable oneship, is a spiritual bond not for this world only, but as eternal as the soul itself.

Should we not, then, be builders and saviors of one another instead of desecrators and destroyers? The man or woman whose happiness or usefulness we may have tried to destroy, is as truly our brother or sister as are those who are bound to us by the bond of blood. Your children, dear reader, are as truly my young brothers and sisters as are my own, although my own may have the added bond of blood.

To you and I there may be but few years left, and it may be of little import to us, but for the sake of coming generations let us make what effort we can to broaden the sentiment of brotherly love, to cultivate in the hearts of our fellows the commandment of the Perfect One: "Do unto others, as you would that others should do unto you."

Lest we may unwittingly persecute a martyr, through ignorant injustice; lest we carelessly grieve one who is hiding beneath a calm exterior, a heart already breaking with the weight of cold injustice and cruel inenvironment, let us strive to emulate the example of Christ, who said: "I judge no man." When we are tempted to condemn the actions of others, or judge of their motives, let us repeat to ourselves Christ's words: "What is that to thee?"

Let us place ourselves among the men and women of the world, whose greatness of heart and intellect prompts them to cherish and protect, not desecrate and destroy, the true, good and beautiful.

If the charm of personal beauty or talent, or some slight deviation from hide-bound rules, must continue to injure, in the eyes of the world, hundreds of pure, noble women; if they are permitted to be the cause of so much sorrow and injustice, what, indeed, is the use of living?

Beautiful, innocent children are constantly being born into the world; shall we not create more just and humane conditions of life for these loved offspring? They come into the world ignorant of the fact that the first construction given by some persons to the words and actions of others, is an evil one—that the first thought held for them in the minds of some, is an evil thought. If, being pure of heart, and ignorant of the false construction given to the actions of others, they digress slightly from iron-clad rules, must their innocent, loving hearts be saddened by the unjust malevolence of the world? No! let us as individuals refuse to accept this corrupt standard of judgment, cleaving to the spirit of Christian doctrine, by judging not.

"You may be so minute in your down-looking, so careful and deliberate in your stepping, flattering yourself over every evil that you have discovered and avoided, that your friend, meanwhile more engaged with the good to be gained than with the evils to be escaped, has passed by you, and is far on toward the Celestial City, neither knowing of, nor caring about, the shocking evils you have discovered."

And to you, beloved friend, who may be the victim of some one's jealousy or hatred, let me add that the time is close at hand when those who attempt to blacken the name of a fellow-being, will be looked upon with sorrowful compassion. The reply to his tale of idle tattle will be: "What is that to thee?" And to the victim they

will say: "It needs must be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

A change will soon be brought about in these conditions, for two reasons: First, because men and women are beginning to perceive that a great, immutable *law* underlies the injunction, "Judge not lest ye be judged," and, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

They are beginning to realize that these are not idle words, but are correlative with the great law of action and reaction, which invariably brings to the individual the exact measure which they mete to others, so that even from the standpoint of selfishness, they must withdraw their criticism and condemnation from every living being.

And second, because brotherly love in its Divine beauty is being born in the hearts of men, which will prompt them to follow the Golden Rule.

Do not permit the "false friend" who may have crossed your path, to wreck your confidence in the innate goodness of the human heart. Many are yet groping in the dense fogs of spiritual ignorance, and view self-interest from a mistaken standpoint. Do not cast your "pearls before swine," by divulging the yearnings of your pure heart to such, for they would be misunderstood and misjudged.

The "friend" who asks questions, you may safely number among those who have not yet attained a high ethical development. The true friend, who truly believes in, loves and trusts you, is never imaginative and does not ask questions regarding your private affairs, which do not concern him. But the "false friend" who professes friendship to your face, and ridicules and slanders you at your back, is always *imaginative*, probing into your affairs, and asking questions regarding personal matters in order that he may repeat, exaggerate and contort what may be said to him, to your detriment. The sure test of the "false friend," is inquisitiveness.

After all, beloved, what more can be expected of those who are groping in spiritual darkness through which the bright light of Divine love and understanding has never shone? And why should the misjudgment of such, intentional or otherwise, bring sorrow to any heart? They are the ones who need the charity and compassion of their fellow-beings.

Instead of permitting the injustice and malice of others to

harden and pervert your nature, rise in the sublime majesty of your strength and power, out of this thought-realm of discord and injustice into the perfect and glorious calm Spirit; and, though your environments in the objective world may be full of injustice and hardships, yet, if you can but rise into this higher realm, you will realize that "peace that passeth understanding;" you will look with sorrowful compassion upon the injustice and malice which you may see emanating from others. Time and space will no longer have any meaning for you; you will live in the eternal, where there is no yesterday and no to-morrow—only the glorious *Now*.

How often we hear the word *shadow* used with the word *scandal*. "The shadow of scandal rests over him." Nothing could be truer than that scandal is a shadow. A scandal is the *reflection* of the *thoughts* of *others*. A shadow, in itself, is nothing; do not "jump at a shadow," but silently and resolutely ignore it. Do not permit an unreal seeming to become a stumbling block in your path. Do not permit it to bring sorrow to your heart, or spoil your usefulness. Keep the fact before your mind that so-called scandal, is wholly and entirely a shadow of the wild imaginings of irresponsible persons.

Remember, beloved, that you are *what you are*, not what others may think or say of you. The shadow of the evil thoughts of others may be cast upon you for a time, but only the ignorant and foolish will confuse *you* with it. Calmly continue about your life-work, knowing that in time, the darkness within them will be illuminated with Truth; knowing they can in no way harm you—the soul—and that the Father always cares for His own. You have but to lean upon Him, and you will be so filled with overflowing love, and serene happiness, that there will be no room in your heart for bitterness toward those who have tried to persecute you, and you will hold for them, only the sentiment of love and compassion.

Then, beloved, let us lay down that most unworthy and self-destructive instrument of ignorance and injustice—malicious misrepresentation—and take up in its stead, the all-conquering weapon of brotherly love, that we may wipe out unnecessary conditions of pain and sorrow, and usher in the glorious reign of peace and rest.

Let Christ reign in and through us, that the kingdom of Peace may be established. Let all-conquering Love from the everlasting Fountain of Life, flood our being, sweeping the cobwebs of error

from our objective world, pouring its masterful stream in torrents of regenerating sunshine into the hearts of men, quickening into life hearts which are dead in spirit, melting, with its fervent touch every heart hardened by hatred or injustice, and dissipating the mists of darkness, of false judgments and false standards, until the darkened conditions of earth become the undimmed brightness of heaven; and by bringing good unto others, thereby create for ourselves a Heaven of Peace, for in the Christ Consciousness there is *rest*.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

VIRGINIA DITMAR.

What the world needs to-day, and needs most sorely, is not more laws in restraint of violence, but more light. It is by knowledge, that deep soul-knowledge which is wisdom, that the many shall be made just.

—*Evelyn H. Roberts.*

Comte based his system upon the idea of duty of man to his fellow. It sought to replace God by Humanity. It subordinated man's personal to his social instincts.

Mr. Lincoln's startling declaration that this country could not continue to exist half slave and half free may be paraphrased that this country cannot continue to exist half taxed and half free.

—*Benjamin Harrison.*

The Nineteenth Century came into existence with the watch-words: "Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood." It passed out before they became realized into actual social conditions.

To impose broad views upon the narrow is one of the things that a party leader exists for.

Civilization brings differentiation.

The true education creates not a parrot, but a thinker.

Everything is a Utopia which offers social amelioration.

The reformer partly reforms his age, and partly is corrupted by it.

The greater than the great man is the man who is too great to be great.

The word proclaimed by the concordant voice of mankind fails not; for in man speaks God.

—*Hesiod.*

He that shall learn and study the things that exist, and how they are ordered and governed, and by whom, and for what cause, or to what end, will acknowledge thankfulness to the Workman, and know both where the Truth is and what it is.

—*Hermes Trismegistus.*

DEPARTMENT OF POETRY AND FICTION.

NOTE.—In this Department will be presented, each issue, subject matter, in the nature of fiction and poetry, that conveys teachings in the line of philosophical life, and such as may uplift, instruct and interest the minds of both young and old. The picturing operations of thought, as expressed through the imagination, when quickened by spiritual insight, are prolific in qualities adapted to soul elevation, and much can be accomplished through these beautiful channels of thought, in helping to realize truth. Contributions will be welcome from any of our readers who wish a medium of circulation for productions of this character.

IMMORTAL YOUTH.

THE INNER LIFE.

Deep in the human breast,
Within life's sacred portal,
Where discords are at rest
In harmonies immortal—
Where hopes and fears
And smiles and tears
In minor keys are blended,
And peace! sweet dove
On wings of love
Has from on high descended;
There in immortal youth,
By holy genii guided,
The heart will find the truth
Of life and death confided.

Whatever be the heights
To which the man aspires,
His path must draw its light
From Love's undying fires;
Must feel his needs
Where duty leads,
Pursuing his ideal,
And in the stress
Of usefulness
Find knowledge of the real.
Thus in unfading youth,
By holy genii guided,

The man will find the truth
Of life and death confided.

When in the storms of life
The mind with flagging power
Seeks from its daily strife
Some silent, peaceful hour,
It needs the source
From whence it pours
A stream of life undying,
Where visions bright
In matchless light
From heart to heart are flying.
There in the sphere of youth,
By holy genii guided,
The man will find the truth
Of life and death confided.

O artist, with thy brush
Enwrap in daring vision,
Accept truth's grand inrush
To fill thy world-wide mission;
To generate
Hope, Love and Faith
In human thought and action,
And place the true
If old or new,
Above all creed and faction;
For thus in deathless youth,
By holy genii guided,
The mind will find the truth
Of life and death confided.

Adversity's cold clutch
Must not thy zeal diminish,
Nor take thy warm heart-touch
From any work thou finish.
As tides and floods
Of passing moods
Which sweeps through mind's dominion,

Must in the soul,
 Their final goal
 Attain on love-wrought pinions.
 Hence as you soar in youth
 By holy genii guided,
 Thy mind shall find the truth
 Of life and death confided.

Seek everywhere for truth—
 But not in Beauty' bowers—
 If roughly paved or smooth,
 If strewn by thorns or flowers,
 Thy path pursue,
 Thy duty do,
 Through scenes of pain or pleasure,
 And Truth some day
 Shall for thee lay
 Her undecaying treasure,
 And then wrapt in thy youth,
 By holy genii guided,
 Thy soul shall find the truth
 Of life and death confided.

AXEL E.

AT THE DOOR.

I stand at the door and knock,
 I have left the beaten track;
 I have traveled past moor and rock,
 And thou canst not force me back!

I feel that my eyes shall see
 More radiance than the morn;
 I feel there shall come to me
 New garb for this raiment torn!

Then open thy portals, Life!
 O Light, stream effulgence down!
 From my brow tear the thorns of Strife,
 Crown me with God-weft crown!

NINA

PENETRALIA.

From lessons gathered through the passing years,
We learn to look upon the "ills of life"
As often God's best messengers of love.
And so, when Fever came, I said, "Is this
Another friend?" and timidly I drew
Aside her somber veil and found a hand
That softly pressed my own.

For many days,
With her grave eyes upon me, was I led
In devious ways within her own dim realm
Of visions. There dream-fancies, wild and strange,
Were living habitants; the tales they told
Were clear and credible; Reality
And Unreality as rival peers
Contended; daylight gleams of reason fell
Athwart the spaces, and as dreams emerged
The faces of attendants and of friends
Around a bed of illness, while the light
Of weird imagination filled the glades
Of night.

There came a time, between the dark
And dawn, when Fever spoke her parting words.
"I've conjured up for you," said she, "the land
Of dreams, a region never yet explored,
Though often entered by the roving mind,
Cut loose from moorings of the outward sense—
That inner realm, where ever shifting scenes,
Kaleidoscopic, truly follow laws
Extended from your own proud universe
Of reason. Deeply hidden in the vaults
Of memory, these visions e'er shall lie,
With secret influence bearing their own part
In life's great mystery. I leave you now
To follow the illusions of the well,
The wise, the prudent."

When, with weakened frame,
I woke into the world of sense, I found

Myself a child. The traits acquired through years
Of slow development had lost their hold
And left me to my native instincts true.
With self-complacency I looked about
Upon my narrow world; my words flowed on
And on in careless innocence; a law
Unto myself, all things that pleased me not
Were worthy of my protests, which as swift
As lightning sprang from out my fearless lips.
Oh! blessed be the souls who smilingly
Endured the harmless, unembittered shafts,
And with the happy gift of tact restored
In me the needed confidence and rest!

From their retirement, one by one they came—
My heavenly monitors. Self-consciousness
Appearing first, revealed to me my state
Of unbecoming childishness; but ah!
Beside her, unperceived, the little imp
Of Mischief, he who ever lurks, methinks,
Within all natures born of Adam, (save
Your own, perhaps, dear reader,) slyly crept.
By him possessed I took a fond delight
In all the mild absurdities that clung
Unto my speech, and wickedly enjoyed
The amusement and bewilderment they caused
My helpers. But when Conscience came in view,
With all her noble train in orderly
Procession, nimbly tripped away the elf,
Leaving the poor, misguided Tongue alone
To endure a long and bitter discipline
By self-control imposed. And when, at last,
All crowned with immortelles, the tardy grace
Of Gratitude appeared, to bless my soul
With human heart-throbs and with love divine,
Proudly and humbly did I rise, restored
Unto my lost estate.

Now as I peer
With clearer eyes into that submerged realm

Of Irresponsibility, where souls
 In weakness linger or in infancy,
 Methinks I see great Nature stand, with strong
 Protecting sweep of arm; "Hands off!" she cries,
 To all but Love, whom gladly she receives
 With Knowledge born of Love.

This is the dream,

The vision that remains with me.

RUTH BELL.

VEILED.

Oh, let us thank God for the beautiful mist
 He hangs before our eyes—
 The beautiful veil of His tenderness
 That over our future lies.

For if we could see at one terrible glance
 The burdens we are to bear,
 Our hope and our faith would be crushed, perchance,
 By the weight of our great despair.

We'd shudder at sight of the sorrowful days,
 The starless, stormy nights,
 And fear to start on our wearisome ways
 To climb to the heavenly heights.

But now, though the journey be stormy and rough,
 We start afresh each day—
 On the pathway before us 'tis well enough
 To see but a little way!

So let us thank God for the beautiful mist
 He hangs before our eyes—
 The beautiful veil of His tenderness
 That over our future lies.

E. B.

There comes to us at times from the unknown
 And inaccessible solitudes of being
 The rushing sea-tides of the soul;
 And inspirations that we deem our own
 Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
 Of things beyond our reason or control.

—Longfellow.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(xxx.)

About three-quarters of a mile down the coast, in a queer little house that seemed a thing of "shreds and patches," lived John O'Connell, fisherman. Thither, one day in August, the Wise Man took the Sea Urchins. The "Mecca" of their pilgrimage had not been made known to them; and when the Master turned from the sands of the shore, and entered the path that led up between some wiry, green grass to the door of the queer little shanty, the children followed, all silently curious, and stood beside him on a tiny, weather-worn platform, which, because it possessed no roof, escaped the dignity of being recognized as a porch.

"O'Connell?" At the Wise Man's call the children knew; they had been brought to call upon one whom they had ever held to be a sort of arch-enemy. An answering shout, that seemed an echo of the Master's call, told them a surprising fact: *they were expected!*

"He knows!" cried the Urchins.

"He knows," agreed the Wise Man.

"How in ——"

"Sh!" warned Pinkie, "he is coming."

The heavy footfalls sounded along a bare, wooden floor, and in a moment the burly figure of the fisherman stood in the doorway.

"Come in, sir—come in, all of ye," said a voice the children had never heard before. Blackie had less difficulty than the others in recognizing it, for it had begun to mellow to this wonderful key when he had left his little present of tobacco at the hut a few days before.

"It's all ready, sir—walk on into the kitchen," said John.

"All of us?" asked the Wise Man.

"No, sir; just you, sir, first, to see if it's all right. The kids kin set here and wait 'twell we call 'em. There's some new c'rosities, children; mebbly ef ye'll amuse yerselfs lookin' over 'em ye'll find some ye'd like to hev. Anyhow, make yerselfs at home," this with a shyness that bespoke the unusualness of the office of host now assumed by the speaker, "and come w'en yer called."

At O'Connell's invitation, Blackie, with the Urchins in tow, crossed the room to a sunny corner where stood an old cupboard furnished with shelves. Before the host and his eldest guest had assured themselves that the feast of fish was browned to a turn in

the little oven of the rustiest mite of a stove that ever sat high on legs of brick, the youngsters were deep in the mysteries of a collection of really rare and fine "c'rosities."

"How's a fellow to choose what he wants from among so many he'd like to have?" asked Goldie, holding a particularly beautiful specimen up to the light.

"And I know if I'd choose a certain queer shell I see, somebody would want it as much as I do," said Brownie.

"Well, what if somebody did?" This from Snowdrop who was in the same quandary as Brownie.

"Why, if somebody *did* it would just spoil my pleasure in it altogether. I'd feel like a sneak if I'd try to enjoy it."

"I know the only way a person could get pleasure—real pleasure—out of it."

"How?" This from Snowdrop and Brownie in a breath.

Violet smiled. "By discovering which somebody wanted it, and helping him to have it—I don't know any pleasure that can equal that."

"Let's don't any of us choose," suggested Goldie. "Let's leave it to John O'Connell to give us each a souvenir of our visit here—and that will make him lots happier than if we just took what we liked the best out of his museum. Why, maybe he has specimens here he likes more than any of us *could* like 'em, and if we leave it to him he could keep us from just robbing him of these—see?"

"But to think he has let us come here at all—that's so wonderful to me," declared Pinkie. "Why, when I used to ask him questions he'd look down at me and scowl *this way*," and two delicate lines made a funny furrow between the girl's brows. "I was actually afraid of him; but *now*!"

"It just shows you can't know more than half the truth about anyone, doesn't it, Pinkie?" It was the Master's voice, and at sound of it the children turned to discover their beloved teacher standing in the inner doorway.

"Perhaps that scowl you are attempting rather unsuccessfully to imitate, my lassie, was more a frown of genuine perplexity than of ugly temper. When a man puts on his thinking cap his usual habit is to unconsciously bring his thoughts to what we may call a focus."

"'Focus,' sir?"

"It is a new word, Pinkie—I stand convicted. It's from the

Latin word, *focus*, meaning a hearth or fire place. From it are derived such words as 'fuel' and 'fusil'—the latter a firearm, and both having to do with fire itself. It means, as I am using it, a central point—or point of concentration.

"Like the point that the sun makes through a magnifying glass?"

"Yes, Pinkie."

"And when you put the thought you are thinking under the lens, and the light of the sun of knowledge shines on it, it sets it on fire, doesn't it—turns it into a flame that makes everything pertaining to it clear and bright and easily understood?"

"Yes, Violet—that's what a focus of strong thought—in other words, concentration—does. I cannot explain the reason of the bringing one's brows together as one does when intently thinking upon a subject; I only plead guilty to doing what I am pleased to believe our host did when Pinkie put one of her usual 'posers' to him. Because you are well acquainted with me, dear child, you interpret my frown to mean something very different from that of poor, perplexed John."

"I do believe you're right, sir," said the girl eagerly, "for once when I asked him a question he perhaps couldn't answer, and watched his face turn into a map of a storm center ——"

"Sh!" breathed Snowdrop, and Violet laid a warning hand on the arm of the speaker, the subject of whose remarks was entering the room.

"Fish is dished," said O'Connell, without waste of words. "Come out."

The feast was laid on long boards placed upon two boxes and covered with a cloth (sent with knives, forks, plates and cups) from the hotel where the Teacher took his meals. Added to the fisherman's contribution were buttered rolls, fruit and lemonade. These the host served his guests with a rugged grace, his usual awkwardness losing itself in his desire to make his visitors feel the welcome that lived in his heart.

During the repast the Wise Man returned to the subject upon which the children had been speaking. He drew their host into the discussion possessed by a desire to fathom, for the children's sake, the nature of the man they had once so cordially disliked.

And, all unaware that he was THE subject of interest—that the delicious fruits, breads and baked fish were losing their importance

beside the fisherman's finer feast, he spoke to them of his life and labors, winding a thread of pure philosophy upon the shuttle he threw with unconscious skill between the homely warp and woof of his weaving.

"You're right, sir. Nobody can tell the whole of anything any more'n he can see both sides of the yearth at wonst. Two year ago suthin' happened thet made me stop deciden' so downright sure 'bout things. They was a middlin' old lady that used to come here to the 'otel reg'lar for several year. She had a high 'n' mighty sort o' way with her, 'n' never appeared overly anxious to speak to us natives hereabouts when she hired us. She liked to sail, 'n' I took her across to the Island lots o' times. Once she lost a gold dollar either on the sands of the Island where she always walked, or in my boat—but she didn't say a word to me about it—at first. I jest *had* to notice her, when I'd got all ready to fetch her home, for I saw her walkin' up and down the sands, her eyes glued onto 'em, her ruffledy par'sol turnin' over every last shell 'n' stun 'n' seaweed she came acrost.

"I watched her 'twell I were sure 'n' sartin she hed lost suthin'; then I ventured to ask what, 'n' ef I could help her look for 't. She stared at me a second, like ez if I'd been some animal that had suddenly fell a talkin', 'n' tol' me it were a gold dollar she'd lost, 'n'—yes, I might help her find it.

"I never saw anyone so upsot about losin' money. I fell to thinkin' how ez I were a so-to-speak poor man, but I vowed to myself I'd a'never a' taken *quite* sech fits over losin' the sum of a dollar, even if it *were* gold."

"Was it because it *was* gold?" asked Pinkie. "Did its being gold make it seem more precious to her?"

There was no scowl upon the face of the fisherman as he turned to answer the girl at his side. He comprehended this question, and the explanation he was approaching held a something in it that shone through the face she scanned, and made it seem alight with something strange and sweet.

"Because it were gold—partly, yes, miss; but beyond the gold was suthin' goldener than all the shinin' metal in the universe, I reckon, to *her*. I poked 'round under seaweeds 'n' shells, 'n' bowlders, same as she'd done, 'n' scrambled over the sands; but nary dollar. By 'n' by she begun t' worry so she made me mad. A man weren't called upon t' be more 'n ord'nary smart t' see the

woman were well-to-do, 'n' I felt downright ugly at her goin' on about a measly little dollar.

"We give it up at last 'n' went aboard—late enough it were by this time, too. Her face were all puckered-up like, ez though she'd ten minds t' cry, 'n' losin' every las' drop o' patience with her, I yanked the boat 'round and headed her for home, swearin' t' myself I'd be everlastin'ly whooped ef ever I'd take a mean, miserly, stingy old ——"

"O'Connell!"

"Ay, ay, sir! But this yarn hes to be told true ef I'm goin' t' show ez how nobody kin ever see both sides of a thing t' wonst. We were most acrost the bay when I turned to'ards my passenger, 'n' chancin' t' look down I seen a little yaller gleam at my feet."

"You found the dollar!"

"Sure 'n' sartin. Hidin' my feelin's, I handed the money to the woman. In a second she were smilin' through tears big enough for a baby's eyes. Then kissed it—*kissed* it—'n' turnin' t' me she cried out ez how 'twere a piece o' money her only little boy ez had died was meanin' t' put into a toy savin's bank just afore he tuck down with scarlet fever. A cousin 'way out in Californy had sent it to him for his seventh birthday, 'n' his mother had promised to buy him a perty savin's bank to put it in 'n' add his pennies to. But she forgot to *buy* it, she sobbed to me, 'twell it were too late; 'n' so now she carries it about with her wherever she goes, 'cause it's the last thing he held and talked reasonable t' her about."

"Then how did you feel, John?"

O'Connell fixed his eyes on his inquisitor, a deeper scowl than ever she had seen before gathering between his black brows. But the girl was no longer a misinterpreter; under cover of the tablecloth her little slender hand sought the big rough paw of the fisherman and pressed it sympathetically.

"It's all to be true?"

"Yes, John, please."

"Then here goes; I broke down—blubbered like a—a—grampus!"

"Good! And what did she do?"

"Held out both her white hands to me; 'n' when I took 'em in my own cried right along with me. But one way, sir, I weren't true. I never let her guess ez how I'd called her a mean, miserly, stingy

old woman—in *my mind*; I didn't feel strictly called upon t' do that. It wouldn't 'a' helped none; 'n' I'd l'arned the lesson ez *perhaps* hed been set fer me t' l'arn, 'n' which I couldn't a did nigh so well ef I hadn't a gone sech lengths—in *my mind*. Nex' mornin' a ten dollar gold piece was sent me by the lady who left the place afore I saw her again. The ten dollars was nothin'—the one dollar was everythin' t' her, ye see."

"O'Connell, a fisherman always has paint on hands—will you allow me to decorate this blank wall for you? If you've had your fill, dear children, scamper away until I'm ready for you."

When they returned in response to the Wise Man's call, they found upon the kitchen wall these marks:

U/III TUU RLEAD TIIIJ

"'Judge not' is a command I would have you all heed. As our good friend says, no one can ever see all the truth. We look out at the world—we look at these marks I have drawn here upon the wall, failing to make out the real purport of what we see, because only half of any object meets our eyes. Yet how often from this half do we set ourselves up to judge of the whole. We 'guess' at what we do not know, and leaping, nine times out of ten, to a false conclusion, we importantly pass upon a question whose import has been but half revealed to us."

"Can no one see clearly enough to judge—is no one able to see the truth?"

"THOSE WHO KNOW can see the truth, and it is because they thus see that they heed the Divine command and 'Judge not.'"

"But *how* do they see, sir?"

"With eyes of the spirit. It is the spirit, the soul of things, that must be seen before the true meaning of the material object can be perceived."

"Can *we* ever see with the 'eyes of the spirit'—can anybody?"

"Surely."

"But how?"

"My dear children suppose that I should tell you that you have already begun to see with the eyes of the spirit? If you had not, a certain face I need not point out to you would not have so changed

as it seems it *has* changed since you first became acquainted with its features."

Each Urchin's eyes turned from the Wise Man and fixed themselves lovingly upon the features of the absorbed host. He was gazing as if he were attending a second feast of Belshazzar and was trying to make out the handwriting on the wall.

"The lenses of the eyes of the spirit are formed of a mysterious substance through which only love can look and see the truth. *Only love can look and see the truth.*"

"All truth?"

"All truth. Wisdom comes through love. The more love the greater wisdom. No matter how mighty the intellect, a lack of love shuts the merely mentally endowed man out of the realm of higher vision, and he is blind to what the unschooled Great-Heart finds spread like a glorious vista before him."

A sudden movement on the part of John O'Connell attracted the attention of the Urchins anew. As if impelled by something irresistible, the fisherman snatched up the cup of paint and brush the Teacher had used, and, with a quick-drawn breath that bespoke his intense absorption, he began to add mark after mark to those already upon the wall.

At sight of the added lines, the children gave a shout—he—John O'Connell was guessing the puzzle first!

At last it was completed—and these few strokes, limned with clumsy but *knowing* hand, made sense of the first part:

CAN YOU READ THIS

"Can you read this? I got it—I got it!" cried the delighted fisherman, his face transformed with joy.

Into Violet's eyes trooped sudden tears. Even she, who felt herself an "elder sister" to them all—she who ought, she told herself sternly, to have *known better*—had held towards John O'Connell a feeling of which she was now heartily ashamed. It seemed to her that she ought to have *sensed* the good that lay beneath the mask of the man's forbidding personality; and her failure to recognize his real worth touched her to tears.

Turning from the children to hide her emotion—her brimming eyes met those of the Master who read and comprehended.

"Violet, we are *all* 'miserable sinners' in such an instance as this," he said comfortingly. "*If I had only known* is one of the saddest cries of the human. I have cried it more times than I care to remember—you are not alone in your grief."

"But, sir, when once one knows such a cry is as apt to follow as is the holding of a false opinion, oughtn't one to try to discover a way out of one's difficulty? Or is there no way out of it?"

"I have found one, lassie. Let me guide you a little way along the path."

"Oh, do, sir, *do!* For my feet are torn by the thorns and briars of this one I knew no better than to choose."

"O'Connell, man, we are ready for that sail I think. Come, my hearties, there's a new island to be discovered to-day—and on the way I have a question of Violet's to answer to you all."

The sun was indeed "blinking hot," as Pinkie declared, a few minutes later, when the happy party crossed the sands to where a skiff lay ready to take them aboard the fishing boat anchored in the deep water of the little land-locked harbor. But a fresh breeze filled out the weather-beaten canvas, and soon the skipper, crew, and passengers were gliding over waves as green as emerald towards far-away islands purple as amethyst.

"Now tell," pleaded Violet; then, to the children: "Listen, all of you. I wanted to know if there wasn't a way by which a person who couldn't see both sides of an object at once, could save herself the sorrow of making mistakes about that object."

"In other words," laughed Blackie teasingly, "you want to be told how to be wise without acquiring wisdom."

"I'm afraid that is what I want," and a blush bespoke the girl's confusion.

"If," interposed the Master gently, "you will walk determinedly along the path into which I am going to lead you, you will not only be 'wise,' but you will be 'wisdom' itself—for wisdom will, as it were, *acquire you* my children; and then your troubles will 'begin to end.'"

"It sounds very mysterious."

"Yet it is most simple. Once upon a time I walked along the avenues of a certain big city. Beautiful buildings met my eyes at every turn of the sunny streets. Elegant structures, stately mansions, but none of them bore the number I sought. When I found

the house that answered to the address on the card I held I found it a plain, ugly building crowded between finer houses; the most unattractive one I had seen so far. Could this be the famous museum for which I had been searching? I entered. All about the room were hung cabinets, brackets and shelves holding objects one could pick up almost anywhere in the great stores of the city. A glance around the room convinced me there was nothing of special interest there for me, and I was on the point of leaving when a little man, bent with age, came from a desk near the street entrance of the apartment and accosted me.

"'You wish to see the treasures of the museum?'"

"Treasures! thought I. He calls these trumperies treasures! But my reply was more polite. I thanked him and said that I had seen them."

"'When?' was his rather surprising inquiry.

"'To-day—just now,' I declared to him, moving towards the door as I spoke.

"'Oh—these!' he cried, with a wave of his hand towards the walls. The keeper's voice was attuned to a key that unlocked a certain door for me. 'And you are not satisfied with them? You do not care to look longer?'

"'I have seen as fine otherwheres,' I said, answering him truthfully. He smiled comprehendingly upon me. 'Come with me,' said he; 'You are entitled to enter the inner hall,' and he moved towards a door hidden by a pair of heavy curtains."

"'What did he mean by that?'"

"That is what I asked myself, Pinkie, as I followed him—and that is what he explained to me. This museum is visited by a great number of people—sight-seers who come to the city from all the country round about—and whom the first large room satisfies perfectly. The keeper watches the visitors, and if there chance to be among them those whose brief stay tells the story of dissatisfaction, he accosts them and leads them to the inner hall where the rarest, most beautiful and exquisite collection it has ever been my good fortune to see are arranged in magnificent crystal cases.

"I have never forgotten the lesson I learned that day. If we accept as true the fact that we are all of us children of the Most High; that we are actually one with the Divine Mind, the Divine Spirit, the Divine Love, *else we could not be*, we shall be able to

imagine within each manifesting soul a holy of holies sacred to the highest good; an inner temple where all that is precious and beautiful and worthy and dear to that soul is enshrined, and of which the common multitude, satisfied with the things seen in the big outer room, know absolutely nothing."

"And if you are not like the mob, and can't be satisfied with what others are content to see, will you always be shown the inner hall and its real treasures?"

"Accept the fact that there are inner treasures, Blackie, and try for yourself."

"Did you do this with ——" a glance of dark eyes towards the unobserving skipper pointed the boy's query.

"My little brother, *didn't you?* What else took you to somebody's home, kindness in your heart and tobacco in your hand? The outer appearance didn't satisfy you—you felt there was an inner hall somewhere—a fine place filled with all sorts of nice things. And he saw you weren't going to be satisfied with what he'd allowed you along with the rest of the world to look at, and so, he took you to the hidden door of his heart and let you look in."

"Then *that* is the path you walk," said Violet, softly; "just a holding fast to the thought of good existing in everyone, no matter what the outward appearance may be? You, sir, give everybody the 'benefit of the doubt,' and believe that there's a divine something that makes them one with the Father in every man, woman and child you meet. And this lovely thought enters their conscious souls, and they feel that you are not regarding them as other people do, and so the doors of their hearts are opened to you."

"It's a jolly road to travel," cried Brownie, "and lots more fun than thinking mean things. And I say, sir, doesn't the museum story fit all around? Look at my 'treasures' out of the regular museum we saw to-day—did you ever see a finer specimen than this?"

The afternoon was spent upon the Island, and many following afternoons of that happy summer. At its end the sadness of separation was lessened by bright hopes of another joyous season by the shore, when, after the busy winter school months, the Cave should once again become the meeting place of the Wise Man and the Sea Urchins.

EVA BEST.

(Concluded.)

MOTHERHOOD.

Born of the One-Eternal-Infinite,
A child of Life drew near to me and said :
"Beloved, lend me aid ! we none can work alone.
The hour has named my name, the Good Law points
Where sombre shadows fall. Stout-hearted, I
Veil my bright presence, and go forth to sow
And bring again my sheaves at harvesting.
Till aching strength shall learn how Knowledge finds
The scanty treasure in Earth's wilderness.
Till sands, tear-washed, shall yield their shining gold ;
Till weary vision, in the twilight-time,
Sees, through the deepening gloom, the evening star ;
Till marsh-lights lure no more, nor shadows chill,
Till Peace sits calm-eyed in rude Rapture's place,
And what I am breaks through the self I seem.
Come, in the forests of illusion, there
Where passions howl, and falseness hides to harm,
Help me to build my home—"

I smiled through tears,
And said, "Dear one, I joy to serve thee thus,
And fashion lovingly a dwelling-place ;
Yet grieve to know myself so illy fit
To pay the tender debt I owe thee long.
Forgive, Beloved, when I left wantonly
A tool to rust in idleness and sloth,
Or edge to blunt in clumsiest misuse,
That now might lend some beauty to the work
Whose rudeness grew in shame, did I not know
That Hope can smoothe the crooked lines for me,
And Love will gild the ugliness of clay.
Together thou and I in this sweet task,
May shadow forth the holiness of flesh,
May breathe, to lull awhile the noise of self,
A name, the tenderest 'mong men,
That, whispered, swells in music throughout Heaven."

S. B. KINGSLEY.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A NEW HOME.

It is with considerable satisfaction that the publishers of *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE* announce the acquisition of a new home for the periodical and its attendant publishing features, in the securing of permanent premises in the Bristol building, No. 500 Fifth avenue, northwest corner of Forty-second street. The office occupies a central position in this large building, which is immediately opposite the site of the imposing new Public Library building now being erected, and has a bay window on Fifth avenue, making the premises prominent and exceedingly pleasant. The location is one of the most accessible in the city and all surroundings are of the most refined nature possible to a business establishment.

In these premises the magazine will have the handsomest home it has ever enjoyed and every facility for the transaction of all features of business relating to the work of an Occult and Metaphysical Publishing House. A choice line of literature along all lines of advanced thought will always be found upon its tables and every possible effort will be made to aid those in search of reliable reading matter and information in these lines.

The Philosophic Library, which is the largest and best circulating library of Metaphysical, Theosophical, Occult and New Thought literature in the world, will be open during business hours from July 1st.

The office of *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE*, as heretofore, will continue to be Headquarters for Metaphysical and Occult literature. All inquirers and interested persons will be welcome. The office will be permanently opened in June.

ETHICS DEFECTIVE IN "SOCIETY."

A correspondent of the *New York Times* considers civilization in the city of New York to be by no means advanced. True civilization he defines to mean a social state in which the equities are observed, and the law of righteousness is paramount. In other words, it means the development of the ethical sense, and the dis-

position to be guided by that sense in all the relations of the individual to his family, his neighbors, and the State. But the Anglo-Saxon race, he affirms, has made no progress in ethics, which means applied justice, corresponding with his progress in science. Flagrant disregard of the ethical in the social and business relations of men was most observed in the very center of Christendom—by which is meant the city of New York. He does not refer to the lawless classes, but to “respectable, honorable citizens.” It is difficult to draw a line between the law-abiding and the law-breaking classes. But taking the reputable class—the reputable wrong-doer within the letter of the law—it is certainly rare to find a man among them who will not take advantage of his fellow in trade and exchange when he can do so within the letter of the law. Short weight, adulteration, and shoddy is the rule whenever the practice is profitable; the square, open, manly deal, the exception when it is unprofitable.

The efforts so universal to evade assessment and taxation are also put in evidence. To “swear no false oaths, save at the Custom House” or some analogous place, is about the standard of morality in that respect. The number is very small who “swear to their own hurt” in the interest of the truth.

THE CZAR'S UKASE.

The young Czar of all the Russias created a new sensation over the civilized world last March, surpassing anything except his project of international disarmament. He issued a decree affirming his purpose to complete the work begun by his father of “consolidation of order and truth.” He deemed it now expedient to decree the undeviating observance of the fundamental principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, he declares, “recognizing the Orthodox Church as the ruling one, grant to all our subjects of other religions and to all foreign missionaries, freedom of creed and worship in accordance with other rites.”

The decree also suggests changes in local administration, revision of laws, and relaxation of the rigid regulations of the Mir, and also measures to release the peasants from the present burdensome liability of forced labor.

At the first reading, there was a general expression of gratifica-

tion everywhere. The Czar has always been regarded as an amiable man, eager to do the best in his power for his people, and many hoped to see continued the purposes of the first and second Alexanders. The former monarch was a republican at heart, and when freed from the incubus of Napoleonism, set himself about the work of ameliorating the general condition. This was repugnant to the nobility and public officers, and the Emperor "died" at Taganrog, in 1825, while on a tour of general inspection of local affairs. The fate of Alexander II was less indefinite. He was murdered by Nihilists while riding in his carriage, by the exploding of a dynamite bomb.

His son and namesake entered upon a repressive policy, reversing the plans for mitigating the rigorous administration. Hence the reference to him in the recent decree casts an air of equivocation over the whole document. It seems to foreshadow much, but really assures nothing. The religious liberty which is proposed is the veriest sham ever offered for exhibition. A Lutheran or Catholic marrying an orthodox Russian must rear their children in the Greek Church or suffer imprisonment. Freedom of speech and freedom of teaching are sternly interdicted. The Jews have not a shadow of relief offered them. Only the orthodox Russian clergy have any promise of greater advantage; they are inconsiderable in numbers, limited in education, and generally opposed to any kind of reform.

As for the proposition to revise the laws and release the peasants from forced labor, it only means to relieve them from the labor of mending the roads and carrying public officers from place to place off the railroads when traveling on public business. As to the duty of carrying any proposed changes into effect, it has been assigned to the officers of the Government who are opposed to them, and are skilful in the art of how not to do what they seem to attempt.

The grievances of the peasantry are put forth in *The Outlook* as follows: 1. Insufficient land. 2. High and inequitable taxation. 3. Deprivation of legal rights enjoyed by the higher classes. 4. Inadequate educational facilities. 5. Too much bureaucratic interference and control. 6. A tariff which favors manufactures at the expense of agriculture. 7. Restrictions upon the right to assemble for discussion and joint action. 8. Lack of a free press. 9. The passport system, and restriction, in general, of personal motive and individual motive.

No assurance is given by the Czar of any mitigation of these conditions. Macbeth was not more deluded by the promises of the Witches, than they are who extract hope from the terms of this decree. It is but a placebo administered to palliate a general discontent, and as such it is too likely to fail of the purpose.

SET-BACKS FOR LAWLESS LEGISLATION.

A bill to prevent the practice of mental healing was defeated at the recent session of the Legislature of North Carolina. The medical statutes of the State are already very arbitrary, and are enforced in the interest of the "regular school." It was now attempted to include the Healers in the category of proscription by a new enactment, defining the practice of medicine to include "treatment for fee or reward," with or without drugs, surgical operation or by any other method whatever. The State Superintendent of Health was the promoter of the bill, and the Established Church, "the medical profession of the State," supported it.

The debate on the measure in the House of Representatives was very warm. It was affirmed that Christian Scientists had never performed a cure. This was met by witnesses testifying that they had been cured of cancer, consumption, diphtheria, appendicitis, goitre and other maladies.

The assertion was embodied in the bill that the acts of the faith healers were dangerous to the peace and safety of the community. In reply to this the significant fact was pointed out that the bill did not prohibit or prescribe penalties for such acts, but only for the doing of them for compensation. This was the real corn on the doctors' toes. The Scientists might practice free as air to the destruction of the community, but they must be suppressed for charging five cents for their work.

The bill was amended by the adding of a clause specifying that it should not apply "to any person who ministers to or cures the sick by prayer to Almighty God without the use of drugs or material means." In support of this amendment, Mr. W. A. Self, of the House, explained that he was an unbeliever in the Christian religion, but that Christian Scientists had as much right to believe the Bible texts in relation to healing as he had to hold to his own opinions. The Legislature could not forbid them by legislation from acting and living in consonance with their faith.

"Christian Scientists have the right to make contracts," he declared. "No one is forced to seek their services or to agree to pay them for their services. Let us not forget the Constitution, and let us remember that we can never trample on the rights of others without endangering our own."

The House adopted the amendment with only twelve votes against it, and there was no opposition in the Senate.

The hundreds of thousands who believe, and the millions of citizens loving liberty above greed, will rejoice.

If Jesus Christ should come to North Carolina He would not find there, as is the case in other States, enactments making it a crime for him to perform mighty works having no authority from the Herods and Chief Priests to go about and do cures.

TRADITIONS COPIED INTO THE BIBLE.

Professor Gunkel, of the University of Berlin, says: "Many of the stories embodied in Israel's oldest traditions undoubtedly came from abroad. For example, the deluge stories came from Babylonia, and many traits in the Hebrew story of the Creation came from the same source. The three strangers who visit Abraham reappear as Zeus, Poseidon and Hermes in Grecian mythology, and especially is this transfer from territory to territory of myths and stories apparent in the religious beliefs of Israel, which by no means represent one harmonious whole, nor are they all fruits of one tree."

VIVISECTION STATISTICS.

An article in *The Contemporary Review* by Hon. Stephen Coleridge overhauls the vital statistics of the Registrar-General of England. He shows that the diseases which have occupied much of the labor of vivisectors have since increased. For example, a larger number died from anthrax in 1889 than in any previous year. Diphtheria, despite the serum, has a much larger mortality per thousand; typhoid is more deadly than ever. Either the statistics are fraudulent, or the claims of a vivisection and its progeny of antitoxins and serums are "among the colossal frauds of the age."

THE IRISH MOUNT ZION SOLD AT AUCTION.

On the 5th of February, the hill of Tara was sold at auction for \$18,500. This effectually desecrates one of the most famous spots

in Ireland. It was the "mount of the assembly," the place of sacred convocation of the Irish Druids from a remote period. It also continued till the Sixth Century the chief seat of the kings of Ireland, and traditions of King Kormak and his splendid court are still current. Hills and "high places" were the ancient places of religious worship, and as such eminences as Mount Zion were esteemed by the Hebrew people, so was the hill of Tara by the Irish. A pillar standing there is still pointed out as the Coronation Stone, beside which the new-made sovereign took the solemn vow of fidelity to his God and people. This was also a Hebrew custom, as is recorded in the cases of the boy-Kings Jehoash and Josiah—II Kings xi, 14, 17, and xxiii, 3. It has indeed been affirmed that the custom was carried from Jerusalem to Ireland. At the destruction of the city by Nebuchadnezzar, the daughters of King Zedekiah are said to have been carried into Egypt—Jeremiah xliii, 6, 7. It is also affirmed that some of the refugees went to Ireland and that a daughter of the Judean King became Queen of Ireland, also that Tara was then the royal residence. In 1843 O'Connell held a monster meeting there to urge the repeal of the Union.

THE PIERSON CASE REVIEWED.

In March, 1901, Mr. J. Luther Pierson, a resident of Valhalla, in Westchester County, having lost a child by pneumonia, was convicted in court for neglecting and refusing to allow her to be attended and prescribed for by a regularly licensed and practising physician. Mr. Pierson is a member of the "Christian Catholic Church," of Chicago, and does not believe in the use of drugs. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500.

While he was in jail awaiting trial, another child was taken ill, and Mrs. Pierson, desirous to avoid further trouble for her husband, employed a physician of the prescribed kind. This child also died.

The Appellate Court, sitting in March last, has reversed the conviction. Judge Bartlett in giving the prevailing opinion of the Court, considered that the law does not necessarily impose in every case the calling of a physician. The indictment did not charge any criminal offense, and he held that the medical attendance which was required depends on the facts of the case, and in some cases ordinary nursing by members of the family may be sufficient.

DEAN FREEMANTLE'S THEOSOPHY.

The "Very Rev." W. H. Freemantle, Dean of Ripon, England, must be included with the host of progress in theology. He delivered an address, in October last, at a meeting of the Churchmen's Union, that caused many of his conservative associates to bristle with alarm. He entitled his discourse "Natural Christianity." Upon speaking of miracles, he asked, whether it was irreverent to believe that Jesus could not have made a distinction between actual death and forms of swooning and hysteria; and, whether, when he bade his disciples to heal the sick and raise the dead he was making use of language which the scientific men of the present time would accept in a different sense.

In regard to the resurrection, he was equally startling. He did not look upon it as a violation of natural law. The teaching in later times treated of it as a spiritual existing. The accounts in the New Testament all described Jesus after his death as being invisible, save to the eye of faith.

In regard to the prodigy, the birth from a virgin, he believed that that ought to be left out of the account, because apart from the first two chapters of Matthew and the first two chapters of Luke there was no notion or recognition of a virgin birth in the New Testament.

Bishop Smith, on his way to church one Sunday morning, met a boy with ball, bat and mask. Calling to him, he asked:

"Do you know where little boys go who play ball on Sunday?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied; "They go to Heston's lot, over there behind the dam."

A man who was about to be tried for murder found means to communicate with a juror, an Irishman, and to obtain his promise to stand out inflexibly for a verdict for manslaughter. The jury was out a long while, but finally brought in the verdict for that offense. The prisoner was profuse in his thanks to the Irishman, but finally remarked:

"You were out a good while; you must have had a hard time."

"Faith and I did," said the juryman; "the eleven, every man of them, stuck out for acquitting you."

NO JEWISH RACE.

Dr. Maurice Fischberg affirms that the hooked nose is not a characteristic of the Jews. Indeed, he says, that there are more straight noses than any other, more than half of them being of that character. The Semitic nose is indicated by the *alæ* or wings. But the eyes are more distinctive. These are dark, and give the impression of thickness; the lips are full and the eyes are dark and brilliant, giving the impression of heaviness.

DEATH PENALTY AND THE CLERGY.

A society has been formed in London to promote the abolishment of the penalty of death. Dr. Oldfield, the president, addressed letters on the subject to the clergy of the several religious bodies. The Bishops of the Established Church declared without exception in favor of retaining the penalty, and the Roman Catholic priests were even more emphatic. On the other hand, not a Nonconformist was found to advocate it; and the Jews exhibited a tendency in the same direction. The governors of prisons, all but one, were opposed to the death penalty.

DR. PARKHURST IN ADVANCE.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst takes a long step toward the actual knowing of the things that are. He avows not only a belief in "telepathy," but also in what may be called spirit-reading. He suggests that individuals may yet perceive one another's emotions and thought by mental contiguity.

THE DIALECT OF JESUS.

No criticism, says a writer in an old number of the *Westminster Review* (1865), has found out in what language the Lord Jesus uttered his discourses. If in Greek, did the Galileans understand Greek? If in Hebrew, the words are forever lost; and are we to suppose that what he spoke in Aramæan was brought afterward to the remembrance of the compilers of the Gospels in Greek?

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

According to "The Era" (philadelphic) there are 663 churches and societies of "Christian Science" in the United States—an increase of 81 since December, 1901. There are more than 100 free reading rooms. The number of practitioners of healing is not known, but they are numerous and increasing. There are more than 200 in Chicago alone. There are also about 100 institutes for teaching; as lecturers are constantly becoming more numerous. There is also a constant output of literature, in the forms of books,

pamphlets, leaflets and periodicals. The number of believers must be computed by hundreds of thousands if not even by millions.

The movement began in 1875, and has been steadily making headway. Nor has its operation been confined to America. It made its way to England in 1894, and now numbers among its adherents men and women of distinguished intellectual ability. There are judges, lawyers and physicians; and the "upper classes" of society are among the members of the new church. Lord Dunmore, a nobleman of superior attainments, Mrs. Butler, the wife of the Master of Trinity and a graduate of Gurton College, Cambridge, are prominent.

A church has also been organized in Berlin, with the usual permission of the authorities. There are also a reading-room and an institute for instruction. The question of the new faith was brought up in the Reichstag, and the Imperial Secretary of State made the protest: "I earnestly warn against using the power of the State against such things."

THE LITTLE WE KNOW.

At the best our knowledge comprises but a few terms of an infinite series, the ratio guessed and the base unknown. It is illustrated not unaptly by the conversation between a church member and a doubter. "These star gazers," says old Schalk, "what do they know? Are their eyes better than mine? Do not I see that the sun gets up every morning there?"

THE WRONG FLAG.


A retired naval officer became a clergyman, and was installed over a parish. The parishioners, hoping to surprise him agreeably, raised a subscription and purchased a naval flag which was placed on the church tower. The moment he saw it he ordered that it be taken down. He was asked the reason.

"It is an insult," he replied, "Do you not know? That particular flag signifies: 'in distress; want a pilot!'"

CRYSTALS LIVING THINGS.

Professor Von Holst affirms that crystals and many stones are endowed with life. Isaac S. Lee, of Little Rock, Ark., confirms this assertion, declaring that he had a half-peck of crystals on which he could prove it. He became convinced by finding that certain stones had properties that caused unpleasant sensations in the human body. Close study revealed further that they grew, expanding and contracting in a way that was clearly from palpitating life in them.

The party in place never gives way till the other party is able to make its own terms. Every fresh one is manufactured into a coward or crowded into a machine.



BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION THE PRESENT STEP.

By I. K. FUNK, D.D., LL.D. Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers:
New York and London.

This little vest-pocket monograph is full to overflowing of material to set folks a thinking. To the many its statements and suggestions will be new; the thoughtful and observant will find it a striking evidence that the teachers of the people are themselves diligent students of whatever concerns human welfare. The author urges nothing dogmatically, but asks the reader from time to time to view his propositions rationally from the standing-point of the present scientific position.

The Second Coming of Christ, which has been regarded as a visible occurrence with physical accompaniments, Dr. Funk regards as the new step in the evolution of man. The first advent was on the plane of men's senses; He comes the second time into men's vision by lifting them up to his plane of spiritual comprehension.

Evolution is itself described after the similitude of a spiral stairway from platform to platform; the first step being the vegetable kingdom, the second the animal kingdom, the third the kingdom of the natural man, the fourth the kingdom of the spiritual man, which is the "present step." All this is declared to be unfoldment, and in the harmonious order of nature. By this logic we may legitimately infer that the current selfishness, cruelty, dishonorable dealing, grasping for arbitrary power over others, and wrongdoing generally, indicate arrested or retarded development in individuals—that they have not yet emerged from the sensual and animal stages of mind.

As being willing himself to accept the full scope of his reasoning, Dr. Funk intimates that one birth in this world is not all. He asks whether it is "hard to believe that our individuality has been born and reborn through the line of ancestry back to the type-lines, and through them back to the 'beginning'"—that we should be born many times, is not an arbitrary matter, but a *karma* and *per will*; every one in a profound sense *chooses* his parents and his surroundings; as he was he is, plus his birth-gains and growth: "his past leads him."

"The next step in evolution," the kingdom of the psychic nature of man, "the present step, is at hand." Man, thus reborn, stands on a new and infinitely higher destiny.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP. By JOHN BIGELOW, LL.D.

Second Edition. Rewritten and Much Improved. New York and London: Harper & Bros., Publishers.

The aim of this book is to afford an intelligent conception of its subject, not only of the beneficial results accomplished by these

temporary deathlike seclusions from external life and its activities, but the higher moral and divine purpose which is also effected. As the title implies, it indicates an initiation into the mystery of sleep, and in other respects it is an exposition likewise of the ethics and philosophy. The distinguished author treats his subject with rigorous fidelity; his temperament is too serious, and the topic too important vitally to be jested with. An utterance like the one attributed to Sancho Panza would be incongruous and discrepant. The argument assumes that sleep is not merely a restoration of wasted physical energies, but a period in which, and the agency through which, man's nobler self is made receptive for the flow of divine life into the spirit. This position is buttressed by apt quotations from the ablest writers and the examples of prominent individuals.

Emanuel Swedenborg, whom Mr. Bigelow delights to honor, once made the statement that during sleep the soul is employed in repair of the wear and wastes of the body; and skilful physicians know that fever is then assuaged, delirium soothed, and that ulcers and other lesions undergo healing processes. Growth takes place during this period; assimilation then becomes more perfectly established. There is no inertia, no ceasing activity, but a change of the mode. Jouffray argues further, that the mind during sleep is not in a special mood or state, but goes on and develops itself absolutely as in the waking hours. Dreams ordinarily imply that sleep is more or less imperfect, but there is a profounder sleep in which are dreams of which the superficial memory takes no note. There is in such no adulteration by direct influences from the phenomenal world. "Man is captured in sleep, not by death, but by his higher nature," Leo H. Grindon explains. Suggestions come to us as they do not in waking hours, and of a better character. It is not brain-work or memory, but action independent of us. Of such a nature were the doctrines and Memorable Relations of Swedenborg, profound in their philosophy and replete with the sublimest ethics.

Hufeland has apportioned as a proper division of our time eight hours for work, eight for sleep, eight for nourishment and recreation. A quotation from Dr. B. W. Richardson explains the evils resultant upon deficient and irregular sleep. Every latent form of disease is brought into activity; there is intermittent action of the heart; and finally, the mind is off its balance. A profusion of quotations from Shakespeare illustrate this condition. Some conspicuous examples are also given. Byron secluded himself a month, rising after dark and going to bed at dawn, when he wrote that brutal satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Lord Dudley believed him insane.

Humboldt, though living till ninety, is reported to have allowed himself but three hours' sleep in every twenty-four. Under his

influence Manzel declares the natural sciences in Germany, with hardly an exception, were turned against Christianity. Mr. Bigelow asks whether this would have been the record if he had divided his time as recommended by Hufeland.

Calvin, however, is the evil genius most remarked. As a boy he was studious, caring little for pastimes, and shunning society. Afterward, when studying law, he worked till midnight, and then on waking in the morning would recall to mind and go over the study of the previous day. When he became a pastor at Geneva he preached every day each alternate week, taught theology three times a week, and carried on such an immense correspondence that many a night was spent "without any offering of sleep being brought to nature." Such a course he pursued twenty-eight years, till painful diseases—fever, asthma, stone and gout—compelled him to desist. "How different might have been the history of Protestantism," Mr. Bigelow remarks, "had Calvin given as many hours to sleep as he did to professional work, is a problem upon which some reflection would not be wasted by many of us."

The phenomena of dreams, those of a superior character, are considered. Iamblichus, the Neo-Platonist, is quoted, in regard to the twofold life of the soul. In sleep, this philosopher declared, the soul is freed from the constraint of the body, and enters on its divine life of intelligence. He tells in illustration, that to the sick when sleeping in the temple of Aesculapius, was revealed the way to be cured; and that the army of Alexander was rescued through a dream from the god Dionysos—adding, that "the night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul."

The dream of Cicero is also given, which forestalled his recall from banishment. Other classic writers are also cited to the same end.

The evidence found in the Bible, however, is most depended upon. The quotations are from the Revised Version, with no favor to the "higher criticism." The "deep sleep" of Adam, that of Abram, the dreams of Joseph and his fellow-slaves in prison, of Pharaoh, and also of Jacob in his sojournings are given as pertinent. But it will be enough to copy the explanation by Elihu in the book of Job as telling the whole story:

"God speaketh once, yea, twice, though man regardeth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."

Even conceding for a moment that the story of the Bible is a work of the imagination, a translation, a myth, a literature merely, Mr. Bigelow demands pertinently why the machinery of sleep is so constantly introduced on these occasions and not in waking hours, and explains that we are logically bound to presume it to be a part

of the divine plan to secure access to our souls without interfering with the freedom of our wills.

"He who grows not in his sleep," says an old Gaelic proverb, "will not grow when awake."

A chapter is also devoted to the twofold phases of the mind, sometimes classified by metaphysical writers as subjective and objective. Whenever we seriously exercise our reasoning faculties we abstract ourselves from this phenomenal world. Often at such times occurrences take place about us without our notice. Suspend the action of the external memory and the mind acts independently of the external or phenomenal world. This, doubtless, is the condition in sleep. Swedenborg explains this, that there is a twofold memory, external and internal. Mr. Bigelow prefers this definition to the common one of two minds.

Sleep is in many respects analogous to death and exhibits similar manifestations. In the Bible the one term was often used for the other, and during the ages the two conditions were regarded as alike.

The eleventh chapter contains many statements and suggestions calculated to arouse if not to startle the attention, and certainly instructive. The readers are asked to concede that any, even a partial, suspension of our consciousness weakens to a corresponding extent our bondage to the phenomenal world; and on the other hand, that the man who allows himself to be too long and too much interested in any worldly subject or employ, sooner or later is liable to unbalance his mind and become at first a crank, and ultimately a lunatic. This seems to explain the pathology of many forms of mental aberration, and deserves careful study. Sleep is a provision of nature to avert such conditions. "Even sickness, the most familiar and universal deranger of the plans of men, is, in most cases, the result of too much this-worldliness, and also the most effective cure of it."

Insanity has many causes, of which the most familiar one is from a disproportionate activity of some psychic quality, like avarice, ambition, vanity; and one of the first evidences of this loss of balance is insomnia. Our author asks whether we are not all in a certain sense like lunatics—victims of a more or less unbalanced mind. He cites a long list of individuals illustrious in history, as examples of such disturbed equilibriums. He intimates, however, that lunacy may be a providential agency to prevent further spiritual degeneration.

In the last chapter, Mr. Bigelow gives a shot, which is richly deserved, at the arbitrary legislation which medical men have procured to protect their calling and pecuniary interests from rivals. "It is a curious illustration of the limitations of what we call civilization," he remarks, "that the one art or science (?) which we hedge about with the most arbitrary laws for the protection of its priest-

hood and ministrants, and which is relied upon to prevent or cure our diseases, should be the one organized professional body which employs few, if any, therapeutic agencies that do not impair, discourage, or prevent sleep, and to the same extent shorten life." If those who claim to be "the regular medical faculty" have a drug that is not more or less hostile to sleep, it is one which is scarcely, if ever, used, except to impress the imagination rather than the disorder of the patient. In homœopathy, he shows, the case is far the reverse.

The use of narcotics, fermented liquors, and other intoxicants, produce temporarily the condition in which a man finds himself in a dream. They are disorganizing and impair our consciousness as well as induce bodily disorder. "Whenever a man has reached threescore-and-ten and, in railway parlance, is started on the down grade, he should study to simplify his life so as never to be required to draw upon his reserves, nor work under pressure, or with a conscious overdraft of his vital force." Neglect of this precaution is certain to interfere with the quality and quantity of sleep, compel a resort to stimulants, by which we lower for the day the strength of to-morrow—a debt for which nature will inexorably exact the penalty.

It is hardly possible to read this book without profit. It presents views, some of which are novel, but all deserving of careful consideration. The reader is addressed on the better side of his nature, and is invited to a higher way of thinking as well as better, and, therefore, healthier activity. The author has performed a service entitling him to grateful remembrance. A. W.

THE POETS OF TRANSCENDENTALISM. An Anthology.

Edited by GEORGE WILLIS COOKE, with Introductory Essay and Biographical Notes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

In the second quarter of the Nineteenth Century there was a very general feeling of unrest in religious circles. This was particularly observable in the Eastern States. Groups of individuals here and there broke away from former beliefs and associations, in the confidence and purpose of having a faith which rested on better foundations. It seems hardly possible to the American mind to hold opinions for the mere entertainment of speculation and having something to talk about. They must be carried into practice in all sincerity. Sometimes these uprisings took place around the seats of learning, but they oftener appeared in remote places among the unlettered who knew only the Bible and the calling by which they gained their livelihood. At New Haven were Perfectionists; at Cape Cod the "Come-outers." There were also Adventists, who believed that Jesus Christ was about to come in a physical form, to put an end to the present order of things, set up a celestial kingdom,

and, in short, remove the present heaven and earth, replacing them by a new creation.

But it was among cultured men and women, many of whom had been nurtured amid the influences of Harvard University, that the one movement began which best represented the new thought and gave to it form and somewhat of consistency. The Unitarian teachers had already opened more widely the avenues for freedom in thinking, and now the Transcendentalists arose to promulgate the ideal philosophy as the ruling principle to permeate and inspire the everyday life.

Bright stars they were in the intellectual sky. They lighted the way to profounder thought, more conscientious activity, more general usefulness. The names of Emerson, Alcott, the Channings, Ripley, Margaret Fuller and their associates are illustrious as having imparted a higher conception of life, its nature and proper aims. They were mystics cherishing faith in God as present in them, and in direct inspiration and the attainment of the highest excellence. There were limitations to their effort, for they lacked the worldly wisdom that is obtained through experience and contact with the many; and they did not succeed in any general changing of social aims and endeavors. But they placed a leaven there which was destined to continue its transforming work through the whole mass of American society. Before them, literature in America was provincial—a following after foreign models; it has become a new creation indigenous to the soil. Despite the tortuosities of politics and even the present unceasing encroachments of legislation upon the personal rights of the individual, the spirit of these inspired ones is still at work leavening and impelling thought.

In his introduction, Mr. Cooke has given a careful sketch of the movement, which should not go unread. It is just so far as it describes the scope and aims. It seems, however, hardly to do justice to the individuals or to what they effected. To do this well, would require a sympathizer, and he appears to be hardly more than a spectator. He criticizes coldly, and when he praises, it seems as though his literary judgment rather than his heart was guiding him. Despite its disappearance from public attention as a name in our literature and a moving principle, Transcendentalism is not dead, and we need not be content with praising them and building a sepulchre for their embalmed remains. As prophets they still live, and their words are not an echo, but a vital force. They spoke and wrought for diviner life, human liberty, and the bettering of conditions, and we trust that these are not dead issues.

The number of writers—forty-two—from whose works selections have been made gives some conception of the extent as well as aim of the Transcendental movement. Their names are illustrious, and their writings classic. Mr. Cooke begins appropriately with

Emerson, following with Lowell, Alcott, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Cranch, Ellery Channing, Charles A. Dana, George William Curtis, Theodore Parker, D. A. Wasson, Weiss, Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, Joel Benton, and a score of others, who are still honored and read with delight.

The selections have been made with a judgment and taste which cannot be praised too highly. None should be left out; they may be characterized as sublime in conception, elegant in diction, divine in their truth. Such as "Fate" by Emerson, "Divine Teachers" by Lowell, the "Dryad Song" by Margaret Fuller, "Correspondences" by Cranch, "The Prayer" by Jones Very, "Immanuel" by George S. Burleigh, ought always to be kept in remembrance; there are others in the collection superior to these. Most of the writers have passed beyond the gate of Time; but a few, like Colonel Higginson, J. H. Chadwick, Julia Ward Howe, Joel Benton, Edna D. Cheney, John Albee, and F. B. Sanborn, are still active with tongue and pen, showing no abatement of energy. They write prose contributions now for leading periodicals.

In short, the Transcendentalists belonged to a formative period; what with them were themes for inquiry and suggestion are now elements of action. Meanwhile the new thought of the present day is in like manner to be the principles of life for those of the coming generation. In such a way the world moves on in its circles.

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THE MYSTERIOUS METALS.

It is a frequent boast, that the last century, in its achievements in science, in the arts, in the extension of the possibilities of human intercourse and of knowledge of our earth and the universe surrounding it, has surpassed the whole preceding epoch of human history. So much, indeed, has been discovered and observed that many have imagined that all that remained to be done was to develop and apply what had been brought into our cognisance. But there were also those who thought more deeply, who apprehended that however much had been accomplished in the "Wonderful Century" there was a vaster field yet to explore, and that ideas which have been thought to be permanently established as scientific facts are yet likely to undergo changes, and perhaps to be undermined and shown to be unfounded. An enthusiastic writer of this class has predicted accordingly that this Twentieth Century will witness discoveries and the solution of problems, both physical and metaphysical, which will bring the knowledge of principles and their application to an exactitude transcending all that has been conceived. Enough has been ascertained already to show that the prediction was very far from being the wild dream of a crazy visionary.

The phenomena of radio-activity which have engaged the attention of scientists, evidently favor speculation in this direction. As usual, there is conflict of opinion, such as has characterized philosophic lucubrations in all periods of history, but the fact of real advance toward the goal of investigation can not be disputed. It looks as though the dream of Newton, Davy and Faraday, was in a fair way to be reached, that all the material elements will be reduced to simpler bases, and even to the prior condition of "first matter," and even of energy alone.

In 1896 M. Henri Becquerel was engaged in a series of experi-

ments with the compounds of uranium, when somewhat to his astonishment he perceived that they emitted an invisible radiation similar to that of the Roentgen rays. It would pass through metals and other bodies that are not permeable by common light, and it left an impression on the photographic plate. For example, a crystal of a salt of uranium was placed in a darkened card-board box along with a photographic plate on the enclosed side. The rays which the crystal gave out impressed themselves upon the plate. This experiment was repeated several times with like results. It was also observed that when any object was placed between the crystal and plate its image was photographed. These rays emitted continuously and did not seem to be affected by any treatment by heating or electricity. The assumption that they were mere vibrations, like those of light or the Marconigraph, is thus fully disproved.

Madame Sklodovska Curie, of Paris, also undertook to investigate the matter and soon found herself in a new field which promised astonishing results. "I began my researches," she says, "with a study of the radiations of uranium which had been discovered by M. Becquerel. Such an interesting vista of possible original discovery was unfolded, that my husband, M. Curie, gave up what he had in hand in order to take part in my labors. We put forth our united efforts to the task of isolating some new radio-active substances and pursuing the study of them."

The mineral which was taken for these operations was pitchblende or uraninite, and the method which they employed was to separate from it by chemical means, one constituent after another, and to test the portion so separated for radio-activity. With the bismuth separated from the pitchblende, Madam Curie found that there came with it a radio-active substance. This she named "polonium," in honor of Poland, her native country. Afterward, with the barium taken from the pitchblende there came away another substance which was intensely radio-active. To this was given, accordingly, the designation of "radium." Since that M. Debierne has obtained another which is now termed "actinium." Of all these radium displays the most activity, and is most easily obtained. It has therefore received the most attention.

Mr. Hammer of New York who has also given much time to the study, announces his judgment that neither actinium nor polonium has been isolated in a sufficiently independent state to give

a spectrum and show conclusively that they are new elements. But Professor Markwald of Berlin is very positive in his declarations in behalf of the claims of polonium to scientific recognition. In his experiments it interrupted a current of electricity.

The existence of radium, however, seems to be fully assured. It has not been as yet isolated as a simple body, but Madame Curie was able in 1902 to prepare a chloride, and determined for it an atomic weight of 225. She placed it in the group of elements with magnesium, calcium, strontium and barium. Professor Runge and Peecht, who claim to have obtained a purer chloride, have given it an atomic weight of 258, which would make it the heaviest metal known.

M. Becquerel describes the salts of radium as being spontaneously luminous. Its activity produces marked chemical results. It colors glass, it transforms oxygen into ozone, it changes white phosphorus into red, it ionizes or disintegrates the atoms of gases and also of liquids such as petroleum and liquid air. It also causes serious burns upon organic tissues similar to those produced by X-rays.

The accounts which are given by other scientists seem almost to imply that the discovery of radium establishes the concept of perpetual motion. "A single crystal," says Professor Pegram, "will give out its steady blue light for a million years without cessation, while continuing to hurl forth its electrons into space, and to impart to other substances the property of giving off light. This light is entirely devoid of heat. The electrons will burn your flesh without the usual sensation of flame."

Marvellous stories are beginning to be told in respect to its physiological properties. The pure radium chloride will emit light enough to enable the reading of large printed characters, and Professor Crookes was able to write by it. The rays excite phosphorescence in such bodies as zinc sulphide, diamonds and common salt. If a small quantity of radium chloride is held against the forehead while the eyes are closed, the person will perceive light. The rays will penetrate to the retina and cause it to phosphoresce. The expectation has been raised, accordingly, that it will cure blindness in many cases, especially where the disease is confined to the front part of the eye, and the retina and optic nerve are sound. A paragraph from Berlin, dated the 8th of June, contains the statement that Dr. Lunden has proved by actual experiment that rays

collected from radium enables blind persons to see more or less clearly; and adds that two Russian blind boys had regained their sight permanently through the use of these rays.

A report was read at a meeting of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, at Vienna, in May, to the effect that a case of cancer of long standing had been cured by the rays of radium at the clinic of Professor Gussenhauser. The patient, sixty-one years old, had suffered from cancer of the palate and lip, and been repeatedly operated upon to little purpose, till the autumn of 1902 when the physicians of the Viennese Hospital declared it absolutely useless to operate again. One physician however ventured to treat the affected parts by exposing them to the rays of radium bromide. The result was a gradual and complete disappearance of the tumors. Other physicians reported a case of melano-sarcoma had been cured by the rays, also several cases of red mole. Probably, however, more verifying will be considered necessary, as this has been esteemed one of the most intractable of disorders.

All the investigators agree that radium constantly exerts energy and sends forth heat. Of the former, the accounts and estimates are perfectly startling, and tax severely the capacity for believing. Professors Rutherford and McClung affirm that a gram, or fifteen grains, can raise a pound in weight one foot an hour. They are of opinion that this energy is set free by the breaking down of the atoms into smaller particles.

Sir William Crookes, who is foremost in speculation upon such subjects, is yet bolder in his statements. He declares that radium emits electrons of such enormous velocity, that one gram of electrons is sufficient to lift the whole of the British fleet to the top of Ben Nevis, and possibly the French fleet likewise.

The estimates of the heat-evolving energy are no less wonderful. Professor Curie reported to the French Academy of Science that half a pound of the salt of radium will produce heat in one hour equal to what is obtained by the burning of one-third of a foot of hydrogen gas. What is more remarkable, there will be no perceptible diminution of the radium. It emits heat sustaining a temperature almost three degrees above that of the air around it, and evolves enough to melt its own weight of ice every hour. It will send its rays through solid bodies without finding any obstruction, and will burn a blister through a steel case as though there was

nothing in the way but common air. Yet it will leave the clothing over the blister uninjured.

The minute particles or electrons are so infinitely small that a microscope with a million times the capacity of the most powerful now in existence could not discover them. The speed at which they move is computed at 120,000 miles a second—a distance five times the circumference of the globe. If the radium was in a ball like lead a person who chanced to stand in its way would be shot through five times before falling to the ground. One of these electrons might form a loop around the moon in two minutes. Puck boasting how soon he would put a girdle around the earth would be completely outdone.

According to accepted scientific dogma there must take place a reduction of weight as well as exhaustion of energy. Whether this is the case in radio-activity, whether the energy is inherent or acquired from an external source, are problems with which scientists are now engaged.

M. Becquerel making an estimate from his own experiments gave as a result: "The loss of one milligramme per square centimetre requires one thousand million years." Prof. John J. Thomson of Cambridge gives his judgment that it will suffer no visible diminution in a million years. Sir William Crookes concurs with them. He declares that radium possesses the extraordinary property of continuously emitting heat without combustion, without chemical change, and without change in its molecular structure, which, he affirms, "remains spectroscopically identical after many months of continuous emission of heat." Again giving his conclusions, he says: "Personally, I find no loss of weight in a rich sample of radium compound during continuous weighings extending over many months. I should be inclined to agree with Becquerel and Thomson."

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Paris, sums up the present condition of the investigation: "The most puzzling property of radium is that, as far as has been ascertained, its properties of emitting heat and light are inexhaustible. The great mystery is how and where the ambient forces needed to produce heat and light are absorbed by radium. According to the laws of the conservation and correlation of forces, heat, light and motion are convertible; and neither Professor nor Madame Curie,

nor Sir William Crookes, nor any of the scientists of France, England or Germany, who have followed in Professor Curie's footsteps, have yet been able to prove that the incessant continuity in the emission of rays of light and heat from radium causes any exhaustion, expenditure or diminution of the properties so mysteriously stored in apparently infinite quantities in this extraordinary metal."

It has been suggested that the radium derives its energy from the air surrounding it, the atoms possessing the faculty of abstracting the kinetic energy from the more rapidly-moving air-molecules while they are able to retain their own energy when in collision with the slowly-moving molecules of air. Professor Thomson dismisses this suggestion as not even explaining the behavior of radium. A portion of radium in a cavity in a block of ice will melt the ice, and he asks: "Where does the energy for this come from?"

Another suggestion is that the air is traversed by a very penetrating kind of Becquerel radiation, which being absorbed gives the energy to the radium. We have direct evidence, Professor Thomson remarks, of the existence of this radiation. But the heating effect observed with radium would indicate that the absorption must be on a scale different from absorption by other metals. If the absorption be on the same scale as absorption by lead or gold, it would be altogether too small for the effects which have been observed.

Some other explanation, therefore, must be made. Professor Thomson thinks still that the conclusion which has been formed, that radium gives forth energy without there being an actual change of its substance, is without justification. "All that the experiments justify us in concluding," he remarks, "is that the rate of change is not sufficiently rapid to be appreciable in a few months. There is, on the other hand, very strong evidence that the substances actually engaged in emitting these radiations can only keep up the process for a short time; then they die out, and the subsequent radiation is due to a different set of radiators."

He takes the ground that the atom of radium is not stable under all conditions, but like other atoms may pass into some other configuration, and that it is possible that these changes are accompanied by the giving forth of large quantities of energy. This might account for all the manifestations which have given rise to so much speculation.

Plausible as this may be, it does not remove the question beyond the field of conjecture. It requires to be demonstrated by further experimentation.

Nevertheless these observations give impulse to recondite philosophic speculation. This giving forth of energy apparently without waste of substance, would seem to indicate a close approach to the borderland between material existence and the causative essence itself. Sir Humphry Davy and Michael Faraday anticipated the possibility of this; the latter making a calculation to demonstrate the proposition of Boscovich that matter in its last analysis consists of points of dynamic force. It is now asserted that the discovery of radium has confirmed this proposition. The theory that matter consists of atoms that are capable of no further division is no longer tenable. The later hypothesis sets forth that every atom or molecule consists of a whole system of lesser units, or "ions" as Faraday has designated them. They are infinitely smaller, but absolutely identical, and are all of them in continuous motion around a common center like the planets round the sun. The nature or identity of each element depends upon the number of these ions which each of its atoms contains. Thus an atom of hydrogen consists of 700 ions; one of oxygen, 11,200. If 137,200 of the same ions should be combined in a single atom, the product would be gold. These ions are supposed to be electricity in its negative condition.

This hypothesis identifies matter and electricity as radically the same. The difference between the several elements consists in the rate of motion in the atoms of which they are composed. This is slow in some and inconceivably fast in others. It is apparent, then, that all the elements may be reduced to one, and that we may find this to be resolvable into a singular form of energy. Sir William Crookes illustrated this concept in his address delivered on the 5th of June before the International Chemical Congress at Berlin. His subject was entitled: "Modern Views on Matter." After quoting the views entertained by Davy and Faraday, he spoke of the significance of the later discoveries, and gave the following corollary:

"All these observations find internal connection in the discovery of radium, which is probably the basis of the coarser chemical element. Probably masses of molecules dissolve themselves into the ether-waves of the universe, or into electrical energy. Thus we stand on the border-line where matter and force pass into each

other. In this borderland lie the greatest scientific problems of the future. Here lie the final realities wide-reaching and marvellous."

Such dogmas, as that there is a precisely definite quantity of matter in the universe, that may neither be increased nor diminished, are now of no account. We have instead, a constant circulation, a continuous passing from negative to positive, from physical conditions to the immaterial, and in turn force and spiritual substance becoming transformed into matter—a process of evolution and dissolution going on alternately in unceasing activity.

Philosophers and scientists have contemplated the transmutation of methods as a possible achievement. Alchemists, the savants and profounder thinkers, like Lully and Agrippa, have been set by princes to the uncomprehended task of making gold. They did not accomplish the feat, but in the matrix of nature, the problem is realized, the processes of disintegration and integration going on all the time.

Yet with all these speculations and discussions, the ultimate secrets of the universe have not been found out. Only some steps have been taken—enough to suggest to us what a vast deal there is that we do not know.

Individuals of a utilitarian turn of mind are already thinking of methods to put radio-activity into harness and make it do men's bidding. French scientists have actually suggested that radium may yet be the means of lighting the streets, it having no loss of energy or waste of force. It may also be employed in photography. Experiments have already been made with it in the treating of morbid growths upon the body. If it were proved to be identical with electricity, and the vital force, we might expect to realize the conception of Lord Bulwer-Lytton in "Zanoni," that the primordial principle of life should be also its renovator.

In these days, however, of coal barons, coal famines and rising prices of fuel, there will be likely to be more demand for the new elements because of their heat-imparting virtue.

But we are told that the supply of radium and the other elements is so small that it is insufficient to meet the requirements of the scientific laboratories. This, however, we need not believe too implicitly. If creation be a continuous process, as there is good reason to suppose, there will be a supply from the laboratory of nature when it is wanted, somewhat, perhaps, as there was found petroleum in abundance when the whale fisheries failed. Radio-

activity is by no means confined to the newly-discovered elements. It is found in many others. It even exists in water, and we may fairly presume that it is not beyond the reach of human ingenuity. As the era of steam is followed by the epoch of electricity, so radio-activity in manifestations which we do not comprehend or hardly conjecture, may yet have its day.

The possibilities with the new agency transcend imagining. Whether perpetual motion comes within the purview, it seems almost to be within its province. Certainly with a sufficient confirmation of what we can now only guess, and with the obtaining of the desired material in sufficient quantities, there would come inevitably a revolution in the several departments of industry, and even in the common affairs and conditions of domestic life.

There would indeed be something new under the sun.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

An eminent professor in this chair has declared that "by an intellectual necessity he crossed the boundary of experimental evidence and discerned in that Matter, which we in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the potency and promise of all terrestrial life." I should prefer to reverse the apothegm, and to say that in Life I see the promise and potency of all forms of matter. In old Egyptian days a well-known inscription was carved over the Temple of Isis: "I am whatever hath been, is, or will be; and my vail no mortal hath yet lifted." Not thus do modern seekers after truth confront Nature—the word that stands for the baffling mysteries of the universe. Steadily, unflinchingly, we strive to pierce the inmost heart of Nature—from what she is to reconstruct what she has been, and to prophesy what she yet shall be. Vail after vail we have lifted, and her face grows more beautiful, august and wonderful, with every barrier that is withdrawn.

—*William Crookes.*

The Egyptian priests speak of Darius Hystaspes as having learned from their sacred books their mythology, and also their magnanimity and clemency of their laws—the qualities for which he was himself so much distinguished and beloved. Some writers describe Zoroaster as living when Darius was King of Persia; and the rock-inscriptions declare that Darius first published the Persian Sacred Scriptures, the Avesta, over all his dominions.

USES AND ABUSES IN MODERN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

"Music is a moral law. It gives soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but, nevertheless, dazzling, passionate and eternal form."—PLATO.

If music be all this (and the true lover of music will agree with the immortal Greek) we certainly have sufficient reason to make the study of music a prime factor in our modern education. Yet, as a study of music may be pursued in different ways, its vital importance lies not so much in the study itself as in the method and motive by which it is conditioned.

In some degree it has become the custom of modern time to impart musical education on an almost exclusive technical basis. The principal factors at work in this education consist in an enforced study of technical details, and in the rigorous mechanical application of this knowledge to the interpretation and execution of musical creations. As, however, a very small percentage of music lovers are really endowed with a talent for technical grasp, the advantage to the average student in such study is in no way adequate to the time and money expended for its attainment.

This circumstance will at once enable us to understand the character of the musical development, attainable on such basis. For it must be realized that notwithstanding long years of intense application, very few pupils will ever succeed, even from a purely technical point of view, in presenting a successful and faithful rendering of the structural elements of the world's musical masterpieces. The great majority of the beneficiaries of a musical education remain on a stage, where with a moderate degree of accuracy they are able to render a few pieces of "light" music. And as light music, like light reading and light painting, is appreciated and enjoyed by a far larger public than art-productions of a deeper birth, it follows as a logical consequence, that the trivial and mediocre in music as elsewhere has always a lucrative field for practice. And furthermore, it is easier to criticize a presentation than to understand it; hence it follows that the mere critical elements of music—its technique—are studied at the expense of its deeper parts—its ethical or spiritual message.

The consequences do not fail to follow. He who caters to popularity and immediate success will never, can never become a deep and original nature. To go in for a study of technical details in music merely for the sake of becoming a good entertainer, is to juggle with the inner depth and grandeur of the true and eternal in the art of music. The technical in music should never be made the basis for its study—not more than the mixing of color should constitute the basis and determining factor in a study and execution of the art of painting. The technical and mechanical should ever be regarded as the accessory or complement in general musical education, never the fundamental.

To render technical studies at all valuable they must be accompanied by a corresponding instruction in the ethical. Aesthetic and historical elements of the great musical productions of the world. Musical education should above all aim at awakening in the mind of the pupil a love of music for its own sake; a power to appreciate and enjoy the philosophy and mystery of music, and a capacity to see in its execution an indestructible, ever-guiding moral and spiritual force.

It would indeed be a sad, not to say sacrilegious conception of music to regard it as a mere means of pastime or a society-game. Nor on the other hand should we regard a person's power of enjoying music as conditioned by his power of technical-mechanical manipulation. For it is an easily verifiable fact that often those people who have the greatest capacity for enjoying music do "not even know" (to speak with Wagner) "that notes have to be written on five lines."

It is a very common thing to find persons who love and appreciate even the highest kind of music without having the skill of striking off a single melody from the keyboard. To stir up the mind for the true and meaning-full in music; to sensitize the feelings for the sweetness and sadness, hope and joy, happiness and misery expressed in its strains; to invoke in the pupil a power to discern the ideative and formative, the ethical and sacred in the musical productions of the world's tone-masters, is by far more important than to spend long years in keyboard-technique. Only those whose early efforts evince a determined inclination for the technical of the art, should receive their musical education on a technical basis. Such a procedure, while weeding out the mediocre elements from the art,

would at the same time raise its dignity and ideality by intensifying the qualitative, and reducing the quantitative in its power and genius.

To what extent inferiority and pretense are transgressing on the precincts of true and pure music is evident to each one who pays attention to the musical presentations exhibited in our modern society. Indeed the majority of our music-teachers seem to have no higher aim or conception of musical education than its equivalent in dollars and cents. Defunct in any higher conception of music, these pretended educators regard their vocation as a field of monetary investment, aiming at a reimbursement and percentage of the capital invested; and the pupil misled by the same low ideal, takes up his study under the stimulation of an expected clever financial venture.

And the real cause of the evil lies in the conception that a study of musical technique leads to musical accomplishments. Why should not the principle which holds good in arts in general, also hold good in music? Do we for instance, study the work and characters of the great masters of architecture, sculpture, painting and poetry by proceeding to build houses, paint canvases, model statues, etc.? Would a thousand attempts at verse making ever reveal to the tyro the philosophy, intuition and inspiration of poetry? Would a brick-layer, even if engaged in rearing the dome of a St. Peter, ever learn the secret of the intelligence which took form in its architecture? And yet the method employed in an appalling percentage of modern musical education rests on this very principle. Mechanical training alone shall never reveal to the pupil the philosophy and genius of an art.

The piano as employed by the majority of modern music-teachers constitutes the Caucasus on which numberless pupils have had their minds chained fast by the ironkettings of feelingless technique. And as the buzzards in the tale once picked away the bowels of a doomed Prometheus, so the musical "professor" by his system of mechanical training, picks away whatever musical originality and intuition is present in the mind of the pupil.

There ought ever to be found an idea of usefulness back of every understanding. Yet what equivalent of usefulness can be found in the time and energy spent in the attempts at securing mastership in technique? If refined enjoyment and ideal happiness be the aim of

music, then our technically strained education misses its aim. Perhaps most of the men and women who love music and are swayed by its noble influence are endowed with no faculty with which successfully to engage in a wrestling match with technique. To subject them to the usual musical training would not only result in a useless squandering of their money and time but what is worse still—would create a dislike in their minds for music itself. Even the greatest of musical geniuses may be deficient in the faculty of technique. Thus Baron de Tremont tells in his memoirs of Beethoven as a performer: "His playing was not correct, and his fingering often wrong, though the thoughts streaming out through the music controlled the hearer completely."

The central fact in musical education should not consist so much in the stimulation of the technical, mechanical faculty, but rather in eliciting the intuitive and appreciative; *i. e.*, the power of interpreting the message of music, and so while enjoying its lesson the student might also be able to profit by it. Quite different is the case with the pupil whose musical education has received the one-sided technical touch. In place of drinking in the moral and æsthetic force streaming out in the currents of melody, he strikes the mental attitude of a proofreader and strains his attention to the utmost in order to detect some technical flaw or inaccuracy in the structure of the composition—an attitude which is likely to result in his becoming insensible to its moral lesson.

The pupil should receive ample training in the power of discerning proper intonation, and to appreciate rhythmic and melodic strength of musical shades. He should learn to know the relation of melody to structure—the soul and body in music—and try to enter into a sphere of living understanding with the inner motives and purposes lying back of the musical creations of all times and ages. Not less important is a study of the history and philosophy of music; of its ethics and æsthetics; its theoretical aims and practical realizations.

Music, to repeat what already has been stated, should not be regarded as a mere theme of technical study, but a fabric of life, at once a fairy tale and a history—a revelation, and yet a piece of concrete, practical experience. A practice in choir-singing is of paramount importance to the pupil as through it the ear becomes trained to the inter-relation of the rhythmical and melodical in

music. There is also the elemental theory of music which must be made intelligible to the pupil, in connection with an insight into the history and records of musical accomplishments.

The next important thing in a musical education is to learn to play the instrument, not only for the sake of playing, but especially for the sake of learning how to grasp the working material—the elements of rhythm and melody, of which the musical creations consist. Perhaps no modern instrument is so well adapted as the piano for the bringing out of the characteristic differences in the two forms of music: melody and rhythm. The pupil will learn to distinguish the color and feeling of the former, and the intensity and endurance of the latter. Only by a philosophical study of music shall we ever be able to enjoy to its fulness the grand opportunities of mental and spiritual exaltation presented to us in the soul-stirring revelations of music.

The pupil should be taught not only how to *read* but also how to *interpret* music; not only how to technically analyze its harmonic elements, but also how to absorb and assimilate the divine message whose carriers they are. Music, if we are to profit by its touch, must be made a part of ourselves and its subtle impress fastened upon our inner lives. It must be loved into a living power in our every day's work and aspirations. It must be nursed and guarded like a precious growth and set free from all considerations of mercantile or ambitious character. The performer must go up in his theme; must forget himself as person and dissolve into the message which his faithful interpretation is to reveal to his listeners. Only he whose courage and devotion give him strength to lay down his personal ambition as a sacrifice on the altar of music is fit to worship at its shrine.

"No music that is born of human breath
Comes straighter to the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make."

AXEL E. GIBSON.

Every man, Swedenborg states, has in his material body a spiritual body, for "there is a natural [psychic] body, and there is a spiritual body" (I Corinthians xv), the organs of which are the only ground of all sensations, since the material body in itself has no sensation, but is only the instrument by which the spirit—that is, the man himself—has communication with the material world.

—Immanuel Tafel.

THE MYSTIC AND THE OCCULT. ✓ RY

In all my researches in the past, I have found but two authors who have given us a clear definition of the words "Occultism" and "Mysticism." Nearly all others use the two words as though they meant the same thing. While they are truly connected with each other and while Occultism should be the first to be studied, yet, there is a great difference between the two.

In the seething changes of our mixed conditions, terms and names very often bother us. We are too often likely to make a lump sum of things which cannot be contracted. Ask a student far on the path, for a definition of the words "Occultism" and "Mysticism." The answer generally will be: "Oh; they mean about the same thing." "An Occultist or Mystic has always strange powers and can perform supernatural things."

In this answer are two misstatements; one that Occult and Mystic are similar in meaning; the other that there is anything perceived by physical sense, that is supernatural. The unmanifested is superior to the manifested and limiting or supernatural. No mortal or natural man can act in a supernatural manner. So long has he been born under the law, or nature, that he must act according to the law.

Dr. Phelon, of the Hermetic Brotherhood, says: "Occult is the doing of things by laws little known, in a secret, hidden manner. An Occult student strives constantly to learn concerning matters not generally understood. The discoveries and inventors of this and other ages are of this class. So long as these students can keep their studies and results to themselves, they are Occultists, as soon as they make the world their confidant, so far they cease to be Occultists. This is true of all who act in this manner, on either the spiritual or material plane."

Occultism does not stop here, however, but leads on to the realm of Religion and the deeper spiritual things, but usually deals with these deeper subjects in a material, scientific and investigating way, but always leads the world to a better understanding of the laws that govern life and is always, except in very rare cases, the forerunner of the true Mysticism.

Edward Maitland, in his grand work, "The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation," one of the greatest books ever written,

says: "Occultism deals with transcendental physics, and is of the intellectual, belonging to science."

There is but a slight difference in the wording in the definition of Occultism by these two great men, but the meaning is the same in both cases and shows that the mind, or Intuition of all those who have passed through the true Initiation, is and must always be the same, as such knowledge is never of the brain, or intellect, but of the Soul-Intuition.

Dr. Maitland says: "Mysticism deals with transcendental **META**-physics, and is of the spiritual, belonging to the religions. Occultism, therefore, has for its domain, the region which, lying between the body and the soul, is interior to the body, but exterior to the soul; while Mysticism has for its domain the region which, comprising the soul and the spirit, is interior to the soul, and belongs to the divine."

This definition is so plain that all can understand it and in a few words we may say that Occultism is transcendental Physics, while Mysticism is transcendental Metaphysics. One the science of the physics which lead up to Mysticism, while the other is the science which leads up to God—**ALL**—Metaphysics.

In defining Mysticism, Dr. Phelon says: "A Mystic, is one who desires to know God and His Truth. He seeks first to perceive the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness (rightness) striving with intense desire to enter closely into the relations of the Seen and Unseen."

The two words of themselves, show their difference, if the light of the Caballa is thrown upon them. Occult commences with desire for all knowledge, and it is twice limited by the keeping secret or hiding quality of the word. As a repository of knowledge, it seeks to quicken wisdom with the innate force of understanding.

Mystic, at its opening, presents only the Silence which is golden. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Out of the Silence came the vibrating sound that created. Its circumstances claim for it facility of expression to attract outer support. Clearness of perception doubles the power of ready use as a whole. At the end is the limit or sign of enclosure preventing the holiest and most sacred things of the spirit from being made a mark for the worldly-wise to carp at. There may be many Occultists, but few Mystics.

Dr. Maitland, in speaking of that which he had intuitionally received, says: "The science of the Mysteries can be understood only by one who has studied the physical sciences, because it is the climax and crown of all things, and must be learned last and not first. Unless thou understand the physical sciences, thou canst not comprehend the doctrine of Vehicles, which is the basic doctrine of Occult science. 'If thou understood not earthly things, how shall I make thee understand heavenly things?' Wherefore, get knowledge, and be greedy of knowledge, ever more and more. It is idle for thee to seek the inner chamber until thou hast passed through the outer. This, also, is another reason why occult science cannot be unveiled to the horde. To the unlearned no truth can be demonstrated. The science of the realization of man's potential divinity, the process that is of the Christ, is the royal science. If thou would reach the king's presence chamber, there is no way save through the outer rooms and galleries of the palace."

It is a fact that in my past writings, I have used the word "Occultism" to define that which is really Mysticism, but I have been forced to do this in order to be understood, as but few of those who are far advanced in the deeper and higher science know the difference, for the reason that the two have never been defined except by the authors quoted and therefore it really made but very little difference whether the word "Occultism" or "Mysticism" was used. Another thing, I never wrote on metaphysical or Mysterious subjects unless I clearly defined what I was trying to impress on the reader and never wrote on physical sciences under the guise of Occultism.

Occultism may be successfully studied and investigated by the materialist as it is in truth but intellectual science, but Mysticism can never be thus investigated, as it is purely spiritual, although it gives material results. In order to become a true Mystic man must forget self and think only of the things that he may do for humanity. He does not think of saving his own soul, but thinks of the saving of others and by saving others he saves his own. He that tries to gain life shall lose it but He that is willing to give his life shall gain it. It is ever thus and the true Mystic knows this only too well and follows that which he knows is true and which the materialist very often scorns.

To be a Mystic, one must lead a moral life, not only in acting,

but in thinking and living. The body must be kept clean by right eating and drinking. The drunkard or glutton can never become a Mystic.

"Seek ye FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." This means all that it says; and to be a Mystic, it must be obeyed. Beware of those that would make you a Mystic by teaching you a broad and easy way for a given sum of money. Initiation is of the self, ceremony does not enter into it, but morality does.

R. SWINBURNE CLYMER, M. D.

A MATERNAL RENAISSANCE.

Time was when a decade and a half of untutored years and a marriage certificate were all the requisites deemed essential for motherhood. For all other callings the world was not slow to perceive that some preparatory training was necessary. Even the candlestick-maker had to learn his trade. But the most important calling of the world—the calling which conditions the happiness of the individual and the destiny of the race, was a wide-open door, through whose well-worn portals went quite as many of the well-known class that rush in, as those whose better qualifications make them fear the tread.

But the world has begun to awake from its drowsiness on this subject, as it keeps waking up from all its other little naps. What makes it awake in one of the world's secrets. Perhaps it is the nudge of the Zeitgeist, who is a very wideawake fellow, or it may be the chime of a poet, or some other dreamer, who is wide-awake about matters over which the rest of the world sleeps. Who knows how many children have had better mothers because Tennyson wrote,

"If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

Perchance even the Mothers' Congress, inaugurated four years ago, is only one of the far-off reverberations of a poet's song. Not only in directly pedagogical methods, but in the current fiction of the day one feels the influence of the maternal renaissance which marks the end of the nineteenth century. In a recent number of *Harper's*, a tensely dramatic little story, "The Lie," gives a vivid picture of the mother who has not found herself. Her little son,

Russy, however, arouses her half-dormant motherhood, one night, when she hears him talking in his sleep.

"I don't wonder Jeffy likes it! If my mother kissed *me*—I told Jeffy she did. It was a lie, but I had to. You have to when they say things about your mother. You have to say she kisses you—oh, always! She comes way up stairs every night a-purpose to, an' she tucks you in, an' she calls you *Dear*."

Except in fairy-tales, the unmotherly mother has seldom been truthfully treated in fiction. But the idealized mother, wearing a halo, whose high-lights are painted by chivalrous devotion, reverence, imagination, distance and forgetfulness, is a subject which poets and romancers have nearly made extinct by reduplication. In the interests of truth and its tonic effect the present tendency of giving portraits of truant, delinquent and inadequate mothers as well as irreproachable ones, should meet with hearty commendation.

"I shall never forget," said a gray-haired man of 50, "a little scene that occurred when I was 6 years old. For the first time in my life, I was leaving home to stay over night. A few minutes before the carriage came to the door I ran up to my mother to kiss her. But she put me aside, with the uncomprehending rebuke, 'oh, run along, it isn't time to go yet.'"

A thousand other things that mother did and said were buried in oblivion; but forty-four years after they were uttered, those words brought tears to the eyes of a strong man, in whose heart still echoed the sighs of a half-mothered boyhood.

Another successful business man gives an equally pathetic account of the parting scene between his mother and himself when he left home for college:

"I didn't try to kiss my mother, for she had never kissed me, to my recollection, but I waited instinctively for a few last words of admonition and cheer. They came in this wise: 'Good-bye Jack, and for pity's sake don't go with holes in your stockings.'"

It is probably true that the best kind of mother—like the poet—is born not made, and if she has not the true maternal instinct in her before she has any children, bringing forth children will not make her a good mother, as has been too abundantly illustrated by the abused and neglected children of the world. For mere maternity is not motherliness; the one is a physical achievement, but the other requires the participation of all the heart, mind and soul of a woman,

and some women haven't even the faintest conception of what real motherliness means. Sometimes they are mentally incapable of the bare appreciation of their children's characters, as was the case with Maggie Tulliver's mother. In all such cases, the child suffers from partial orphanage. In another case, as in the tragic relation between mother and son in "The Reign of Law," there is not only a total inability of mental or moral comprehension on the part of the mother, but scarcely as strong a physical instinct of maternity as is displayed by some of the so-called "lower" animals. Notwithstanding the numerous illustrations from literature and life which anyone may find for himself, there are a great many people laboring under the delusion that having a child makes one a mother, as many other good people imagine that the same familiar event qualifies one to speak with accents of authority on the bringing up of children, no matter how badly the speaker's children may happen to have been brought up.

But Stevenson tells us that "some old maids" have often most of the true motherly touch."

Be that as it may, no membership in any mother's club will furnish a woman with a substitute for the natural instincts, intuitions, and tenderness, which belong to the best mothers. A good mother may get many helpful suggestions from a mother's club; but a naturally poor mother, with all the hints which she may gather from clubs, or wise periodicals, may still be far inferior in her maternal relations to her clubless grandmother.

Thus do doubts encompass all the paths of progress, and lead one back to the old Emersonian refrain: "For everything you gain you lose something." Behold the modern woman, as she comes home from her "Mothers' " club, enthusiastic about new methods of feeding, teaching, loving and disciplining her children. Behold her also, a few weeks later—after the next meeting of the club—where she has heard nearly all the theories advanced at the last meeting condemned and annihilated by the scorn of some speaker who has a budget of still fresher theories to unload to eager ears. Shall the anxious mother go home and feed, caress and punish her children by the latest theory, or wait till she gets still later returns at the next meeting of the club?

All these perplexities which attend an incessant nibbling at the tree of knowledge (?) were unknown to the mother of three and

four generations ago. In those days the head of the family had little time to enter into subtle dietetic distinctions, or hair-splitting niceties on the subject of discipline. The plain arithmetical problems in weights and measures involved in keeping ten or twelve children clothed and fed, so preempted the mind and heart, that there was little opportunity for the entertainment of new theories, or the development of the finer dictates of affection. Even maternal love must have some margin of rest and leisure and the mother of long ago was often too exhausted at night to kiss all her children and "tuck them in." So it not infrequently happened that children went to bed hungry in more than one sense.

But the less brothered and sistered child of to-day is tasting the effects of the reaction from more strenuous conditions. He has a great deal more done for him—and expects a great deal more to be done for him—than his grandfather had done for him, when he was a boy; and he receives more caresses in one week than his grandfather did in a lifetime. Sometimes he is a better boy than his grandfather was, and sometimes he is not; but there are many more cases that plainly show advancement than there are instances of retrogression. And this effect is in accordance with the laws of evolution as detailed by Drummond in his *Ascent of Man*. For nature's evident plan, as Drummond points out, is to evolve from the irresponsible and neglectful mother of millions—exemplified among the fishes and the lower grades of the human genus—the wise and watchful mother of a few well-born and well-bred children.

"For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffered is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit."

MARGARET STUART.

Much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
—Milton.

I doubt if our colleges can produce men like Charles James Fox or James Russell Lowell. We now have scientific specialists, not broadminded scholars.
—Bishop Burgess.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND MENTALITY.

Between the two perceptive faculties known as Consciousness and Mentality a definite relation exists and is observable in all their operations, indicating interaction between the spiritual and the mental realms of activity. Equality of power, however, is not necessarily a condition to this relation, and the ideas involved are not always interchangeable.

All Mentality is conscious, in its operations, but not all of Consciousness can be expressed in terms of mind. After the fullest exercise of the mental powers in an operation of Consciousness, there still remains, with the spiritual Consciousness, a non-mentalizing residuum.

Consciousness is the life-activity of spirit, which is the living reality of Being; while Mentality is the conscious action of mind, which is the externalized representation of individual being. In the representative reproduction of "Mentality" only those phases or features of being which man's individual Consciousness is capable of *recognizing* can appear; the rest remains unknown until the pure spiritual Consciousness is developed and exclusively trusted. Then all may be recognized and understood.

Consciousness and Mentality may be considered together, in much the same sense as Intelligence and Imagination are compared; yet the former group is higher in station than the latter. The first is a group of faculties, the second a group of functions. Intelligence is the function of Consciousness, while Imagination—the Imaging process of thought-action—is the function of Mentality. Consciousness is purely spiritual, and it operates through Intelligence which is also spiritual in essence, element, and substance. Intelligence manifests consciousness, which is its principle of being. Principle and manifestation must be the same in element. In this instance both are spirit. The substance of spiritual reality cannot be imagined, because it is formless. There is, therefore, no image of Consciousness or of Intelligence in the abstract.

On the spiritual plane, in the absolute truth of being, Intelligence may rightly be considered the function of Consciousness, because it is that through which Consciousness operates for the purpose of the fulfilment of the law of its activity. In the spiritual-mental phase of individual life, however, where the two elements seem to mingle in one, Mentality appears to be the function of Consciousness and

Intelligence is mainly left out of consideration. The term "conscious mind" has its origin in this phase of thought.

Consciousness is too high, fine, and forceful for basic action upon the mental plane alone; and while man persists in functioning in personality, or living in the opinion of a *separate* individuality for his soul-being, the mind remains only partly conscious. Indivisibility of being is the only true individuality; and in this, only an absolutely whole Consciousness can be possible.

On the plane of Mentality, alone, Consciousness becomes Intelligence, and, as such, represents the highest state of consciousness of the mind itself; then true consciousness practically disappears from the field of action. It remains intact, however, as the pure spirit-activity of the real man, and quietly awaits recognition. Real Mentality, also, which should be the activity of intelligence, and contain the essence of spiritual understanding as applicable to individual life, is lost from sight in the personal effort to establish separateness of Being, and the reproductive action of the imagination takes the place of the productive Mentality which should remain active with man in his individualized life. Thus the mind travels downward as it proceeds outward. At each change of base it leaves behind some principal feature of activity, and substitutes a less powerful one; yet it keeps the original relatedness of faculty and function and the same kind of action as was originally established. The same order of procedure continues through all succeeding outward steps until the physical plane is reached. All action below the plane of intelligence is inverted action.

On the Individual plane Intelligence is the faculty, taking the place of Consciousness; its function should be Mentality, both remaining spiritual in substance and in activity. But the mind, insisting upon its own selfhood, personalizes its Mentality until it will function only through the image of *limited* action, so that the seeming action of an inverted imagination becomes its functioning plane.

If, now, the opinion of separateness be rigidly fixed, in the thought of self-being, Mentality takes the place of Intelligence, as the faculty, and the mind thereby loses comprehension of its spiritual qualities, retrograding to the plane of illusion, where sense becomes the apparent faculty and body its materialized function. Here, having reached the bottom of the pit, progress, even downward, ceases, and the deluded victim of separateness dies that he may

live again; that is, he changes his base of Consciousness in order to again recognize the truth.

The vast difference between the various planes of action described in this progressive series, proves that they cannot all be real; and the deterioration shown at every step, where *faculty* disappears and the always lower *function* takes its place, as supposed faculty, shows a loss rather than a gain during the seeming progress, and proves the downward course of the path. Less consciousness is evidenced at every outward step. The one element of *absolute reality* involved in the entire transaction is Consciousness, which, in some degree, is presumed to be present on every plane. All Consciousness is necessarily real, else there can be no foundation for any theory of Being. Every Reality is a unit and entirely whole, consequently Consciousness is one and whole. It is the absolute reality of every intelligent activity.

For these reasons it seems conclusive that the *actual reality* of Intelligence is to be determined by the degree of consciousness contained within its manifesting substance; that the real qualities of Mentality depend upon the proportion of intelligence included in its representative activity—the real state of the mind itself being determined by the degree of intelligence exhibited in its Mentality; and the reality of the Imagination rests in the degrees of intelligence and consciousness exercised during the formation of its images.

The same line of reasoning will apply in analysis conducted through sense-action and proceeding from mind to the physical object. There is no reality to any physical object save the qualities given it by the mind; and these being the product of Mentality, are spiritual—not in any sense material.

Retracing our steps, now, from "object" to "consciousness," we may become still more familiar with the points of difference, and see just where Reality belongs in our comprehension of Being. This may be effected through reversing the previous analysis of the progress outward, and working toward the central idea.

Consciousness is the active power *to be, to live, and to recognize*; and the reality of consciousness may be demonstrated through its power to deal with that which is real in the universe. Man is always conscious, and in his Consciousness, which is necessarily real, he manifests Deity—the principle. He is intelligent, and in his Intelligence he expresses the consciousness of reality, through

infinite activity of life. On the plane of mind and in the operations of mentality he individualizes his power to differentiate the active intelligence of his consciousness, in thought; and in the natural operations of his pure thought-activities he does the will of the Father and performs the work of the Master, in obedience to the highest moral tendencies of the purity of his intelligence and the wholeness of his consciousness. In all of these acts he is Man—spirit, soul, mind; real in each, true in all, perfect in every act.

This is the *reality* of Man's being. It is sufficient for all requirements, and it should be satisfactory at all times. But just at this point the temporarily overpowering desire for self-being puts in an appearance, and this changes the consciousness of thought to the almost unconscious state represented by a sensation of separateness; then the hypnotic sleep of self-consciousness takes possession of all the faculties. At this point the "deep sleep of Adam" falls upon man, from which each one awakens only by means of pure conscious thought. This may be exercised through the spiritual faculties, but never by means of sense-functions. The time of awakening rests with each one and will be early or late in his sense-career, according to his willingness to relinquish the desires of separate existence and disregard the allurements of "things." "For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." And this is so because of his opinion as regards the apparent value of his earthly possessions, and his consequent continuation in the desires of a seemingly physical consciousness.

Material things and the thoughts that are associated with them, have no place in the realms of true Consciousness, and those who remain in the state of unconsciousness in which these are considered real cannot during that time enter the realms of consciousness and enjoy the harmony of its activities—the heaven of Being.

After reaching the plane of Mentality, and taking the next separating step downward, the degree of recognized Consciousness is reduced and at every stage becomes less in power and in scope. But each man still is a conscious being, and cannot withdraw entirely from his own inmost consciousness; he can only misinterpret and fail to recognize that which really is always present with him. He still possesses Spiritual Consciousness, but does not know it. It continues in action, however, within the inner chambers of his being, and it aids him in all those acts of life that are too intricate for him

to perform with external understanding. With it he solves problems, recognizes moral questions, determines the "right," and knows truth; without it all these important activities would be a blank to him. In the pride of self-consciousness he imagines that he does all these things with his mind, with his senses, with brain tissue or with fingers and chalk, according to the degree that he has become steeped in the foolishness of material beliefs. But if spiritual consciousness does not exercise its divine intelligence within his comprehension, the problem remains unsolved; the moral question receives no response from the senses that are too dull to feel its point of justice; the "right" finds no place within his stony heart; the brain evolves nothing from cells not vitalized by spiritual comprehension, and the chalk has nothing to write upon the board. Then the senses rule both mind and soul, and proceed to crucify the soul upon the cross of violence, which represents the fixed obstinacy of the self-will.

That state of Consciousness which would render the higher comprehension possible to man is, at all times, his own normal condition, but he no longer knows it; all its powers actually are in operation with every breath of his life, but he is not conscious of the fact. This state of mind, cannot properly be considered as "unconsciousness," because there is no *unconscious* mind. With *no* Consciousness there is no mind. This term, therefore, is a misnomer. A person may be *unconscious* with regard to the presence of something—not conscious of its presence, even not recognizing its existence; but one cannot be unconscious, as being, or as regards himself. There cannot be such a thing or state of being or life as *un-consciousness*. That which is conscious in any way and to any degree of action cannot be unconscious, and that which is fundamentally *not* conscious does not live, and has no being. In man's present state of mixed opinions and conditions, therefore, the state of Consciousness which is always active in the higher operations of intelligence but does not attract the attention of his sense-faculties is *SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS*, because it is the higher state of Consciousness of the real man, and manifestly is above all other phases of life-action.

During a part of the time man finds himself awake and seemingly conscious. He soon learns to think of this waking and sleeping animal as himself, and the waking state becomes to him the only

conscious phase of his existence. His waking hours appear to be his conscious hours, and what he seems to know in terms of sense and mind is considered the sum of his Consciousness. We will agree with him here, for the time being, and call this his "conscious" state. It is the only consciousness possible to him while he continues to believe in separateness and to revel in its illusions; but it is a seeming sense-consciousness, requiring the delusive evidence of the senses in order that anything may be recognized or thought about, and it is devoid of real Consciousness. This is the reason why a wide-awake personal man, here, in broad daylight, even under the noonday sun and with the best of eyes, or by aid of the most powerful telescope or magnifying glass, cannot see a spirit, a soul, a mind, a principle, a law, a genuine activity, a changeless reality, a truth, an angel, a God, no not even his own *very real* devil, except in belief—the most unfounded of any of his acts. These are the two extremes of his possible action in the *power to know*; and the only one of the two with which he can know things, is itself entirely unknown to him, no matter how much or how often he may exercise it without its full recognition.

Between the two above-described conditions, however, lies a state of Consciousness that is most important for man to know and realize in his everyday life. This is a state of continuous activity, present during his material life, day and night, asleep or awake, conscious or unconscious, as it may seem to him. Through its activity his mind-being is always intelligently employed conducting operations necessary to his existence both physically and mentally. Of these operations he is oblivious, except as regards the final physical results, and these he usually attributes to material causes, thus ignoring their mental causative action.

This state of intelligent activity is spoken of as *subconsciousness*, because it rests back of the everyday Consciousness and is really beneath it, as foundation, and beyond the power of vision, though ever active in material existence. It is that plane of consciousness in man's being where are performed all those operations of human life which are known to take place, but which are mysteries to the everyday understanding, and which cannot, under any circumstances, be produced in sense-action or under the knowledge of the sense-mind. Respiration, circulation, digestion, assimilation, cell building and all constructive and restorative processes in the body are

its operative functions. The psychic senses are instruments of sub-conscious Mentality, and all psychic action relates to this wonderful field of conscious action which can only be described by the self-conscious mind as subconscious, and relegated to the field of mystery.

This phase of human Consciousness is the real ground of the "mysterious." Much of what passes for "occult phenomena" relates directly to subconsciousness, and can be lucidly explained by its laws. Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Psychic Vision, the state of Trance, Prophecy and Psychic Consciousness of every description all belong to the realm of mental subconsciousness, and there is no end or limit to its wonders. As little as these are known they are all understandable; and when studied aright, on the plane of subconsciousness, they yield rich returns for labor expended.

As intricate and wonderful as subconscious mental action is, however, it all is associated with the human phases of living being, while the Divine rests back of it, being entirely hidden from sensementality in superconscious activity. Man is a divine being, composed of real spiritual activity; and, although through personification of his thought about being and himself, he has, to a considerable extent, materialized his comprehension of things, yet he has not succeeded and never can succeed in changing the substance of his being, the activity of his life, the intelligence of his consciousness, or his ability to operate, with understanding, under the real laws of being, in expression of fundamental principles through the activities of his own life. All these activities are inherent within his Consciousness and must have expression. He has succeeded only in withdrawing his own *recognition* from the infinite, eternal, and all-inclusive activities and powers that are his by virtue of his divine relationship and inheritance, and in falling asleep to his own Consciousness; but he still lives, and his activities all continue in operation superconsciously and subconsciously as well as consciously and regardless of his attention, knowledge, or opinion. If not, he would have *ceased to be*, ages ago.

This one fact of man's being and the triune nature of the operative action of his Consciousness is of such tremendous importance that one can scarcely give it sufficient consideration. Lack of the knowledge of it is the predisposing cause of most of the confusion of thought, conflicting views, antagonism of opinion and warfare of theory throughout the ages. Our religions, our philosophies and

our sciences have all gone wrong and still go wrong on many vital points, for want of this knowledge. The reason for its absence is the absorption of the mental faculties and the use of their powers in the apparent development of the external phases of what seems to be sense-consciousness. This never presents the pure activities of being; therefore, in its exercise the eye becomes blind to them, and the perpetual activity of Consciousness that still is alive within the breast of man passes unrecognized, until finally even its existence is denied whenever it is suggested by one who looks deeper than the average thinker.

As before described, this perpetual Consciousness is both sub-conscious and superconscious as regards its demonstrative action in man's understanding. Such as relates entirely to fundamental reality is superconscious; while those features of Consciousness which are concerned in any way with individual life, on either the soul or the mind planes of action, are subconscious in all their operations, and come before the sense-mind only in their materialized inversions as physical things. Here they are not fairly represented, neither are their activities adequately reproduced; the inversion holds good in all ways.

Superconsciousness is divine in all its qualities and in every activity. It is the living plane of the divine reality of being. It is the plane of being where man truly lives in pure manifestation of divine reality, which results through and because of the activities of his conscious understanding. This plane includes all of the actually real phases of man's life. It is the only plane on which he is fully conscious and where he may know reality in its wholeness and truth in its purity. Here he knows himself, his God, and his brother man. Here he consciously breathes; and with the inbreathing comes an inspiration of divine wisdom in which all things real are readily understood. Here he *sees*; and the seeing is a beatific vision of divine fulness in which the illumination of conscious recognition of the divine purity of truth is above, beneath, in, through and around every conception, shining with the infinite unity of light, which, knowing no obstruction, casts no shadow, therefore has no opposing states to cloud the vision or hint at error or illusion. It is simply the light ineffable—the Intelligence of God shining in the Consciousness of man; and in its comprehension man, the son of God, is at peace.

The *pure reality* of Consciousness is a perfectly natural state to man here and now; and the opinion that it is a state of either past or future life to the exclusion of the present is not at all true. There never was any past and there never will be a future; there is only the activity of Consciousness—living, realizing, and ever being, within the changeless whole. The ever-living present is the only *time* of Consciousness, and “now” is the only time of realization. Man is not—to speak in the language of the world—conscious while living and awake, subconscious while asleep, and superconscious only when dead, but he always was and now is SUPERCONSCIOUS REALITY OF BEING, which simply means that he is always a *fully conscious being*, for this is what “superconsciousness” means.

Man in his real being is just as much alive and active while functioning here in the sleeping dream of personal illusion as under any other circumstances. Strange as this statement may seem, in sense-thinking, it is the only one that will stand the test of reason, that will account for the facts of experience, or that will satisfy the intuitive faculties. Man has *all* of his superconscious faculties and powers constantly at his command, and can exercise them in both the subconscious and the conscious states, if he so chooses. With him it is a matter of *thought*, and he can think consciously in superconscious terms if he so decides. And if he does so think, then he becomes truly conscious of the *qualities* of the things about which he thinks, and does the work of the divine man on earth for the good of men and to the glory of God. The subconsciousness reproduces, externally, in the Mentality of individual life, whatever the mind does, consciously, in thought-processes; therefore, this development of the forces of real Consciousness in the thought-action of daily life, reproduces itself in the subconscious realm of individuality, for future benefit and advancement.

The divine nature of man is a state of absolute Consciousness, in which the things about which he thinks are entirely real, and all information or evidence is true to the ultimate. This state is so different from what we experience in our present state of conscious thought about sense-conditions that we can scarcely realize it; and, quite naturally, those who have not developed thought in the higher consciousness see little or no possibility of its reality and call the ideas visionary, considering them unfounded; at best, perhaps, looking upon them as utopian ideas that cannot be realized in this life,

although they may await our coming to the next life. This is not in any way a right view of the case. There is nothing "utopian" *there*, and anything which we may call such *here* will be absent there. What is not *realized* here will not be *found* there. That which we do not accomplish here will still remain undone when we awake in what we are now calling "there." What man *cannot* be conscious of here and now, will not be found within his Consciousness there or then. Time is an illusion of sense, and in the reasonings of sense-mentality its sophistries confound our theories. "Now, is the accepted time." Consciousness that *is*, not Consciousness *TO BE*, contains man's hope for advancement, either here or hereafter.

When the real or superconscious faculties are recognized, and the truth about their powers is admitted as the perfectly natural possession of each man, right *here* and *now*, then, and then only, does he come forward in confidence and assert himself in the consciousness that he is whole in THE ONE; and not until this takes place within his external Consciousness does he begin to do the work for which he has been fitted by the growth gained through the experience of the past ages.

During this timeless period of seeming time, he has in all probability lived alternately as well as together in all the states of Consciousness and through all phases of existence on all planes; and in the subconscious realm of his Mentality is a tireless memory that holds a record of every deed of the will, transaction of the intellect, experience of the mind and growth of the soul. To this source of information we can and we do turn in many ways not fully understood in our externally conscious thought; and the desired information comes, in one way or another. Properly understood the value of this power would be inestimable; but it is usually misunderstood and misinterpreted, consequently most of its power is lost save with exceptional persons who in some undefined way discover that they possess an unusual power.*

In the pure spirit-consciousness of what we are now considering as the "superconscious" realm of Mentality, man enjoys a vastness of Intelligence, unfathomable and boundless. In the subconscious realm of his own Individuality he possesses a mighty reservoir of

*These facts are of such importance that they have been treated elsewhere under the heading of "Subconscious Mentality," and where more space could be given to the subject; see THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, vol. xvii, p. 283.

knowledge and information covering every sort of experience possible in the demonstration of law throughout all the kingdoms of life; and from this reservoir he may, at any time, bring forth for use, treasure, the possession of which he little dreams can be his. Knowledge of his relationship and ownership is the chief requirement for conscious possession and use. In the supposed consciousness of his waking hours, in material life, he is always under a cloud of illusion whereby his vision is dulled, and he neither sees nor knows of the real, on either plane, back of his present consciousness which seems to be all and which occupies all of his abstracted attention.

But, as before stated, he can think in either direction. Consciousness itself is his, and he can exercise it here; so there is hope if only he will think. Then the universe will open to him and sense will no longer hold any allurements for him. Consciousness now rises to its heights, in his estimation, and he begins to recognize his true inheritance.

But, says the sluggard, what is the use of all that? Why is it not just as well for him to sleep and enjoy himself?

No! this he cannot do. While he sleeps he does not really enjoy the nightmare illusions, and he is never happy or contented. The more he gets, the more he wants; that is the universal rule as regards either material possessions or sensuous enjoyments. This is because his mind subconsciously knows the emptiness of these illusions, and no amount of "possession" suffices to take away the sense of nothingness and its consequent want. He is never satisfied, but always looking for the "something" not yet in his possession. Sense-deluded, still, he thinks the want must be filled by sense objects;—and his consciousness remains as empty as his purse.

A reversal of his thought, here, is the only relief. This will bring him back to consciousness, where he may find the treasure of real consciousness which is his, and again enjoy its life-giving qualities and its peace-producing harmonies. Thought is always his salvation from the effects of deception, loss, misjudgment or error of any sort whatsoever. On the mental plane thought is the instrument of consciousness.

While the superconscious is the divine, the subconscious is distinctly the human realm of Consciousness. Yet it is divine in nature. On the subconscious plane the human propensities for individual

life-experience are indulged, in a degree of power almost spiritual in the activity of its Mentality. In fact, the spiritual faculties, on their very first inversion and outward step from the divine whole-ness of being, are still exercised in subconscious action, but are now turned to the problem of reproduction in *self-being* for the purposes of separate life. The Mentality is not yet entirely illusionized, but the purpose of life has become human instead of divine, and the individual has entered the wide gate and started upon the broad path that leads so easy and at first so pleasantly in its alluring promises of independent separateness, down the declivity to the lower regions of sensuous miseries. But in the subconscious storehouse are the memories of countless attempts and their inevitable failures to produce something from nothing—failures even in the realm of illusion; and if the mind will but turn within, even to this external withinness, the knowledge that saves from this final degradation in sense will be found, the warning will be given and recognized, and the change may be made in time to save the long weary wanderings among the swine of kindred sense-deceived ones.

The external state that we commonly call "waking consciousness," and which is designated here as Consciousness, is neither divine nor human; it is animal, and is sensuous in its self-nature, and, while it stands upon its own seeming ground of sense evidence, its tendencies remain such. Until the mind turns within, to look back of where its senses move during the waking hours of self-conscious experience, its thoughts will be sensuous and its tendencies will move in the direction of animal life. As has been shown, however, this can all be overcome through the regulation of conscious thought; thus every individual carries his salvation within his own heart, and may exercise his own natural powers in such a way as to return to the good, the pure, the true and the holy.

Returning thus by way of the subconscious memories, experiences, and ways of knowledge, man finds his home again in that Consciousness which includes all real action of all the three phases that have been occupying his attention at different stages of his experience. Then discriminating terms are no longer needed, and may be dropped. Consciousness has been found, analyzed, comprehended in its entirety, and it is found to be the activity of his being—his life eternal. And in it all desire has surcease, all selfishness dissolves, and glistening, now, for a moment in the tender teardrops of happiness

in a greater satisfaction newly found, evaporates in a mist that returns again to moisten the earth and help the flowers to grow, which, through their beauty and purity, may bring the inspiration to others not yet freed from the chains of self-thought. This is the self-sacrifice that regenerates the soul.

Consciousness is ONE—whole, pure, clear, and sure in its guiding influence; and since it is the very activity of man's being, it insures to him the divine reward—recognition of reality through the consciousness of truth; and in this is life eternal.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE

LIFE IN DEATH.

I think that there are no dead; I think that there is no death; I think that there is no long and dreary sleep, no waiting for a future resurrection of a body which has served its purpose and has no future purpose which it can serve; that life goes on unbroken by what we call death; that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was not an extraordinary event, but only an extraordinary evidence of an ordinary event; that he was the first fruits of them that sleep; that all rise from the dead as he rose from the dead, and live as he lives; that to die is to "depart and live with Christ, which is far better"; that every death is a resurrection, and that to every spirit God giveth a body, as it pleaseth Him. I think of death as a glad awakening from the troubled sleep which we call life; as an emancipation from a world which, beautiful though it be, is still a land of captivity; as a graduation from this primary department into some higher rank in the hierarchy of learning. I think of the dead as possessing a more splendid equipment for a larger life, of diviner service than was possible for them on earth—a life in which I shall in due time join them if I am counted worthy of their fellowship in the life eternal.

—*Lyman Abbott.*

THE KNOWLEDGE.

The gnosis itself is that which has descended by transmission to a few, having been imparted unwritten by apostles.

I will not dispute that in these words: "Do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with thy God" is conveyed the true ideal of religious discipline and attainment. It may be that we shall find Christianity itself in some sort a scaffolding, and that the final building is a pure and perfect theism.

—*W. E. Gladstone.*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MYSTICISM.

Perhaps no word in our language conveys so indefinite a meaning as mysticism. It conjures up vague pictures in the mind—pictures of saints, of fanatics, of irresponsible enthusiasts. It has, at once, noble and debasing associations. It carries suggestions of righteousness and yet of decadent follies; it raises in some minds an idea of holiness, in others an impatience of credulity. And this is due to two causes—first to the form of the word itself, second to the quality of the mind that considers it. With the first cause we can easily deal. The derivation of the word mysticism from the Greek *μυστικός*, secret, with its further derivative *μυστήτης*, one initiated, is generally conceded, and thus its association with the religious rites of Eleusis is established, and, no doubt, this linguistic relation connects it in many minds with mystic and mysterious acts. But we must carefully distinguish between mysticism as meaning the secret or hidden relation of the soul to God or the Infinite, and any lower conception of it, as expressed in mysterious rites, theurgy or magic. With these we are concerned only in so far, as we may find a tendency in certain phases of man's evolution to the study and practice of occultism.

The second cause, the quality of the mind of the mystic, presents greater difficulties and brings us to our subject matter, the psychology of mysticism.

The religious impulse in man leads to worship, the mystic element, developed through the desire to worship, claims closer relationship to the object of adoration. Thus a knowledge of the religion of any people enlightens us as to their character and experience, a knowledge of their mystic rites, ceremonies and aspirations admits us, as it were, to the sanctuary of their being. And mysticism is thus, as we might expect, easily divisible into three kinds, the mysticism of religious worship, the mysticism of religious hope, and the mysticism of religious search, or philosophy. And we may carry these divisions further as applicable to mysticism in point of time or human development, as ancient, or allied to the childhood of the race, as mediæval or allied to the middle age of a people, as modern or through philosophy extending to our own time, and indeed surviving only in close relationship to it. And as psychological development is different at different stages of growth in the

individual, so shall we find its evolution presenting differences in the life-story of the nations.

In the childhood of races the mind concerns itself little about the origin of things, primitive emotions find expression in simple ways, temporary causes explain temporary effects, and the gods of ancient worship are local gods. Not that which was strange but that which was familiar, led to deification and the relationship between gods and men was easy and free from mystic observance or rite. It is only when, through complex relations, complex desires arise that we find polytheism replacing the simpler nature-gods of early worship, the tribal god slowly yielding place to the deity of some stronger nation, the local divinity still held in reverent memory, but overshadowed by other and more potent agents. And with polytheism the mystic element creeps in; the invisible assumes a growing importance, that which can neither be touched, nor handled, nor reproduced in its own likeness, is felt to be of moment; it is intangible, yet draws man, through a growing imagination, to itself; it gives rise to vague emotions not readily understood. Then arises, what may be called a yearning after satisfaction, which forever eludes the seeker, and which is, in fact, the quest of the growing emotions and intellect rather than of the reason and the intellect. Reason demands proof, while emotion is satisfied with response to its demands through itself. And we may be justified in the assertion that mysticism is feeling seeking satisfaction in and through itself and finding this satisfaction in union with the object of its ideal worship. It has been called the Romance of Religion, and not unjustly, since romance is a matter of feeling rather than of fact.

We may reasonably expect to find differences in the development of mysticism corresponding to differences in epochs, for science has clearly shown that man himself is not a creature of static nature, but that evolution includes mind and spirit as surely as matter and form. The psychology of nations as of epochs varies, the content of man's consciousness differs at different stages of human development, and the mind of the child born into the 20th century is not as the mind of the infant of ancient days. And we must remember this, because even in works published to-day, we frequently find it taken for granted that whatever differences anthropology may point out between the earlier and later races, the soul of man has always been the same. Few psychologists to-day would accept such

a statement, but the mystic takes it for granted and we find one of the great leaders of mystic literature to-day saying, "There is but one universal mode of thought, that of the interior consciousness freed from schools and systems. We may or may not know more than the ancients but the soul of man is certainly the same now that it was in the days of Solomon and Socrates." This of course is open to consideration which would lead us far afield, and involve the question of the soul itself. We must be content to reflect that if the soul exist it exists as consciousness in the individual, and like everything of which we have any knowledge it is subject to change. Whether or no the soul, as some philosophy has put it, is a simple principle, it is quite clear that only in consciousness can we know it, only as consciousness can it have life or meaning for us. It is because the mystic loses sight of this pregnant fact that vagueness and unreality accompany his thought.

As soon as the mind loses its hold upon fact, it enters the terra incognita of illusion and mystification; it soars, it is true, but it soars into an atmosphere of illusion and unreality. To-day we demand more, the satisfaction of imagination or of emotion cannot content us, the scientific spirit demands the satisfaction of intellect and reason. And our endeavor must be: to seek and find for our own day and generation a scientific explanation of mystic hope.

Modern psychology analyses the mind through itself, derives its knowledge from experience, and formulates the content of consciousness in the child as dependent upon external stimulation. The psychologist to-day rarely conceives that the infant enters the world with a mind supplied with categories, or ideas awaiting the opportunity for development, but rather that it finds itself in chaos from which, with infinite effort, it must construct its own world. And this world, this content of consciousness will, of necessity, differ with circumstances and environment. Slowly in response to stimuli the mind will select its own furniture; in response to need, the will, or the emotions, will find expression. Desire, as primitive feeling, will express itself with greater and greater complexity, and difference in character will be traceable to difference in desires satisfied or thwarted.

Roughly speaking, then, each human soul must build up its own habitat, must seek and find its own God, and no doubt in seeking, as complexity continually increases, will strive toward unification;

will endeavor to build up a unity, a whole in which it shall find complete satisfaction. This is the true mysticism, the mysticism of the individual as a whole; seeking union with the universal in and through experience; and this union, this experience, can come to man only as a social being, in and through other beings like himself.

In the past there have been presented three distinct kinds of mysticism, answering to three orders of psychological development. In Pagan mysticism we have its earliest form in ceremonies connected with phallic worship, serpent worship, worship of the principle of fertility, the effort at union through sacrifice, through intoxication, through exhilaration consequent upon the drinking of Soma juice, through ecstasy. Of the second, the early history of Christian mysticism, seeking the Beatific Vision affords us many examples of the last, philosophy arising in ancient Greece, and continuing to our own day, is the best exponent. For while in ancient India, Persia, Babylonia and Assyria the human mind sought intellectual satisfaction through purely subjective experiences, in Greece two great classes of thinkers arose, the one seeking truth through subjective analysis or intuition, the other through reason and logic.

Broadly speaking, all our philosophy is derived from one or other of these schools. From the one we have intuitional philosophy tending directly to the mystic interpretation of the universe; from the other rationalism developing into the scientific spirit of our own time. The one appeals to the affectional element in man, the other to his reason. The one bases its conclusions upon subjective experiences, the other upon objective facts slowly accumulated, classified, and wherever possible, unified. The one tends to religious development, the other to scientific progress. Mysticism in our own days necessarily takes on form other than that of Pagan or early Christian days, or of those of the middle age; it meets then with an array of classified facts in connection with human life and destiny which are the distinct product of our era.

The seeker of truth to-day is not content to accept authority—he demands proof; he gleans in many fields; he collects facts, classifies, and summarizes them, and whenever possible relates them back to a simple origin. Beset by complexities he strives in every way to find a unifying principle. Nothing can remain isolated, unrelated, mysterious. In the world of religious thought he investigates historic evidence as freely as in the world of natural evolution. As he

dissects the body, so he analyzes the mind and tries to analyze the soul. Modern psychology tends to the belief that far from belonging to different planes of fact and experience, soul and mind are but differentiated expressions of man's being.

Thus to the thinker of to-day, is it no longer possible to consider the things of this world apart from universal truths, or to build up another world apart from man's own consciousness; to set up one standard for the natural man and another for the spiritual man; they are too closely correlated by fact and experience to be divorced. As a result the tendency is to find in Ethics a solution of all religious problems, and ethical philosophies and ethical religions arise based upon man's experience and not upon divine revelation. Nature and spirit are regarded as two aspects of one reality, and religion no longer seeks to separate them, or to condemn one to exalt the other. Rather the effort of our time is to harmonize them; to find in man, as social being, the explanation of a complex and inexplicable universe.

Physiology the science of the body, combines with psychology the science of the soul; both demand knowledge through fact and experience, not through authority or intuition. So subtle and far reaching is this modern spirit that the pulpit draws its examples from the world of scientific fact, and science seeks corroboration of its conclusions in the experience of emotional religious believers; and such experiences have shed a light upon the mystery of man's being. Already popular thought has accepted the distinction of the conscious and sub-conscious self, distinctions dimly outlined in earlier philosophies but only in our own day brought within the bounds of classification.

The healthy normal human mind has been subjected to so keen an analysis that any deviation from its perfect action becomes of pathological interest, and science directs attention to diseased conditions in order more fully to understand normal action, normal thought and normal utterance. Thus, many obscure phenomena, automatic writings, for example, clairvoyance, the world of dreams and of imaginations, so long *terra incognita*, slowly yield up their secrets, with the result that new psychologies are appearing, based not upon subtle distinctions between inherent faculties, or ideas, but upon facts realized by observation and experience. We have in one branch only, an important contribution to our knowledge of man,

in that of "suggestion" revealed in all its enhancing importance by the study of hypnotism and hypnotized subjects; and it is now well known that we are all, in our normal condition, the subjects of suggestions, direct or indirect; and it would not probably be too far reaching a statement to assert that without suggestion, direct or indirect, there would be no mental action at all.

In the history of mysticism, in its analysis and in the comparative study of its effects, we find an explanation of the most curious theurgic results in the power of suggestions upon excited states of the emotions. Miracle and magic are found in all early stages of man's evolution, as due to the suggestions of natural events upon man's awakening intelligence. Vague ideals appear in the first instance of reconciling the agents of destruction, the storm gods, or evil spirits lurking behind the curtain of darkness which surrounds man on every side, ideals becoming more and more complex as evolution proceeds, and including the conception of error, or sin, a falling away from favor, and slowly building up the notion of a mystical inexplicable relation between the seen and the unseen, a relation ever widening, until the Nature-God of earlier imaginings became the abstract universal Idea, or Good of later philosophy. A complete knowledge of the mind of man would throw light upon the most obscure problems of human experience, light not as Tennyson conceived, derived from "knowledge of the flower in the cran-nied wall," but from knowledge of the mind of man to which the flower is a mystery as great as his own soul. The unknown is always the mysterious, the mystic, the fearful; only the light of knowledge, based upon facts of experience, can teach us the true relation of the soul of man to the universe, the place of the unit in the manifold marvels of the objective world.

It is because mysticism has its rise in the emotional nature that we find its ramifications almost universal. The severest rationalism alone escapes its influence, and severe rationalism is rare, and by no means lovely, for the thinker who ignores emotional value, ignores that which in its perfect form is, the Godlike in man. To the perfectly balanced mind, could it ever be found, the relationship of man as a unit, to the multiplicity of natural phenomena, would include the emotional as well as the rational nature; will, intellect, love, that is desire, reason, feeling, would be equally proportioned and man would be that which his ideal now recognizes as God; for,

this perfect equalization of qualities *is* the Divine in man; it is the true mystical union which culminates in a Christ, a Buddha, which points the way to the lofty utterance of Jesus: "Be ye perfect, even as the Father in heaven is perfect." That is, realize the possibility within you, that you may attain to ultimate universality.

The history of mysticism shows us how blindly men have conceived of this possibility, how earnestly they have sought it, and how widely they have differed in the methods of their search. Under its banner we find all forms of religion, and with rare exceptions, also of philosophy. Its keynote was struck early in the evolution of man, its resonance has been heard through the ages; it echoes in the heart to-day; nor can it die out until the perfect union of human faculty is a consummated fact, and then it will live in other form, as mystic reality.

To the truly mystic yearning in human nature, we owe all that makes life's struggles dignified, or imbues it with meaning. Deprived of mystic possibility man would be merely a rational animal, as, deprived of reason he would be a bundle of emotional absurdities.

The history of mysticism is, in a certain sense, the history of human nature itself in its psychological development, building for itself, as it were, a temple of hope, amid different influences and environments; a record of one phase of religious development; the outcome, one might perhaps justly say of idealism, becoming in the hands of the ignorant a superstition; a reaction against formalism and rigid axioms of morality which belie the affectional nature, leading in many instances to undue expression of emotion, and to undesirable license in the struggle for liberty.

It is unfortunate, as scholars have pointed out, that our language limits us to the use of the one word mysticism, and obliges us to include under its wide generalization every form of mystic apprehension, whereas in German the use of two related, yet distinctly different words, makes it possible to separate the true from the false. "Mysticism" as implying all that is least worthy, the indefinite, unreal and passive element, whereas "Mystik" expresses the essentially religious yearnings of the self for union with its source. It is for this reason that Nordau treats mysticism as the stamp of degeneration, because his conception of it is pathological and in his view it is but one among many manifestations of decadent morbidity. Throughout his chapter upon this subject he confounds it with symbolism.

Such a classification is unjust to mysticism, a fact all will acknowledge who pass in review the great names that illuminate its history, names which illustrate human nature at its best. To confine ourselves for the moment only to those who are in the main the originators of the modern form of it we need only mention Kant and Hegel whose conclusions were reached by the exercise of the reason, by laborious effort, and untiring will, or Spinoza, who, as the father of mysticism, which, claiming union with the Divine as the only blessedness, yet never lost sight of those facts in nature and experience which are our only true means of knowing God. It is when religious feeling in the sorely tried human being, overrides his reason, that we have the form of mysticism that denies the value of human life, and belittles its experience which demands contemplation rather than action, which attains Nirvana through atrophy of all desires, good as well as evil.

True mysticism is the fundamental feeling of religion, or we might say it is the legitimate child of religious instinct, arising through the complexity of natural phenomena, and endeavoring always to escape that complexity and find a single principle which would explain it. And more and more in our own day, the day of science and scientific interests, does this instinct reveal itself. In every field of thought, the tendency of the healthy normal mind is to simplify explanation. The man of scientific research finds his explanation of organic phenomena and complexity in the study of the single cell, the sociologist in his search for the cause of evolutionary progress in a thousand directions fixes his attention upon the individual, so too the psychologist, meeting with the complex relations of the normal brain, studies a child, the single representative of race-activities, he deduces from the one the many and that which reason or science instinctively attempts, feeling, which is the basis of all religion, also demands.

To find a single explanation of related phenomena is the task of science, to find a single principle to embrace related experience is the task of religion. The two acting in unison would give us a perfect mystic ideal, whereas feeling unbalanced by reason indulges in those flights of the imagination which have produced the "Chwaimerei" of the mystic in every age. Its characteristics may differ, must of necessity do so, in accordance with the psychological development of any people, or of isolated individuals, but in the main its

goal is the same at all periods, and this goal is union **with** God. The conception of God, at different periods of evolutionary progress determines the character and degree of mystic development. In the pagan world of many conflicting gods or powers, the mystic element found expression in sacrifice, in cementing the blood tie, in entering into semi-physical relationships, in placating offended gods through boon companionship.

In the evolution of worship the ideal of the Divine changed in character; as the god became holier, he became also less approachable, further away, and with this separation came the sense of sin, of alienation, at first vague, but later on very definite, having as far as we are concerned its rise among the Semites, and mingling as time passed with Greek, Hindoo and Persian conceptions, of characteristic and temperamental differences, until, through feeling and imagination, was finally built up an ideal of the falling away of humanity from a Divine origin, and the necessary return by the way of mediation, suffering and effort. All mystical theology is based upon this falling away of man from God, and upon the possibility of return. It tends as time passes more and more to pantheism because the human mind instinctively turns from complexity which involves effort, to simplification which minimizes it.

The modern view that the man is his own world-builder is at once the explanation of, and the excuse for later mysticism. World-building implies effort and energy, and effort and the continual exercise of the will in energy, fatigue and weariness; only the strong-willed continue the necessary exertion, and so passing from experience to experience, build up through will and reason more and more differentiated and complex worlds, while in those of weaker will feeling assumes an undue preponderance and demands satisfaction for itself in emotion. Emotion resolves the objects of feeling into experience, that which was the response to evanescent feeling becomes a reality to emotion, and the dividing line between fact and imagination is blurred or obliterated. It is for this reason that we have in almost all mystic reverie, a strong savor of the sensuous; sensuous imagery as among the sufis of Persia, sensuous heavens as among the Muslims, sensuous delights as among the mystics of the middle age, sensuous apathy as among the quietists.

On the other hand the higher forms of mysticism are based upon a philosophy of life as *actual* experience, on facts and not on imag-

inings, and are at once rationalistic and idealistic. In its higher form it recognizes that experience or fact, apart from its effects, would be meaningless and worthless. Reason apart from feeling would lead but to a mechanical universe, made up of interlinked happenings with no one to be affected by such happenings. But man has never been a mere rational animal; experience, in his evolution, has not been mechanical; he is aware that he himself has had something to do with it. He feels, he suffers, and he acts in accordance with this individual experience. The Hindoo philosopher in ancient times, recognized this as the basis of all thought. Pain was to him the very proof of existence, the starting point as it were of individuality. Out of profound reality he built up a mysticism, having as its goal escape from that reality which he *felt*, into a reality in which he should no longer feel, in which that which by making him feel limitation should resolve itself back into an unlimited reality in which feeling would be lost in itself.

The most striking thing about the mysticism which is now asserting itself in the active energizing West is its oriental character. How to get rid of responsibility is the western form of the Hindoo problem, "how to get rid of pain." Feeling is at the bottom of both, and as contact with life and experience lead to suffering, so arises the idea that withdrawal from its activities tends to peace, and withdrawal from activity gives birth to mysticism.

Many thinkers beside Nordau have affirmed that mysticism is the outcome of degeneracy, of world-weariness, of faintheartedness, the refuge of the despairing, but this is a too limited view of mystic possibility. It is true of man as unit, but it is not true of man as social being—it is true of the individual, it is not true in its racial aspect. The mysticism of different peoples is widely divergent, it accords with race-character, with environment, with the underlying individuality of national life, apart from the influence of internationalism, that is to say, with the inner characteristics of a people, apart from the external influences of foreign residents, until, by long association and intermingling, fusion of race is so thorough as to be indeterminate. Thus we find in a review of mysticism, differences not only in the forms of mystic belief, but in its originating ideals, in strict accordance with the individuality of the nations in which it had its rise. The mysticism of the Semite as finally formulated in the Kaballa and the mysticism of the Aryan as expressed

in the Vedanta or in Sankhya philosophy have fundamental differences due to race-characteristics. The mysticism of the Anglo-Saxons is not as that of the Latin peoples, either in its conception or its form; it is only when internationalism has so fused races that character itself is internationalized that we find a mystic principle universal in its application. This was the case in Alexandria in the early Christian days and gave universal influence in the Eastern world of that day to Neoplatonic ideals; it is partially the case to-day and the modern ideal of individualism is taking on mystic form in accordance with the evolution of many natural ideals meeting and mingling, and thus blurring the outlines of distinct racial beliefs; as a result we find a sort of religious agnosticism arising in which while the soul of man asserts its right to individual expression, it loses hold upon the personal hope of immortality. It resists the tendency to complex differentiation, which means progress and civilization, and sinks back into an elusive realm of merging into the one it loses hold of distinctions and demands uniformity.

But history should put us on our guard against this insidious inroad upon individual right to freedom and expression, it should remind us, that progress is from uniformity to complexity, and not from complexity to uniformity. The highest development of which the human race is capable, is to be found in a complex civilization tending to ever greater complexity, not in a civilization content to remain stationary; for pause in progress is decline—the question for the higher civilizations is not the question of rest—of cessation of activity but the question of the direction of activity, and so with the thinking man or woman to-day the religious question should be, not how to simplify the ideal life, but in which direction to carry it forward; not the ideal of rest in a pantheistic Nirvana, but the ideal of progress in the path of spiritual individuality; not the pillow of sleep, but the pillow of inquiring effort; not the satisfaction of feeling at the expense of reason, not the association of reason at the cost of feeling, but the united action of both in continual search for truth; not reliance upon the past, but pioneer effort toward the new; not rest, not satisfaction, not apathy and atrophy, but LIFE—ever more broad, ever more complex, ever more enriched by experience.

He alone is rich who is possessed of the results of varied experience, who has been trained by circumstance to effort, and who

through experience has gained force to go on. To him the fruit of experience is the beacon that ever reassures; it becomes of little moment whether the path he treads be easy or difficult, so it but leads to greater effort, greater result, greater possibility of achievement. The residuum of effort is force, capacity for greater effort, the power "to go onward still and upward" and so "keep abreast of the truth." And he who, equipped by life's experience, strong in character, and determined in effort, carries on the quest for truth, and for knowledge (which is but another name for truth), will unquestionably realize that beyond and above, within and beneath all individual experience will be the mystic tie of the universal links of birth and death—the two happenings of every life, in and through which man is forever differentiated, yet forever united in experience.

Through kindred experiences of birth and death, which baffle all attempt to unravel their mysteries, the solidarity of the human race is assured; the experiences which lie between may be explainable, may be, in a sense, forecast, may be even understood by the actors, but no one has arisen wise enough to prognosticate from birth what death will be. Shorn of all imaginings, these twin events cement the mystic relationship of men, a relationship ever widening in the course of the ages, so that the child born into the twentieth century is the rich inheritor of all former existence, is related by birth to all the departed and destined in death to afford a new link in the endless chain of human individuality. Thus in the natural mysteries of every day life, lies the mystic bond of spiritual fellowship, not as so many have claimed of spiritual equality, but of spiritual possibility; for every spirit expressing itself through birth has before it the opportunity for enrichment through experience; gains in the life-struggle force for renewed effort; and doubtless, through the gate of death, carries on the growth already attained under conditions of limitation here.

Great indeed is this realization of individual growth and expression, the product, in the main, of the scientific research of our own time leading men, through knowledge of facts, to belief in their own indestructibility, emphasizing the value of this life, yet upholding the right of the unit to immortality, personal, indefinite, individual. Capacity for growth in the future is foreshadowed by capacity for effort here, life, in its endless possibilities, ensured through its capacity for individual experience here and now. In

such a view, all life is worth living, all pain is worth enduring, all experience is worth having, pleasure is worth enjoying, profit is worth sharing, loss is worth accepting, for all tend to individualize, and in individuality lies the crown of immortality. And here again what reason claims, feeling knows, and united they endorse the mystic claim, the mystic hope, the mystic assurance of eternal life, the mystic utterance of one of the greatest of the sons of men "I and the Father are one."

MRS. KUNTZ REES.

THEOLOGY AND THEOSOPHY.

Theology is the daughter of mythology, and has made the relation of the gods to man quite as intimate and personal as did its mother. It adopts the personal point of view—the point of view of our personal wants, fears, hopes, weaknesses, and shapes the universe with man as the center. It looks upon this earth—this little atom in the universe—as the special theater for the action of the gods; gods to whom it has given the form and the attributes of men—love, hate, anger, error, partiality, etc., and to whom it ascribes peculiar plans and devices. It is more popular with the majority of mankind than science or theosophy, because the mass of mankind are children, and are ruled by their emotions, and both science and theosophy chill and repel them, because they substitute the rule of evolution and law for that of mere humanistic divinities.

Theology recognizes, in all the great historical religions of the world, but *one* to be of true and divine origin, and declares all the rest to be mere masses of falsehood and superstition, and their followers ignorant heathen.

Theosophy recognizes the religious instinct in man as an inherent part of his nature, the germ of the spiritual principle within him, and considers all the great systems of religion, Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedism, and the polytheism of Greece, Rome and Egypt, as its legitimate outgrowth and overflowing, just as the different plants and animals of earth are the manifestation of one principle of organic life.

Now these may all be *false* with reference to their machinery, and yet true with reference to the *need to which they administer*. They are like the constellations on the astronomical maps, wherein the stars are the only things that are real; all the rest, Ursa Major, Orion, Cassiopea, etc., are but names and figures invented by astronomers.

The eternal truths of man's religious nature have lent themselves to many figures of other systems besides Christianity. The figures pass away or become distorted from their original intent; but the truths themselves, the recognition of a power greater and wiser than ourselves, to the laws of which it is necessary that we should conform in our lives and actions, will never pass away. Was not the religion of Egypt or of Greece a saving power—a moral restriction to them, as ours is to us?

Indeed, the question which it is not safe to ask of any religion is just the one we are prone to ask first, and that is, "Is it true?" A much safer question to ask is: "Is it saving?" Is it fitted to the mental status and surroundings of those who profess it? Does it hold men up to a higher standard of life and duty than they would attain to without it? The ancient religion of Greece would not bear an analytical search for truth. I doubt if any even of its priests had any belief in the reality of any of its gods except Zeus; and yet Dr. Curtius, whose history of Greece is one of the best, says that "the religion of Apollo was nowhere introduced without transforming and taking hold of the whole life of the people. It liberated men from the dark and grovelling worship of natural objects, and converted the worship of gods into a duty which involved moral elevation; it founded expiations for those oppressed with a sense of guilt; and for those who were in doubt, or astray without guidance, it provided sacred oracles."

Can historical Christianity any better face the question "Is it true?" Did all these events *occur exactly as recorded in the New Testament*? Are they set in their *true light*? And yet who dare say that Christianity has not been a tremendous power in elevating and civilizing Christian nations?

Theosophy and science affirm that every child born of woman since the world began belonged to the human species, and had an earthly father. Orthodox Christianity affirms that this is true of every child except one—one child, born in Judea over eighteen hundred years ago was an exception—was, indeed, God himself.

Orthodox Christianity makes a similar claim as regards the Bible. It affirms that every book in the world was written by a human being, and is therefore more or less fallible and imperfect, with the exception of one—that one is the Bible. They declare that this book is not the work of man, but is the word of God himself uttered through man, and is therefore infallible.

Theosophy sees in a great portion of the Bible *one* of the sacred books of nations; a book embodying part of the history, the ideas, the religious wants and yearnings of a very peculiar race—a race utterly destitute of science, but with the tie of race and religious aspiration very strongly developed—a people still wandering in the wilderness, and rejected by the nations to whom they gave Christianity.

Theosophy, too, realizes God as the force or power that upholds the universe, the great center from which radiate all things; whose attributes are the mighty trinity, *wisdom, love and power*—the *wisdom* to plan a law-governed *universe*; the *love* that would cause this plan to be put into effect, and the *almighty power* to give it manifestation.

Theosophy knows Christ, too, as a teacher and *Saviour* of men. A saviour! How? By reason of miraculous birth? By the vicarious atonement of his death: NO! But by his unique and tremendous announcement of the *law of love*, and by the daily illustration of it in his life.

Salvation by Christ is salvation by self-renunciation; by gentleness, mercy, charity and purity; and by all the divine characteristics he exhibited. He saves us when we are like him—as tender, as self-sacrificing as unworldly, as devoted to principle. The story of his life and death, when freed from the fogs in which superstition and priestcraft have enveloped it, *does* inspire in mankind these feelings, *does* fill them with this noble ideal. His was a soul impressed, illuminated as perhaps no other soul ever has been illuminated with the *oneness of God with man, and of man with God*, and with the truth that the kingdom of heaven was not a place but a state, and that to enjoy it you must find it within you.

Was not Paul also a saviour of mankind? Without him Christianity would probably have never amounted to much. He was its thunderbolt. Down through all these centuries his words are still ringing in our ears.

What can the Theosophist, or if you please, what can calm human reason make of the cardinal dogmas of Theology, such as the "plan of salvation," "vicarious atonement," "saving grace," etc.? Simply *nothing*! These things were "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness," and to the person who uses his own reason or intuition, they are like utterance in an unknown tongue.

The real, vital effect of any form of religious belief upon the life, happiness and condition of any section of mankind necessarily must be, in exact proportion to its fitness to the mental, moral and educational condition of that section of mankind at the time; in other words, must depend upon their degree of evolution.

Dogmatic Christian Theology to-day preaches, teaches, declares as the only method of salvation, religious tenets beyond a belief in which the enlightened Christian races have evolved. In the school, the college, the magazine and the book of the age, for six days in the week, the child, the man and the woman are taught that the operations of the universe are carried on under the rule of strict immutable natural laws, and the truth of the proposition is proved to them by experiment, by analogy, and experience. On the seventh day they are taught that the earth is the only point in the vast universe that is of importance and that its operations are the result of the whimsical miracles of a personal deity who gives his attention to its affairs exclusively: and they offer as proof of it—what?—the Bible.

Moreover they declare this form of religion to be fitted to people of every stage of evolution. They would send it forth to the Esquimaux, to whom it would be as much use as a fan, and offer it to the learned philosopher who would regard it in the same light as a child's rattlebox. They would use it as did Procrustes his bed of torture; if the man is too short for it, stretch him out till he fits it; if he is too long, cut him down to the right size.

It is impossible for people to believe two diametrically opposite doctrines at once, and the consequence is that they either believe the statements of science, and, refusing religious belief altogether, become materialists; or, taking into their mental systems at the same time a dose of scientific alkali and theological acid, one neutralizes the other, and in the froth that rises up from the mixture all truth is smothered and hidden from their perception.

Now the *true* Theosophist or occultist recognizes in true science his best and most necessary ally. True science is the John the Baptist of true religion, preparing the way of religious truth and making its path straight. As the plow of the husbandman goes over the ground rooting up the weeds, and pulverizing and laying open the ground to the genial sunshine and refreshing rain, without which labor the seed would be sown in vain, so does the plow of scientific research go over the field of the human mind, rooting up the weeds

of old errors, superstitions and dogmas, and leaving it ready for the reception of the seed of truth, which, expanded by the rain of thought, and shone upon by the light of the spirit will spring up into the plant of a real and living religion, bearing fruit of good deeds, and peace and good will among men.

Science proclaims the reign of law; and without the certainty of the truth of law, and especially of the law of evolution, the occultist would be deprived of hope here or hereafter, and "be of all men most miserable."

But sometimes science, like religion, travels out of her domain, and proclaims herself not only the plow, but the seed, the sunshine and the rain. Her domain relates to material things, matters of which we can have exact knowledge. But these do not make up the sum total of life—there are many things in the world that count far more than exact knowledge. Heroic impulses, courage, self-sacrifice, how can you subject these to scientific demonstration? If our lives were made up of logical reason and exact knowledge science would be all in all to us. I recognize the fact that within its own sphere science is supreme, and its sphere is commensurate with the material world. But probably four-fifths of man's life is quite outside of the sphere of science; four-fifths of life is—well, let us call it sentiment. Patriotism is a sentiment; love, benevolence, worship, all are sentiments. We are all creatures of intuitions, aspirations, and attractions as well as of reason or calculation. Science cannot create your love of home or country, or family, or of honor or purity, or explain your enjoyment of a great poem or a fine work of art, or of a heroic act, or of the beauties of nature; but it can enhance your appreciation of them. The appreciation of the beauty of form, character or intellect of a human being is increased when we reflect that science shows us from what humble origin the life-principle within us has, under the law of evolution, enabled them to attain their present condition; and as science assures us that law, like its great Author, is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," we have a firm basis for our belief in a future condition as much superior to the present as is the present to that of the lowest form of organic life.

When the student of occultism is endeavoring to conceive of the attributes of the Absolute, I commend to him the following passage from Prof. Huxley, a scientist upon whom the orthodox

exhaust their whole vocabulary of anathema and vituperation. He says:

"The student who starts from the axiom of the *universality* of the law of *causation*, cannot refuse to admit an eternal existence; if he admits the *conservation of energy* he cannot deny the existence of an *eternal energy*; and if he admits the existence of *immaterial phenomena* in the form of *consciousness*, he must recognize an *eternal consciousness*; and if his studies have not been barren of the best fruit of investigation he will have sense enough to see that the God so conceived is one that even a very great fool would not deny, even in his heart.'"

But let us now suppose all truths are scientific truths. Truth is one; but it has many phases and reaches us through many channels.

There is little in the Sermon on the Mount that appeals to our scientific faculties, yet by it the civilized world has been vastly the gainer.

There is literary truth, moral truth, and still another—the most vital of all, and in which all others are contained, and to which all tend—that which addresses the soul as spiritual truth.

The theology of Paul, of Jesus, of Buddha, of Confucius would not stand the same test as a proposition in Euclid. But the sentiment that animated these men—their religious fervor, their devotion to the cause of humanity—these were *true*, these were real, and to the followers of these religions were stimulating and helpful, because they were in consonance with the conditions and highest ideals of the people who believed in them.

The enlightened and science-taught people of to-day have outgrown the theology of Christianity as distorted from its original meaning and purpose by priestcraft. In vital force it has become a dead thing, or at best but an astral corpse whose activity is the remains of the force transmitted to it in real life; and the object of true Theosophy is to seek to reanimate the action of the living truth that has been the basis of all religion, to call to her aid her sister, Science, in gathering up all truths from all sources, and from these to formulate a religion the fruits of which would be a reasonable share of happiness to all humanity in this life and a hope founded on faith, reason and law for an evolution to a happier—a more perfect condition in the future.

CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

A QUESTION OF VALUES.

Whether a thing shall be considered high or low, far or near, large or small, is, after all, but a question of values. Our system of weights and measures is entirely one of Relations of Things, and not one of absolute fixity, as is supposed when we refer confidently to mathematics as an "exact" science.

Mathematics is primarily a philosophy—a grand system of ethics, having for its unit of value, say, a star of the first magnitude, and back of that an entire new system of planets, whose attending stars are of untold brilliancy. Give us but another set of discoverers!

Mathematics, I say, is first of all a philosophy—then a science. Two plus two is not always four by any means. It all depends on whether we are able to detach ourselves from tottering and decayed institutions. If we are, we can construct our own unit of value. True, our former one has had its uses, and may, even now, serve a purpose—but we can't afford to be tied to it. Let us merely engage to give our ancestors due worship and God the praise. Those of us who are strong enough will construct our own scale of weights and measures; nay, we will be an integral part of that very scale itself. We will be the thing measuring and the thing measured—and in our examinations there will be no surreptitious thumbing of the screws; for what we weigh always will be OURSELVES. No use to cheat. Find that out, more of you!

By our old system we have positive "Goods" and "Bads" in the world. By our new system what? Let us examine. Here is one who, by the art of invention, has produced an article. It is pronounced fair. Along come ten others with similar device. At once this first assumes a distinction. It becomes either better or worse, in the esteem, depending on the quality of these others exhibited. Again follow still more to compete, and our first article takes on sharper and sharper distinctions. Has it become "good" after all, or "bad"? Away with these terms—they are meaningless! This thing which we call "good" or "bad" is only better or worse, depending upon the quality or quantity of things comparable. Consider yet more closely. It is very good if it is anything, since the effort alone is worth much. But who shall pronounce judgment upon either you or me, or this, or that, or the other?

There is yet another point in the matter of arriving at values. Not only the thing judged, but the attitude—I was tempted to say

the altitude—of the mind that judges. This has its innumerable attributes. Is it any wonder that we get no fixed values—no real goods and bads—only relative ones?—which, being of optimistic order, are happily generative of renewed effort and wondrous product.

We do well by another because that other is *a part of us*. We recognize our Brother and we have no quarrel with him on the score of what is better or what is worse. True tolerance sees real values and gives fair estimates—full measure heaped up and running over. Tolerance is the only Justice which is savored of mercy.

Well; has our system of weights and measures suffered? No. It has only expanded—like one's horizon. The view is greater. Who knows but it may become infinitely great?

But now, the question is—How best to arrive at Values? Persons who have a liberal knack at this art get along superbly in the world. They do what poor earth-tried Archimedes fairly ached in his joints to do, but never for a moment dreamed could be accomplished. *They move the world*. They possess a fulcrum which no ancient philosopher could invent. Their lever rests upon foundations which are sounder substance than this world-cracked surface to which we have been so everlastingly and forever clinging for support. On these World-Movers we may well bestow the name of GENIUS. Yet not often enough do we.

To these Large Livers, these Transferers of the Realm of Matter to the Kingdom of Will—do we turn for the discovery of our Larger Worlds. We just begin to comprehend the possibilities of our universe; and, discovering, we find it precisely the dimensions of ourselves. If we limit ourselves to one square mile, our world is compassed in just that, and no more. Yes, my friend. *This world is to me precisely the size of my Idea*. A man had two sons. The elder was a liberal spender, the younger quite the reverse. To each the father presented a sum for his expenses at a fair. The first he gave five dollars, the second he gave twenty-five cents. This was a great summing up of values. As we have this problem, five dollars is precisely equal to twenty-five cents. Yes, believe me my friends. We have no real unit of value. We only shall be cautious, yes, exceedingly cautious, that our whole mind is intent at the auspicious moment toward setting the right unit. Therefore is mathematics primarily a philosophy. It shall be a science WHEN WE HAVE

COMPREHENDED, if that shall ever be. But it pleases us to call it a science now. We wish to flatter ourselves that we are greatly instructed. Ah, we folks of opinions! Are we, then, so supremely content? So entirely satisfied? Well, if we have indeed reached the apex—all we require further is a decent burial robe. Some one wrote me not long ago—"I rather doubt at the last, whether there is any such thing as strict justice for the individual in this world." Some of us sit waiting for it like unto a certain few on the rooftops clad in immaculate white robes. Those of us who KNOW, recognize in SELF both Judge and judged. IN ACTION IS JUDGMENT. CREATOR IS SALVATOR.

We "practical" ones of this world bring everything down to Earth and to dead certainties—which are one and the same. To such of us the world is already at an end. It requires to be at its beginning.

Aye, truly—the more space that is ours the greater our possibilities in this matter of estimating and determining values.

And there is yet another secret of knowledge. The true artist knows it and tucks it in upon his canvas, with a knowing wink, for the benefit of the uncultured. We backward ones must needs be brought to the front by gay subterfuge and device. I refer to that deft little scrap which goes by the name of "Foil." Sometimes it appears very black indeed—sometimes white—all by way of contrast. Are not some of our tradesmen skillful in the use of this little instrument? The fashionable turnout of a society woman—notably delinquent as to funds—brought a certain corner grocer a large trade, together with a wholesome chance for a successful levy on furniture against an eight months' account. One may cast ahead for values much as an artist in the mixing of his colors—knowing how they shall stand in the long run as regards effects. Talk about genius! A poet—a painter—a successful business man—each has philosophy and art—which is science—welded at the start in his nature. This world is full of genius. A man's talent is only the exhibition of some art latent in his being.

But, my friends, let me assure you that the art which supersedes all other art is that of getting correct values. It is the very twin-parent of genius and goes by that other name, TOLERATION. Let us be great and possess it, for after all Life and what we find in it is but a question of Values.

SARAMA.

DEPARTMENT OF POETRY AND FICTION.

NOTE.—In this Department will be presented, each issue, subject matter, in the nature of fiction and poetry, that conveys teachings in the line of philosophical life, and such as may uplift, instruct and interest the minds of both young and old. The picturing operations of thought, as expressed through the imagination, when quickened by spiritual insight, are prolific in qualities adapted to soul elevation, and much can be accomplished through these beautiful channels of thought, in helping to realize truth. Contributions will be welcome from any of our readers who wish a medium of circulation for productions of this character.

THE WHEEL OF CHANGE.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

I, John Abercrombie, a jaded a war correspondent as ever followed the trail of blood from sea to sea, and chief scribbler for "The News," the largest sheet in that American city which for evil reputation is second only to a place unmentionable to ears polite, had basely thrown up my job, left "The News" in the lurch, and hurried out of South Africa in the quickest and easiest way possible, which was, however, neither quick nor easy, and for all I knew to the contrary I had killed my future as well as my conscience, when I sent the last message to my chief, to tell him of my unpardonable desertion.

That struggling South African land was as a stage where a strange play was set: rampant greed, ambition, and conquest upon one side; obstinacy, stolidity, and cruelty on the other, moved like giant hand which crushed men.

Sometimes those who were crushed smiled bravely with lips that boasted no down as yet; boys, who fought by their fathers like men, and died, too, like men, when it came to them to lie out on the veldt under the pitiless sun, with parched lips and filming eyes.

I had become almost used to the hell of war; the wounds, the hunger and thirst and pain, the great vultures wheeling overhead waiting for the meal that never failed them, and the poor patient horses creeping to the highroad to die, but the end came for me on our first day of pitiful rejoicing.

We had made our entrance into a little town, to find it deserted by all save the English residents, and there as weak, trembling men strove to rejoice over the victory, and the band played feebly "God Save the Queen," a fair-haired English soldier-boy, sick for home, threw himself sobbing on the ground with eyes against his dusty sleeve.

"God Save the Queen!" I thought—"God save the boys!" Then my heart, which I had thought was as tough as a pine knot, sickened within me, cried out upon this dreadful thing, and I seemed to know all in one moment what Life and Death and Love and War and Home meant; the worldly part of me went blind; I bolted to the office, sent in my resignation, and was off, leaving the horror behind me.

The hand of destiny pushed me on toward Egypt, but a counter fate seemed to oppose, for the way was continually beset with many dangers which have no place in this narrative. Finally fellow-travelers all, came into Cairo, the center whence one wanders, and returns, but to wander again; the city where hours pass like moments, but being gone, linger in the memory like eternities. Even a newspaper correspondent who had crawled through mud and rain, hungered, thirsted, and held his life as a thing of no value, could not but drop off the shell of a hard and busy life and sink himself, soul and body, in the mystery and silence and wonder of old Egypt.

Perhaps though, it was not the strange surroundings, and constant curious sights that seemed to wrap me in a dream, but rather the future, which was near enough perchance to cast its shadow. Stranger adventure has no man had.

The hotel that reaped the fruits of my South African labors was, I venture to say, as good as can be found on this planet; good enough for the grumpiest Englishman, or most cranky of Americans, though looking ugly and incongruous in its eastern setting.

Once out of this hotel, the wise man in Cairo, will, threading a tortuous way between large dogs and small donkeys, not to mention innumerable donkey-boys, and importunate beggars, seek the narrow streets which have not been spoiled by the West. Here one catches glimpses of the spirit of the olden time, haunting the beautiful balconies, hiding behind exquisite carved lattices, hovering in the air.

I spent my hours wandering among these narrow ways, going

at times to the citadel, for from there one might best watch the wonderful desert, cruel as the sea, and as alluring; golden, tawny, and at sunset glowing like an amethyst. It enticed me and repelled me, and even now that months have passed, and I am far in thought and body from the East, I still feel the attraction of the desert, as one hears a voice calling.

Weeks had passed like hours; I still lingered, and it was not until I had decided to leave on the following day, that my mind regained its tone, and I was no longer a dreaming idler, but again the keen-eyed, keen-eared, all-hearing, all-seeing American.

Hurrying that last evening to see the sun sink once more into the "Desert Sea," I, looking neither to right nor left, was about to cross a little street, when it seemed to me that some one struck me violently upon the breast with the open palm.

As I staggered from the blow a carriage which would have undoubtedly run me down, grazed me as it rattled past, with the runner limping behind instead of running in his place.

I, flattened against the wall looked upon all sides for my rescuer, but the space about me was quite clear of people, and the conglomerate crowd, lazily passing, evidently had not noticed my narrow escape.

Suddenly my seeking glance caught the face of a man who stood leaning against the opposite wall, wrapped in a white cloak or mantle which allowed only his remarkable face to be seen. His dark eyes were soft and kind, rather than keen, but beneath their softness as they met mine lay a scarcely withdrawn look of power, and I could almost fancy that his hand had just hidden itself in the folds of his robe after making a gesture of command.

Egyptian? Turk? Jew? Hindoo? What manner of man was this who could strike blows from a distance? Thus the flying question came.

He turned with a smile upon his lips and took the way toward the citadel, I following the strange figure, strange, though not in externals, among so many curious garbs.

At length we stood upon the parapet together; he watched the gorgeous sunset, his strange, calm, young-old face wearing the expression that faces wear in death, or at times when wrapt in prayer; absorbed, satisfied, the look of knowledge.

It cuts me yet to think to what base thoughts my mind descended

at last I entertained the idea, and, poor fool, thought it a wise one, that he was some clever impostor who would know the length of my purse-strings.

No sooner was the thought formulated than he turned toward me, and I shrank back like a hobbe-de-hoy of a schoolboy, abashed by the amusement in his face and eyes.

"Yes," he said, "perhaps it is to be a beggar, for I need your help much—my son."

The last words were uttered lingeringly, tenderly, and all in one moment I was won, and suffered remorse and repentance, and desire to recompense in that fraction of time.

"See!" he said, pointing westward over the desert, and following his hand I saw what glimmered like a star in a violet night, "it is my home, and you will come?"

I turned to follow him, but his eyes forbade. "Later when the stars are out, and there are none to see," he said, and left me to watch alone the marvelous colors of the after-glow.

Not a shadow of doubt or misgiving or indecision darkened my resolve, for I knew in my inmost self that I had met one worthy to be called a man.

When the crowds had ceased their cries and laughter, and the foolish waltzes that rattled from the windows of European hotels had mercifully stopped, I stole out across the desert, my feet sinking noiselessly in the soft sand, and the great silver stars trembling low, and wonderfully luminous over me.

Looking straight into the desert I could see no trace of the white tent which had gleamed there in the sunset, but as I gazed a light flickered into life, and grew, until it seemed like another great star hanging low upon the horizon.

Many strange thoughts burned within me as I walked on and on, with the desert stillness pressing upon me, and the lights of the city melting at my back into a luminous haze, but my mind was clear and keen, and I had apparently gained new vigor from the man who seemed purpose personified.

As I came near the light withdrew and died, and I felt that from some interstices, unseen by me, some one watched me; not pryingly, or with idle curiosity, but needfully, wisely, and the knowledge gave into my body and step a fuller life.

The flap of the tent was down, and as I approached noiselessly,

so I stood, not knowing how to make my presence known, and hesitating to break the silence with my voice.

In a moment he was beside me, took my hand and drew me within, and I, expecting a strange interior, was surprised by the simplicity of the furnishing. Soft, thick rugs lay on the sand, a tiny, jewel-like lamp, not more curious than may be found in any shop in Cairo, and an English writing-table comprised the furniture.

The mental atmosphere breathed concentration and purpose: I could feel it as plainly as one feels the rays of a burning-glass centered upon his hand.

The stranger was uncovered now, and the nobility of the brow, and regal poise of the head gave one instant cognizance of the power of the man: the lips were passionate but cold; passionate, for love was there, but love dead, or asleep, or frozen, and the man's face was utterly different from the faces of all other men, for it expressed absolute knowledge.

We talked as two men meeting at a club in some great city might have talked. He, in his desert-tent, without books or papers, so far as I could see, was ignorant of nothing, and put me to shame with his knowledge of recent electrical devices, and his calm and reasonable exposition of the possibilities of the then approaching new century, "great," as he expressed it, "with mechanical wonders that will soon come to birth."

As we talked his eyes met mine again and again, freely, frankly, wisely, and my heart seemed bound anew to him with every glance.

At length the living silence that comes between men but once or twice in a lifetime, fell with the mysterious stillness and peace of a summer twilight, and I who had carried the wounded and the dead with no great awe, now felt that I stood near to a mystery, awesome and fearful—a naked soul.

He broke the silence with a little laugh, unmusical, for there was neither joy nor mirth in it.

"I am like your Ancient Mariner," he said. "I know the man who must hear me—to him my tale I teach."

"Friend, will you be very kind, and let me tell you what I will; neither ask why I tell, nor why I choose you for listener?" and I could only bow my head in answer, for a coldness that chilled me like physical cold crept into his voice. He had forgotten my per-

sonality and withdrawn his own, and I was but the vessel, into which what strange liquor was to be poured?

"You will believe all that I shall tell you," he continued. "It will wreck your old faith in a heaven of harping angels and eternal rest; you will know that the way is bleak, and cold, and lonely, and devil-beset, that the feet that walk there have blood-stains behind them; but sometimes in the coming eons you will perhaps remember and be glad (though I do this thing for myself alone) that I woke you, nor let you slumber as the swine out there, who feed and sleep, and wake to feed again.

"I will begin with the first life that I remember. When mine eyes first saw the light it was in this very desert; I was the son of a race of nomads, which had hardly known beginning so ancient was it. I fear to tell you how long ago was my birth, for I must have your belief, and it may be that you cannot at once realize, that I, longing to die, cannot, nor that you if you will, may learn the art that makes my misery.

"You love a woman? Yes? And she you? No? But she will. Love on and on through eternity, purely and well, and she cannot fail you if you will but wait.

"And I? Know that I have loved and lost a score of times. Loved and have been beloved; lost when I need not, and we two might have lived as gods.

"She was born when I was a little lithe brown lad of ten, knowing nothing beyond the great, beautiful, quiet desert; the dusty tents, the groaning camels, and the court speech of my people. Our swarthy, straight-haired, straight-featured folk marveled when she was born, for her silken hair was purple-black, and her cheeks not fair, yet the wonderful eyes that looked from under delicate dark brows, were blue as the Mediterranean and as deep.

"We were but a little tribe; the blue-eyed girl and the dark, quiet boy were the only children.

"We dwelt in the burning sand day after day, knowing no longing, or ennui; playing at living after the fashion of those about us, but sometimes tired of our make-believe, and of watching the beetles tracing their queer hieroglyphics at our feet, we would rest in the shade of a tent together, and, hand in hand, watch the heat-waves flowing like water over the desert, and the dragon-flies sporting there like some brilliant kind of fish.

"I would tell her strange tales of beasts and birds that had never seen, and of men and women unlike those we knew, who lived in far-off cities—dream cities, that had given us faint fairy glimpses of themselves in the mirage.

"Sometimes with a leaden weariness at heart, I would lay my head upon her little knees, and she would put her light hand over my eyes, and croon strange unknown melodies; wordless, tuneless, but sweet beyond belief. Then a peace would enter me that in one moment would compensate a man for the whole of a weary life, and filled the boy, who knew not what burden of past lives lay upon him, with its sweetness.

"Ever as she grew into early womanhood my heart twined about her, until she was even as myself, and I could fancy no life that did not hold her.

"Once, like yours, my life was saved by a stranger who appeared among us, and he, as I did you, bade me come to him at nightfall. No thought of going without her crossed my mind, and that evening we were like two children hastening to some merrymaking, as we sped across the sands to the stranger's tent.

"Some prescience warned me as we stood there, and I would have turned back, quite content to leave the mystery unsolved, but she clung laughing to me, saying, 'I must know—thou wilt?' and I, with her lips on mine, felt my purpose fail, and we entered there; she half-laughing, half-afraid, I, with her kiss pulsing on my lips, thinking of naught but her.

"The old man half reclined upon the rugs that were his bed, and motioned us to the carpet at his feet.

"'You are but boy and girl,' he began, 'but I offer you a gift that is priceless. Will you take it?'

"I, doubting and fearing, asked, 'And why, sir, offer it to us?'

"'Needs must,' he answered, with a smile in which I thought I detected a spark of malice, 'and you must promise that once in a lifetime you will pass the gift to another.'

"'Once in a lifetime,' I cried; 'why yes! just as one dies—and that will be once in an eternity.'

"'You will never die,' he said, each word falling more coldly upon my heart than if he had said, 'You must die to-night.'

"'That is the gift,' he continued, 'eternal life; will you take it?'

"I would have cried out no to him, but he was gone from us, out under the stars; thereupon she kissed me once again, whispering:

"'I would live ever—with thee.' And I, looking deep in the blue of her eyes, would live forever also.

"The old man, returning, seemed to carry the night about him, for he was wrapped in a silence that was not broken, even when he spoke. He asked for our decision with a motion of his hand, and we bowed our heads mutely before him, for we were very young, and felt like children in his presence.

"'I can teach no woman,' he said, 'but she can listen, and see, and perchance you may lead her after you—if she will.'

"He extinguished the light, and lifted the flap of the tent, so that the infinite starry sky, and the interminable desert lay before us. I laid myself upon the couch of rugs as he bade me, and she whom I loved sat together with him in the shadow, so that I could see neither of them. The desert night-wind came soft and cool; it touched my hair with light fingers, and the old man's voice grew droning and musical as he told me what to do.

"It was all so natural—so easy. I wondered as I lay there that I had not thought of it myself. An act of peculiar breathing; of holding the air in the lungs, and drawing therefrom the life, which is usually wasted, or only used in part.

"I became aware that the very life of lives entered and filled me. When I arose I felt as a god might feel, and as the light flared up I was astounded to see that the blue eyes that I loved were wet with tears.

"'Heart's dearest!' I cried, 'now thou, too, shalt lie in the dark and the stillness and breathe the breath of eternal life.' But she trembled and seized my hands, and would have me sit beside her as she lay.

"When the light was gone, and again the desert and the stars lay before us, I whispered to her, and she grew quiet and tried to do as I directed, but ever her courage failed, and she dared cease but the short space of time from the external breathing.

"Finally she grew angry; sprang to her feet and cried: 'The old man fools thee. It is but a hoax. One must not cease from breathing for even five little minutes, or he will die.'

"As the light flashed out again, and fell upon her stormy blue eyes, and pretty childish breast heaving beneath the loose robe, the old man smiled inscrutably, yet somewhat tenderly upon her. 'Child, he who will not cease to breathe shall surely die,' he said.

"Next day the tent and the stranger were gone; our people soon forgot, but we forgot not, for I, night after night, when our little world was sleeping, lay upon my bed, or out on the sands under the wondrous sky, and drank deep of this fountain of life, and daily I sought to teach her, but failed ever.

"Fuller life came into body and brain; day by day my horizon receded, until finally I knew that the stores of life and wisdom to which I held the key, were limitless.

"As I grew stronger in body and mind, she whose name I must not call faded, as flowers fade; day by day I sat beside her on the sand, striving with all my will to give her of my abundant life, but it was love's labor lost, for one day, even as I held her against my heart, she looked into my eyes, smiled, and with a little sigh was gone, just as children sink into sleep.

"I was mad with grief and remorse, and would have ceased to use the accursed power that the stranger had given into my hands, but the usage had become a habit, the habit, second nature, and I was unable to control it. Revery, meditation, the half hour before sleep comes, all overpowered me, and ere I was aware I was again tasting the bliss of immortal life.

"We put her in her shallow grave, and often in the nights I would lie here, looking out, as of old, over the desert, of which one never tires, and dream that she was again beside me, and that my head was against her breast.

"At length my people passed away; I sought the outer world, and traveled the globe from side to side, watching men live and die, and kingdoms rise and fall, but always the desert called me, as it calls its sons.

"I returned—and believe it if you can—found her again; not a woman, but a child, born of a swarthy desert-tribe, but her eyes were blue and somber, and the smiling mouth, and peculiar movements of the body were all as of old. How I loved and cherished her!

"I became in spirit a boy again, and we played in the golden sands together; she, all unconscious of the strange past; I, longing for her to become a woman, strong and brave enough perchance to learn and use my secret.

"The second life was but the replica of the first. When I dared, at last, she would strive, but in vain; then came the end, and she was laid again beneath the sands.

"As actors repeat wearily, night after night, the same play, knowing the conclusion, yet losing themselves in the passion of it all, so she comes, life after life.

"I go out into the world, between, and strive to forget, but as the time draws near for her to come again, my heart cries out for her, and I return; tell the story to a man if one worthy can be found, thus shifting in a sense, the burden of my past upon him, and able in that shifting to live a few golden years with her. The time is at hand, and now that I have told you, I remember that she stands not still, and I hope—I hope!"

Hereupon the man was transfigured; he lifted his hands high above his head, and stood as one transfixed, and his eyes seemed plunged into illimitable depths. I bowed my head, for I felt that I beheld a holy thing.

Finally I heard him stir; he took my hands in his, and I felt his life flow into mine; our blood was one blood, our breathing one. Then he asked me: "Son, wouldst have the secret?" I started from him and would have covered my ears, but he stopped me. "No, no! I give to no man against his will, and this gift only shalt be thine; thou shalt find the thorny path somewhat smoother now that thou hast taken the burden of another upon thine heart."

He held his hands above my head as one who blesses, and then I found myself upon the desert in the rosy dawn.

Striving to grow calm, for an infinite pity filled my heart, I, with head bared to the wind of the desert, still cool, made my way toward the city.

When half the distance was passed I saw a sorry train of camels bearing away from me, carrying their ragged loads, while dark, fierce-looking men walked beside.

One tent remained, beside which a complaining camel stood; the flaps were fastened back, and the rising sun flooded the interior.

Ere I knew it, I had seen a woman lying upon a shabby heap of carpets, thrown out in strange relief from the dingy background of the tent; her olive cheeks were white as olive cheeks could be, and her streaming hair, purple-black as a summer thunder cloud, spread itself upon the rich faded colors of the rugs.

As I half paused, aware of my rudeness, an old woman with the wrinkled face of one who might have seen a hundred years, came, scowling fiercely, to the entrance. She held a new-born babe against

her shrivelled breast, and in that instant its little face burned itself into my brain.

The child's head was covered with silky black hair; it opened its eyes wide, and I would swear looked upon me, and those eyes, which I shall not forget, were blue as the Egyptian skies.

A. L. SYKES.

SUGGESTIONS.

To J. M. Emerson, from his friend W. S. Mesmer.

There is a truth, old friend, I would not have thee miss;
That when man's thought would plumb the infinite abyss
Of being, and reach its ultimate, he must dismiss
All thought of pleasure in the search, for pain, not bliss,
Is evermore the portion of such souls, I wiss.

I hold it better, wiser, not to try to know
Beyond the point, by which through study, we may grow
To clearly demonstrate a final "Yes" or "No!"
And know beyond a peradventure things are "Thus" or "So."
Beyond a finite bound no finite mind can go.

Of course, there comes the question of the finite, then
The question of the everlasting "How?" and "When?"
Just where the infinite escapes the finite ken?
How far the infinite is self-revealed in men
And all those fruitless searches that have ever been.

For still the human mind evolves its own fixed creed,
Or takes it from some other mind, in which the seed
Found more prolific soil in which to root and breed;
In every case a human thought from human seed,
And running wild through speculation, grows a weed.

There is not now, nor ever has been, son of man
Can change one atom of the all-inclusive plan
By which the Universe has grown since time began,
And think you Earth's profoundest thought, think as it can,
Can all the vast infinite of being scan?

Through all the endless cycles of the endless years,
In all the garnered thoughts of Poets, Priests and Seers,

No man knows more than that which in himself appears;
He drifts, or by the light within, he wisely steers;
Grows infidel, or his life's creed supreme reveres.

There are no laws to bind, the outer man can reach
The disobedient life and heal the growing breach
In his own nature; or any outer wisdom teach
A truth the pulpit of his spirit does not preach
Though all the oracles and his own soul beseech.

Man is, or is not, part of the inclusive All.
If not, he as a heathen stands outside the wall
Alike unheeding where life's lights or shadows fall.
But if he really hears the deeps within him call
And knows himself embraced in Life's surrounding All,

He must believe the whole is greater than its part,
And be content to know, with all his mind and heart,
A world of human thinkers massed could never chart
The map of infinite construction—their only art,
To trace the human lifelines drawn upon that chart.

* * * * *

The "Now" is eternal and will be forever;
There is not a future, nor will there be ever;
We clutch no "To-morrow," no matter how clever,
It's "To-day" and "To-day"; to-morrow comes never.
I know it's so here, and it may be forever.

—W. S. M.

PHANTASMA.

I.

Oh, who the dark, mysterious veins of thought may mine,
Who each deep cavern of the mind explore;
What ferret eye can penetrate its secret caves,
Or what keen acumen its cloud-capped summits scan?
A sphinx colossal guards the silent realm of revery,
And holds embargo in the dusky avenues of mental moods;
The temple of the soul is sacred to the deft artificers of thought,
Who—Phoenix-like—are resurrected from the ashes of the past

To toil anew in every human brain—
 An age-old, age-abiding host, forever undefined and undefinable,
 Who in the sacristy of intellect—a mystic multitude—
 Paint on the tablets of the mind a living scroll
 Of all the "hopes and fears, the loves and hates,
 The virtues and the vices of humanity";
 A scroll indelible in Nature's sentient tints,
 So graphically engraved upon the animated screeled
 That life itself grows on the canvas and takes human shape,
 Standing in vivid silhouette before the eye—
 As when at gloaming, sunset paints upon the darkling clouds,
 The mirage of an ancient city ages crumbled into dust.

II.

There gleams the wondrous fire of the amethyst, emotion's variant
 hue;
 There glows the prismic ardor of the opal's heart, a changeful
 passion-flame;
 There throbs the blood-red ruby pulse that spurs to valorous deeds;
 There hang Ambition's richly gilded schemes,
 And every gorgeous tapestry outwrought upon Imagination's facile
 loom;
 There floats the flimsy fabric of each versatile caprice—
 And there on mutilated wings of gauze,
 Flutter the evanescent memories of transient dreams:
 There in a sad procession, the weeping phantoms of dead joys
 parade in dismal draperies,
 And mumble mournful fables of the disappointed years;
 There fretful furies hover near Fruition's fateful brink,
 And there each artless nymph and siren of the soul abide.

III.

'Tis there—in dim, impenetrable darkness—
 "Throbs the slow, deep breathing of some vague momentous life";
 There every night and morn the mental mentors reckon of the daily
 deeds,
 And soul of soul takes solitary cognizance;
 There morn and eve, each noon and every midway hour,
 The weft of Life weaves on.

PAUL AVENEL.

THE QUEST.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

How long my voyage on the silent sea of black oblivion that lies between all lives had been, I know not. All I know is that the voyage ended, and I waked from slumber so profound men called it death, and heard my Soul cry softly:

"It is time! Awake! Arise, and don thy pilgrim's dress—put on thy sandals, grasp thy staff again, for see, the Dawn of Consciousness doth glow in the dim first light of this new-born day allowed thee for my sake. Bestir thee, then! The way is long, and thou must find the Light before another day hath come and gone!"

Half-way between the mountain's wooded base and stony summit wound a level path paved with smooth flags, and sheltered from the sun by well-kept hedges trimmed with nicest care by pruning knives whose blades were wrought of steel made by Conventionality. All gray and odorless the road that kept its place half-way between the summit and the base of the great mountain, Life.

For many hours I walked, content to feel the level flagging underneath my feet, the shelter of the hedges bordering the pleasant paths, until, at last, my Soul (despairing at my evident content to walk the level ways in all the gray of uneventful hours that added naught to its own wealth) cried softly 'once again:

"The Light you seek for me—the glorious Light I must attain through you who live for me—whose journeyings are taken for my sake—may not be found within this pleasant path laid out for those who tread the level ways which slope not up or down, but lead us on in drear monotony for miles and miles! The Light of Truth is shut from these gray aisles; leave them and seek the freer paths beyond. For my sake, leave them—for thine own Soul's sake, I pray ye leave them!"

In vain I bade my Soul be still—the ways were pleasant ways to me; why leave the tried for untried paths? Why take the rougher road? I liked the quiet gray the hedge's shadow cast across my path, and, frowning, went my way for miles and miles.

But every mile the voice I tried to still grew louder in my ears, its clamoring routing the peace I hoped would be with me until the twilight of this little day.

"Be silent!" then I cried; but louder far than mortal tongue

could cry, it bade me seek the Light—the Light of Truth—the radiant Light for which my Soul, unsatisfied, unfed, hungered and thirsted, while my lower self knew no material longing unappeased.

Reluctant, frowning, loath to change my ways, to still its clamor, then, I turned aside, slipped through an opening in the thorny hedge, and stood upon the mountain's rocky slope.

"Come, let us seek the Light, Persistent One, if it will win a surcease of thy cries. Why dost thou vex me thus? I was content to walk the paths of comfort with the rest—"

"Nay, thou wert *not!*" my interrupting Soul, glad of this first step in this heavenly quest, in friendly parlance differing with me. "If thou hadst been content, be thou assured my loudest cries could not have reached thine ears."

"Are thy words true? I thought I was content; but here where skies are blue and sunlight lies upon the rough stones of the narrow road, I feel that had I power to still thy cries, and go back to the shadow of the hedge, I would be loath to leave this freer air. Come, guide me, O, my Soul—point out the way."

"Alas, I know it not?"

"Art thou not wise?"

"Wise? Yes, to learn of thee all thou dost know."

"I am *thy* teacher?"

"Truly art thou. I learn of thee all the wisdom thou'st been taught by the one teacher of all mortal men—Experience."

"Then I must seek the way, O, Soul of mine, seek that without which thou must find progression all impossible? Come, then, climb with me up these mountain slopes; nor stay to rest until we both have gained the summit all ablaze with golden light—the only Light I see in all the world."

Long hours we journeyed; in midafternoon we stood, my Soul and I, together there, where that which shone goldenly (from where we'd gazed so far below) revealed itself to me.

And then I knew that which lay at my feet in glittering disorder (as though they that tossed them there had found that their golden gleams but mocked the living Light of Truth they sought to feed to their starving Souls), for in a heap—a miniature mountain in itself—lay wreaths and crowns and jeweled diadems, and splendid coronets that in the sun shone dazzlingly with red and golden fires.

"Choose thou thy crown!"

I heard the words, and turned to find Fame standing by me in the sun.

"Who climbs to this great height may wear a crown; choose thine, and wear it proudly through the world."

At this I laughed, and touched a wreath of gilded laurel leaves with sandaled foot, and said:

"I've followed false paths leading to the Light that my Soul needs for its good. Believing this fair summit gleaming in the golden rays might end our quest, I climbed the rough, steep slope to find a heap of tinsel, all unclaimed by those who made the journey as have I, and been befooled as I! I want no crown to wear in pride before the world below; it is the gleaming, golden Light of Truth my Soul requireth, and which we shall seek unto the end of day."

And from the height where glittered the false lights, we made our way, my Soul and I, so warm, so bright, so living, so intense, that the sun which shone upon Ambition's height seems dull and feeble, poor and weak and cold.

And here we live, my quiet Soul and I, close to the Light, whose pure effulgent flame burns through the darkness of all mortal woe; its heart of hearts the Source of Living Love, which faileth not the humblest child that seeks the wisdom of its teaching.

When again I cross the silent sea of black oblivion, and touch once more these mortal shores I know, I KNOW that I shall waste no precious hours in an unprofitable pilgrimage, but, like a homing bird, I'll find my way to where (thrice blessed, holy trinity!) my own true Love and Light and Life await my glad heart's claim.

EVA BEST.

HOW JESUS HEALED.

It is never to be forgotten that he added to these principles the forces of a personality that stands apart, beyond reduplication. The wisest and most courageous of the modern schools does not hope for a similar professional success; only the purest dwell upon it. But he who studies that supreme achievement learns his subtle formula, if he will, from the "irregular" Hebrew physician whose manly faith in God was the first and last condition of curing, and whose patients found that something like it was the inexorable condition of cure.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

THOUGHTS ON DIVINE LAW.

I.

How long in Earth's Arcadia shall this be?
How long shall Gladiators, Envy, Hate,
Despair, and Ravage, Ruin, and dark Fate,
Hold Joy's fair realm in utter tyranny?
How long shall Peace upon her bended knee
Cry pity to the Power inveterate,
Cry mercy to the horde insatiate,
Weeping her pain? How long unheard her plea?
Is there no pity in all life's design?
Shall this be ever so—this battling throng—
The hopeless weak, and the triumphant strong?
O Thou, who looked into the great divine
Omnipotence, and saw, and conquered,—the sign
Of dawn, O Prophet!—O, how long, how long!

II.

How many are the varying ways of life!
How manifold are life's intricacies,
Which bear with much travail,
Evil and good, and injury and balm!
For, as the wolfish gale from out his lair
Springs on the peaceful day,
Dimming the glad light shining in her eyes,
So men and nations, with an envious rage
Burning within,
Perverting truth into self-centering pride,
With souls sight-blinded, pitiless,—
Strow all their lives about
With wrecks and anguish dread;
Or, as the Sun pours on the glad-eyed flower
The essence increate of his heart—
And watching joyously
The variegated smiles of recompense—
So, too, the spirit of all good
Builds deed on deed,
As rhythm on rhythm,
The verses alternate in life's Titanic poem!

Joy treads upon the velvet sward
Oblivious beside dark Sorrow, who,
A pilgrim likewise on the same Nirvana bent,
Trails lachrymose behind,
Leaving the prints of blood;
And Justice, stung with an oppressive wrong,
Struggles too often all in vain,
Or to her throne through only agony.
What passionate endeavor melts like wax,
Leaving the apathy of dull despair,
While the Eternal Cause looks on
Magnificent and blind!

The pendulum of fate swings up and down
The arc of time terrestrial,
And beats deliberately the hours
Of sorrow and of joy.
O, what the secret that is locked in life?
The purpose, Thou, who knowest all
The creed of the Omnipotence?—
How long, O Prophet, O, how long!

III.

Out of the deep abyss of law men came,
Tender to myriad passions and so weak,
That, driftwood in a giant sea,
They, hither thither floating, toss
Upon storm-surgings waves,
Or calmly glide beneath the glowing sun,
Until into the deep they shall return.
For they were not dipped in the immortal Styx,
And made invulnerable,
But of the universal principle
Are the expressions changeable,
Working inveterate destiny.
They are but sculptured images,
Which law's iconoclasm breaks down.
Life of the flesh and blood and bone
That suffers, laughs, gives pain, and, pitying, forgets,
Dust of the earthly dust,

Drops of the ocean drops,
An atom of the Integral,
And whose sole conscious Grail is joy,—
Is positive and negative
At war eternally within itself.
'Tis one chord of the awful symphony
Of universal being,
That vibrates to the touch
Of the invisible and omnipresent One.
Life abstract is but neutral, merely is,
Having no being beyond the pale of thought,
Is law, is God,
And, of the universal harmony,
Is the musician and the rule,
The all-suffering principle
That is the reason and the cause of all that lives.

The flower, the tree, the mountain, man
Are revelations of the Law,
Of which life is the mastercraft,
Not perfect, but perfecting.
The Prophets peered into the soul
Of the Omnipotence,
And saw with mystical deep eyes
Not chaos, but the process, true in aim,
And tending toward inveterate destiny,
Not as an end,
But as eternal purpose, upward, onward.
They, harking, heard celestial harmonies
Rise softly from the ocean space
Of time's and life's eternity;
And, knowing then the occult means
Of law, though intricate and myriad,
Taught men the truth,—
They and their speech but the effect
Of the First Cause.

Out of the breath of prophets burst
The flame of righteousness,
Which first unheeded rose,
And flickered,—burning finally

Into those human souls
 Whom consequence had made susceptible.
 To every people came a light,—
 A pyre for ancient fallacies.
 Came to each man in answer to his need;
 Grew wider, higher, brighter for mankind;
 Then flickering in the hate
 Of some past bitter memory.
 Came he, the Prophet Nazarene,
 Who, wooing with the truth the hearts of men,
 Passed into martyrdom. How far the light,
 Held in the hands of the immortal Twelve,
 Shone through the world! But pity of his pain
 Grew pitiless, became inexorable
 Through long, dark, zealot, ignorant time,
 And fouled with deeds of evil martyrdom,
 And wrought great acts of honor in
 The name of truth.
 Were truth like this?—to need
 The sacrifice for universal good?—
 Nations and men took up the shield of right,
 And wrought destruction with a zealous blade.
 And heroes stood for creed, forgot the truth,
 And ruled for Him, the pitiful,
 With merciless domain;
 Then fell like conquerors new conquered,
 Like kings to subjects of a people's will.
 Great human earthquakes rent
 Down barriers of caste and creed
 In many lands for liberty—
 An atom in the integral of truth,—
 And swiftly turned the wheel of great events
 Spinning the heavy thread of retribution
 Into the grim hands of revenge.
 'Twas when the towering voice of Jefferson
 Burst forth the fiery axiom of truth
 In pity of the Titan wrongs of men,
 There sprang forth Washington,—
 The mighty right arm for this liberal brain,

The keen bright blade without the sheath,
The modern Pallas armed amain.
Of the travail was born a nation,—
The immemorial Thirteen.
The dreamer had conceived the law
Immutable from the eternal Cause,
Whence he had thought his way.
Had eagle-eyed and retrospective trod
Along the mouldering halls of lapsing time,
Through fields of ghastly skeletons of hopes,
Deferred and lost, of them that wrought,
Sweating the blood of anguish,
And them who held the rod
With power that built on power;—
Where in the same enfolding bosom of earth
Lay halberd and scepter,
And right and wrong in deed, decayed,
But ever saw them born again
To the same primeval struggle
Bitter and long as life.
He came to the hour that called,
And man and moment met.
The truth was read for every man to hear,
And there were neither deaf, nor dumb, nor blind,
Except who chose deliberately the dark;
And Washington, stung with the great decree
To greatness, like Achilles, took his work
Silent and well.
He led and they who saw followed.
The anguish exquisite of liberty
To consummate
Bared every breast whose heart had drunk the truth,
And sons and fathers died
Zealots of hope,
And armed with horror of the bitter past.—
Those were the giant men of mountain days,
Heroes of hate, martyrs of good,
And one or both,
Men who had sought and found a home

Amid primeval forests,
 And hewed and bled to keep it theirs
 Inviolable,—
 Men who for abstract principle
 Gave concrete blood.—

But O, to-day, thou paradox of laws,
 To-day thou, making still for the eternal good,
 Art working still the ancient wrongs! O, hast thou slain
 The liberty that thou did'st once conceive
 In them who took thy passion from the breath
 Of Jefferson, thy strength from Washington's,
 And wrung their hearts all dry
 Of pity which they once so gladly gave?
 Are then these sons
 The deadwood of a once green-living tree?
 The ancient creed forgotten in the heat of power?
 The immemorial mansion—liberty—
 A prison for who will not enter willingly?
 Or did yon deep-browed, occult Egypt know
 The answer of the dumb, immobile Sphinx
 And thine
 To be the same one mystical dark silence?

 How long, O Prophet, O, how long!

IV.

Through all the universe of life
 These battling elements hold forth,—
 The positive and negative expressions of the Law.
 The north wind, with his trumpet blare
 And hate primeval of all fruitful life,
 Harrows the golden field of indolent ripe wheat
 That Summer winds have rocked
 And nurtured into being;
 And of its life-blood leaves bleeds every tree,
 Which, sobbing neath the stinging scourge,
 And nakedly, awaits the bitter sleet;
 And shrouds the variant earth who, all too fair,
 Is all too deathly still.

The hearts of men, no less with wintry hand,
 Nip blooming joys and hopes,
 Leaving the serried ranks of pain.
 It recks not whence the call
 For pity, mercy, nor to whom is turned appeal,
 The Ear Omnipotent is deaf,
 The Eye Omnipotent is blind,
 Fate deals the victory;
 For man is as the winds—
 From south, north, east, or west—
 Evil or good as that which governs wills,
 Life being the domain of consequence.
 He knows not whither, why, nor whence,
 But is the mime of the Eternal One.
 For God, the law, who, blind and pitiless,
 Evil and good incarnate in himself,
 Begot earth and the sons of earth
 Through the long process of evolving time,
 Is the one cause, the point
 From which irradiates the universe,—
 The government unconscious, without mind;
 And every rolling sphere in ocean space,
 And flower, and man, and every act
 And slow mutation of each living thing,
 Are thoughts of the divine soliloquy.
 Law is that which, drawn to the child
 In fetal gloom and quite possessing it,
 Molds in the strong mold of its infinite power
 The life of the weak embryo.
 And when its body and soul,
 So fawned and fondled by a mother-heart,
 First with a dread expectant hope,
 Then with invariable glow of pride,
 Shall have attained the stature of identity,
 A man among his fellow men,
 An atom in the universe,
 He will be the result of cause on cause
 Down through immeasurable time
 From the First Cause;

And onward through the cycle of eternity
Shall ever-changing, reincarnate tread
Only the path of destiny.

'Twas not the mother who conceived
The flesh, the life, the soul,—
She but the instrument of God the law ;—
Not hers the thought,
Nor even hers the being that she gave,
Nor even hers the body that she prides
And prims, and, siren-like,
With which she draws, nearer and nearer, one
Whose heart, yearning for her heart,
Comes gladly to her side,—
A consort of her queendom.
Nay, nor even hers that great, intrinsic love,
Throbbing and lifting alternate,
That he gives, likewise ignorant, to her.

For nothing is possessed.
Life present with its passions—joy
And sorrow, good and evil—is
The latest note in the unfinished song of time,
That blindly sings through tractless space
Of aeons ; cycles illimitable
From the First Cause,—
The Law inscrutable and deaf and blind,
Cruel and just, and good and evil,
Cause and effect,—the all in all,
And all in one.
The present and the future are
But yesterday forever ago,
Which, being drawn through evolution, vaster grows
In time's experience.

V.

How long, O Prophet, O, how long !
Often to-day's voice rises, low
At times, then high and piercing through
The dawning consciousness of men,
Though voicing on the lips of man,

Merely an echo, not an answer:—
 Is man his own fate, chance within his hand,
 Or in eternal government of law?
 Is he an entity divine, who may withdraw
 Himself from nature's infinite command?
 If man's the sceptre, life is contraband
 Existence, he a self-devouring maw!
 Or is he, like all nature, but a straw
 On statute seas he cannot all withstand?
 Inexorable, implacable, predominant
 The law—the government of life's crusade
 Through evolution up time's endless grade.—
 Liege of this sceptre, he? Or ignorant
 Of all infinity, self-sycophant,
 Ungovernable, shall he declare himself self-made?
HERBERT H. EVERETT.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Man's conscious influence when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is woefully small; but his unconscious influence, the silent, subtile radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles that he never considers, is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every one has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working that we may forget that it exists.

—*W. G. Jordan.*

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CHURCH—CATHOLICISM GAINING GROUND.

Few people, and only those who study modern facts in the light of Church History, have any appreciation of the phenomenal advance made by the Catholic Church during the last decades, especially as a power in the political world and in the conquests of new spheres of thought and life. It is by no means a pleasant thing for Protestants to contemplate; but it is an undeniable fact that not since the days of Innocent III has the Papal system unfolded such power and splendor as in the present time. Not the Catholic princes, but rather the Protestant rulers, are the ones who are trying to surpass each other in honoring the shrewd sage now occupying the throne in the Vatican, although it is the same sage who has repeatedly called the Reformation a "pest."

—*Dr. Kolde.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

SEEING WITHOUT EYES.

Word comes from Paris of a scientific invention by which the blind may see. A despatch dated March 6th appears in the daily papers, giving the following statement:

"Professor Peter Steins alleges that he has discovered the secret of restoring sight to the blind. The announcement is published in the *Revue des Revues* by Dr. Caze, who explains how Professor Steins tested on him a wonderful apparatus of Professor Steins's invention, by which the professor is not only able to restore lost sight, but to give vision to those who have never known it.

"Professor Steins took Dr. Caze into a dark room and bandaged his eyes so he could not see. He heard the professor walk to and fro, strike a match and light a lamp. Then he felt an apparatus fixed around his temples, whereupon he instantly saw a dim light which enabled him to distinguish surrounding objects.

"Presently the light became stronger and Dr. Caze was able to count the professor's fingers when they were held up before him and to enumerate other things in the room. Just as he was feeling that his vision was clearing further and he was convinced that he would soon see normally, Professor Steins suddenly removed the apparatus and Dr. Caze was in total darkness.

"Professor Steins's claim rests on the theory that man does not see with the eye, but with the brain, the eye only serving to receive the image, which the optic nerve transmits to the seat of perception. If, then, the image can be transmitted to the brain without eyes, a blind person can see as well as anybody else.

"The professor's apparatus has the same scientific basis as the telephone, with the substitution of light for sound. Dr. Caze says that several other physicians have experimented with the apparatus, but none of them is able to explain how the astounding results are obtained."

It is almost superfluous to remark that the oculists of London and New York are unanimous in discrediting the story of this discovery. One declares it so palpably absurd that any time spent in effort to refute it would be utterly wasted. This, however, is a trite method of dismissing a subject when the individual is not competent to grapple with it.

Another attempt to evade the issue is found in the innuendo that there is no such person known as "Professor Steins of Paris," and that Dr. Caze is "not further identified." Such may be the case, but the suggestion at this time is equivalent to a confession of weakness. It seems hardly probable than anybody capable of devising a fraud of this character would be disposed to waste the expense of sending messages by cable for the idle gratification of general deception.

It has also been remarked, with better reason, that there are many causes of blindness, and hence that the supposition that a single piece of apparatus would enable blind persons generally to see, would be arrant nonsense.

An oculist of distinction gives the following incident:

"This is a wonderful age, and no man dare say offhand that what he believes to be the impossible may not have been made possible. The story published in the *Revue des Revues* and cabled here, however, is so very marvellous and so contrary to the investigations and the long experience of those who ought to know that it is a good deal like telling a professor of mathematics that 2 and 2 make 1,000,000,000. According to our knowledge 2 and 2 make 4, and a man without eyes cannot see.

"The great trouble with the announcement of modern discoveries in medical and surgical science is that most of them are immature and give false hope to the hopelessly afflicted. The relatives of the blind will read to them how without eyes they can be made to see, but finally there must come the awakening to the fact that the world is to remain dark to them as long as they live, and it is a base cruelty."

We repeat that any holding out wantonly of false hope to those unfortunately deprived of sight, would be an act of base cruelty. At the same time, if there is any means possible of aiding them in their misfortune, the highest philanthropy will consist in bringing it to knowledge. While we share the general conviction that such amelioration as is here set forth appears to be manifestly improbable, we are willing and even desirous to ascertain its possibility. We would not evade inquiry by obstinate disbelief, and we do not suppose that the report from Paris will have any unfortunate influence on any one.

When the manipulations of mesmerism disclosed the existence of a clairvoyant faculty in the entranced patient, people marveled that the individual could see without using the eyes. It is marvellous, certainly, but hardly more so than is our seeing with them. It is not the

eye that sees; the optic nerve is only a medium to transmit impressions. Sight is essentially a faculty of the soul. The individual receives the impressions of light from without, and by a subtile occult mental process forms them into images and projects them as objects that are seen. The imagination or imaging faculty is actively employed in this way. Hence, we observe not unfrequently, that fancy will assign to these images or objects of sight distorted and even fantastic shapes. Two individuals viewing the same object will often derive conceptions of very different character. This is especially the case in regard to color.

The poet Spenser declares philosophically, that

"of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

The various structures come into existence through the operation of the *nisus formativas*, and are differentiated to their several offices. The soul as a whole may be said to have but one sole perceptive faculty, that of consciousness. This, however, in the bodily arrangement is divided into the five or more senses, each of which is operative through nerves of its own. These all are connected with one common sensorium, as belonging to the same individuality.

In the case of defect or injury to the apparatus of some one of these special senses, it may not be necessary to take for granted that is an evil with no possible remedy. There may be, and indeed there sometimes is some means in nature for compensating, or at least of mitigating the extreme severity of the misfortune, and providing in some degree for the impaired function. We observe in the human body, that when one organ is weakened, others to some degree perform its offices vicariously. To be sure, we may hardly expect such performance as is suggested by Bottom in the play—that the eye shall hear, the hand shall taste, the tongue conceive or the heart make report. But for all that is really known, it may be a feasible thing that some structure connected with the sensorium and optic apparatus can be exercised and stimulated or in some way put in operation, so as to afford some sense of vision, or a medium equivalent in a degree to the faculty of sight. Regarding the body not as a mere mechanism but as a structure framed and permeated by mind, we can easily believe that the faculties may be developed in it to an extent which has hardly been dreamed. The theory accredited to Professor Stiens is certainly plausible.

THE INDIANS—WHENCE AND WHAT.

Mr. Harlan I. Smith, of the American Museum of Natural History, is engaged in bringing to light what may be ascertained of the past of the Indian aborigines. He has already collected a vast amount of material which reveals their existence and culture in the Vancouver country, British Columbia, five or six hundred years ago. "Byles Gridley," whilom professor, wrote that the way to assure being remembered after the continents had gone under and come up again and dried and bred new races is "to have your name stamped on all your plates and cups and saucers," as nothing will last like all these. But the ancestors of the American aborigines have done something in that line by the simple accumulations of camp refuse, broken utensils and the like. It is not an uncommon thing, it appears, to find shell-heaps under the roots or stumps of great trees; and, in fact, these accumulations have been discovered through the cutting down or uprooting of one of the giants of the northwestern forest. The rings of these trees have been counted in several instances. In one case, which took place under Mr. Smith's own observation, there were over four hundred of these rings counted in the trunk of a tree four feet in diameter, which had been cut from above the site of a shell-heap nine feet deep. This indicates that four or five hundred years must have elapsed since the last bit of rubbish was thrown there.

Different shell-heaps contained relics of different tribes, so that in the piling of them there were distinctions of time, showing that the periods were much longer.

The implements used by these old inhabitants were of stone, bones and the antler horns of animals. That copper was also used is shown by the evident copper stains on human bones and other material found. Fish-hooks of bone were unearthed; also heads of spears and arrowheads of bone and stone, the former sometimes barbed. The women used awls and needles of bone, some of which might be made use of still. Combs were also in use, but whether for decoration or toilet purposes is not certain. Nose-rings of copper, lip-plugs and also bracelets of carved bone have likewise been found.

Mr. Smith is of opinion that these Indians of hundreds of years ago, in point of culture and enlightenment, were not unlike those of the present period, except that the influence of the tribes in the

interior of the continent was more felt then than now. This seems to bear out the hypothesis that the American Indians came into Alaska from Asia, and moved inland, spreading out in every direction.

Further light on this subject is given by two Russian scientists, who were employed by the Museum of Natural History of New York to explore the northeast of Asia; and for the study of native populations, the Cheeches, Koryaks and Ukagirs. The history of this expedition throws light upon the modes of procedure carried out by governmental bureaus in Russia. The Emperor Nicholas II issued an order for everybody to give the explorers every lawful assistance. Immediately afterward, the Minister of the Interior despatched a counter-order to maintain a strict surveillance over the expedition and to hinder it in every possible way. Fortunately, the two scientists were on their guard. They had had experience in the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" which are incident to Russian administration. They had need of the sagacity which they had acquired.

On one occasion, the most important in their operations, they had made a contract with a man to furnish conveyances and beasts of burden to take them to a far distant point. After they had set out, the Government directed the stopping of the expedition at all hazards, and a troop of Cossacks was sent in pursuit. The scientists had just crossed a river on the ice as the pursuers came up. That very moment the ice broke up, and the water flowing swiftly made it absolutely impossible for the Cossacks to go further. As a result the expedition was unprecedentedly successful, making the greatest Siberian collection in the world.

The evidence which it gives in relation to the race problem is most startling. Some two hundred carvings of elaborate execution were obtained, among the natives, "showing plainly the connection of these peoples with the antediluvial tribes of southern France." Much "slat armor" closely resembles that of the ancient Japanese. There are specimens of basketry and rugs, iron work, dolls, all in their manufacture closely allied to the implements and other objects of the American Indians.

Indeed, the ethnologic evidences even surpass what had been expected. It has been already proved that the American red men and the Siberian aborigines are of the same race. The identification now

goes further. There is abundant reason to extend the field of observation, and include all the aboriginal tribes on the Pacific Ocean, on the eastern and western sides, in a common relationship. This would embrace the native populations from Polynesia in the South Sea, the Malay Islands, the Philippines, the Amur River, Japan, Kamchatka, Northeastern Asia, the Cheechee peninsula, and the Western Coast of America to the south of California.

If the Skyths or Scythians of ancient times were tribes of this race, as is by no means improbable, then it will be perceived that they populated Europe clear to the Atlantic Ocean, holding the different countries till the Aryan immigrants dislodged them, and invaded the different countries of southwestern Asia, as far as Judea and the Egyptian dominions. But they have disappeared from human knowledge, leaving only obscure traditions and memorials of invasion.

HORNETS' NESTS IN THE PULPITS.

There seems to be a sharp issue arising between religious usefulness and religious orthodoxy. Dr. Lyman Abbott was the first "shining mark," and the attempt was made with indifferent success to excoriate him for "divers heresies." Nobody ventured to accuse him in regard to spirituality and benevolence, which, indeed, do not seem to count for much, but he is charged with a disposition to relax the tension of various theologic dogmas. Next was the case of the Rev. E. Everett Hale. He is a Unitarian and so "outside of all healthy organizations." He participated one Sunday in an Episcopal communion service, and the "dogs of war" were "let slip." He was castigated for his action, and the other clergymen and congregation for permitting it. They seemed to think it worse than Jesus giving the bread and cup to Judas Iscariot. Then came Dr. Rainsford, the rector of St. George, Manhattan Borough. In a Lenten sermon delivered in Philadelphia he made remarks which certain of his hearers construed as a belittling of the sinfulness of sin, a denying of the mediatorial work of Jesus, a confession of mistakes in the Bible, and the dismissing of the virgin birth of Jesus as so much nonsense. It is probable that this is exaggeration, but undoubtedly the Doctor elects to give his hearers nutritive bread instead of indigestible stones. As a thinker, a well-wisher and well-doer to his fellow-beings, an administrator of affairs, and a sincere

and conscientious clergyman, he is equalled by few; but in religious controversies these things only serve to set the hide-bound traditionalists against him. It is not proposed, however, to deal with him before a tribunal of the church, but to freeze him out by dropping him from the list of men available for public gatherings. A similar experiment was employed by the Unitarians of Boston upon Theodore Parker, but the result was a reaction. The bull against the comet never seemed to disturb its course. It is the law of polarity that every positive shall have its negative. Dr. Rainsford being a very positive man in everything that relates to human welfare, it is natural and inevitable that those who are opposed should gravitate rapidly to the opposite pole. If he were inert, things would be different.

WILLIAM SMITH COLLEGE.

A NEW COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN, ON A NEW BASIS.

Mr. William Smith, a wealthy resident of Geneva, N. Y., is about to establish and endow a college in that city for the instruction of young women. It is to be unsectarian, with the aim and desire that the spirit of love and self-sacrifice which animated Jesus and the other great religious teachers of the ages may be exemplified and perpetuated in the new institution.

"My object," he declares, "is to provide for all worthy women such thorough training and scholastic advantages as shall qualify them for the actual duties of life, and especially such knowledge and culture as shall fit them for the responsibilities and privileges of home life, and to prepare all who desire it to earn their own livelihood. The college work shall be directed to making its students independent in thought and action, elevating the moral character and developing the graces of true womanhood and a noble spirituality. While not discarding the wisdom of the past, the college shall aim to free the minds of the students from a blind reliance upon others, and to direct them to the ever-abiding fields of new research opening before the human mind in this marvellous age. The college shall favor, as far as possible, original research, and shall aim to make its students clear and logical thinkers."

Not only will the subjects of human life and genuine mental development be provided for abundantly in the curriculum, but there

will be encouragement in departments of investigation which common scientists have placed under the taboo.

"I desire," the founder declares, "I desire that opportunities for psychical research shall be afforded along the lines of the Psychical Research Society of England, namely: Experiments for the illustration of psychic phenomena and the collection of facts and experiences in regard to the powers and possibilities of man's spiritual nature, with a view to finding a rational explanation thereof, and of demonstrating, if possible, the continuity of life after death, and of the communication between the mortal realm and the spiritual realm. Such research, however, must not be compulsory."

He also asks the trustees to keep constantly in view "the bringing of all students into direct study of the volume of Nature, into sympathy with all forms and expressions of life, and to lead them to kindness and mercy in all dealings with dumb creatures and to charity in all their thoughts and conduct toward their fellow-man."

His views of social matters are very pronounced. "Our women know less about themselves than the men," he remarked to an interviewer. "That is why I found a college for women. Too many colleges? You can never have too many colleges for women. They have to be the mothers of the race. Life in its highest condition cannot be given. It must be learned, and every thought builds up or tears down. Higher education does build up, and I want to build up American womanhood.

"Our marriage system is all wrong. The Church cannot marry a man and woman. Only Nature can really marry, and how many of the matches do you see that Nature desired? When the feelings of a man and woman cannot harmonize there is no marriage about it.

"I want the American woman to stop marrying for a living, for position or title. I want her to be just as independent in choosing a life-partner as is a man. There is only one way to bring this about. Educate the woman, give her a chance to support herself, and teach her to pick out a man who will make her happy. This will be the portion of the women who come to the 'William Smith College.'"

Old errors do not die because they are refuted, but because they are neglected.

—*Lecky.*

EMERSON CELEBRATIONS.

The occurring of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson, has been commemorated by numerous tributes befitting the occasion. In London a statue of him was unveiled in Tavistock Square, in the presence of leading scholars and public men. Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the American Ambassador, delivered an address eulogizing Emerson as one of the great lights of the Nineteenth Century, and certainly as one of the greatest of all Americans.

Mr. Emerson's birthday was also celebrated in Boston, Cambridge and Concord. Since that, the Emerson School of Philosophy has held services at Boston and Concord somewhat after the manner of the famous Summer School founded in 1879 at the instance of Mr. Emerson himself, the late Dr. Hiram K. Jones and A. Bronson Alcott.

Sixty years ago *The Dial* was published with Margaret Fuller and afterward Mr. Emerson as editor. A periodical of the same name, and supposedly in similar lines of thought, published in Chicago, contains a critical estimate by Charles Leonard Moore, which besides praises, includes other statements of different nature. The writer declares that Emerson could never concentrate his thoughts long enough on one subject, to be capable of forming a metaphysical concept. He thinks him rather like Polonius, than really a Zoroaster or Plato. He finally describes him as follows:

"He can never be satisfactory to the imaginative or the logical mind. He has not the energy, or the richness, or the profundity to appeal to those who have fed upon the great poets and philosophers. He was a purveyor of first-class lessons in philosophy, and of proverbial rules of life for intellectual children. He may keep an audience of these to the end; or they may seek other masters. But great men will pass him by with but a slight salute."

THE OLD TESTAMENT CANON.

The canon of the Old Testament was fixed by the Jews. The time at which it took place is a disputed point. According to some, it was as early as toward the end of the fifth century before the Christian era; according to others, whose opinions rest on better grounds, it was not until the first century after Christ that the uncertainty which had prevailed for a long time came gradually to an end.

—Rev. Abraham Kuenen.

THE WORLD MADE FOR MAN.

Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace has put forth a proposition which has given occasion to much question. A paper by him appeared some months since in *The Fortnightly Review* entitled, "Man's Place in the Universe," which describes this earth of ours as the important planet, the one for which the suns and planets exist, as its chief inhabitant man, is the being to whom all other living beings are subsidiary. The genesis of man upon this globe, Mr. Wallace regards as the end and aim of the universe.

He supports this view by explaining the position of the sun and solar system. Our sun is one of the central orbs of a globular star-cluster, and this cluster occupies nearly the central position in the exact plane of the Milky Way. It is, therefore, very near, if not actually at the center of the visible universe; and he infers accordingly, that it is in all probability in the center of the whole material universe.

Following upon this, our position in the solar system itself is to be considered as regards its adaptability to organic life. There are facts which indicate that our position in this respect is as central and unique as that of the sun in the stellar universe.

The three startling facts, namely, that we are in the midst of a cluster of suns, and that that cluster of suns is situated not only precisely in the plane of the Milky Way, but also centrally in that plane, Mr. Wallace declares, can hardly be looked upon as mere coincidences. They have a significance in relation to the culminating fact—namely: That this planet so situated has developed humanity.

This fact of the development of the human races upon this earth may be explained according to the modes of thinking. One class may consider it as the result of a thousand chances that have occurred during infinite time. Mr. Wallace is hardly the man to accept such an assumption. Those thinkers may be right, he modestly suggests, who hold that the universe is itself a manifestation of mind, and that the orderly development of living souls supplies an adequate reason why it was called into existence. In such case they are warranted in the belief that we ourselves are the sole and sufficient result, and that it could have been attained nowhere else than here where we exist. In short, as Emanuel Swedenborg taught that the purpose of creation was to people heaven, so Mr.

Wallace holds the corollary that the physical creation was for the production of human beings in this earth.

THE YOUNGER EGYPT.

When the rest of the countries about the Mediterranean began to develop mythology and write history, Egypt was old, and almost stooping with age. She was, as it were, a vast cemetery and region of temples, whose antiquity was known only to her priests. Since the rude invasion of the first Napoleon, savants and explorers have visited the country to study the mystery of the pyramids and learn the stories recorded in the tombs. A large amount of literature has thus been accumulated; yet only a beginning has been made.

Prof. Flinders Petrie is now engaged, and has made curious discoveries. A statuette of King Khufu or Kheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, is one of the finds. He had a square face, heavy features, and a bull-dog expression. Herodotus described him as closing the temples, and seizing their revenues. But Prof. J. P. Lesley considered this a blunder of the historian, interpreting Egyptian words by Greek terms resembling them in sound. Very likely he changed the religion, for he composed a new book of religion. But as common with innovations the later monarchs changed things back.

THE TAO DOGMA.

By the term "Tao," the Way, Lao-tsz (Loutze) meant Providence, and Professor Parker so renders it accordingly, in the following synopsis:

"Providence [Tao] without origin itself, is the origin of everything; being without body and without palpable existence; invisible, imperceptible, spontaneous and impalpable. Heaven and earth have their beginnings in it; that is, in this eternal principle of pure being which determines the universe. It can not, being illimitable, be named or defined; and though it is itself the origin of all things, it is also none the less the scene or theater in which all celestial, terrestrial, and human events take place. Providence, accordingly, nourishes, completes, and protects all things. A comprehension of Providence is obtainable only by faith, or by seeking it, and the most guilty men may find salvation in it; or, at all events, the highest-placed guilty individuals suffer punishment if they be without it. Providence is a mysterious, ever-active existence; simple; applicable

to all circumstances; not personified. Providence transcends the power of reason, and is the enduring principle of Right. It knows no distinction between spirit, mind, and matter, between what men call existence and non-existence; it contains all potentialities; it always rights itself, for all changes are fleeting; every thing, when it has served its purpose, ultimately returns to the place and condition whence it emanated. Providence is incorruptible."

HINDU SECRET KNOWLEDGE.

There is no doubt, says Kellar, that the Hindus have found out the secret of many laws of Nature unknown to us. For centuries they have known things which for centuries to come we may not know. Things are occurring there constantly that baffle the English officers; and all efforts to bribe and threaten the secrets out of the Hindus have utterly failed. The British have spent every effort to find out how the priests perform some of their mysteries, but it looks much as though they would never know. Every once in a while we discover something wonderful in science, which has been known for ages in India.

It is not many years ago that we would have thought the wireless telegraphy preposterous, but since Marconi's discovery it does not seem so strange. The Hindus, however, have a system of secret communication that is more baffling than wireless telegraphy. They have been able to communicate with each other for miles and miles, but by what means is not known to anybody but themselves. Outbreaks and insurrections in the most distant parts would be talked of in the southern part of the country among the coolies, even, for days before the British would receive notice of them. Communication seemed to come with the rapidity of thought, and was wrapped in the utmost mystery.

MONTEFIORE'S ARGUMENT.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the famous Hebrew philanthropist, was once taunted with being descended from the murderers of Jesus the Christ. He made no reply, but called on his accusers the next day with a chart of his pedigree, which showed that his ancestors were living in Spain more than twenty centuries before—200 years before Christ is said to have been born.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NEW CONCEPTIONS IN SCIENCE WITH A FOREWORD
ON THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

By CARL SNYDER. Harper & Bros.: New York and London.
Pp. 361.

Those who admire the scientific achievements of the Nineteenth Century and are enthusiastic in relation to what the Twentieth Century may yet accomplish, have a book to their hand. A great merit is its adaptation to the wants of the average class of readers. It is devoid of the polysyllabic pedantry so much exhibited, and leaves little fault to be found in regard to style, clearness and felicity of expression. Those whose tastes are scientific will find a book that was made for them.

The author, like a true Continental German, does not withhold an occasional slur at the English, and devotes an entire chapter to "America's Inferior Position in the Scientific World." How far this is just or in good taste, and whether it may not be a feeling intensified by beery biliousness we do not venture an opinion.

There are two schools of scientific men: the one who seek to resolve all processes of Nature having, like Laplace, no occasion for the "hypothesis" of a Supreme Being; the other, reverently endeavoring to trace all phenomenal facts to that ulterior origin where all real knowledge must finally rest. The book under notice belongs to the former. It recognizes the antiquity of civilization, "that neither mentally, morally nor physically has the race varied greatly in six thousand, and perhaps ten or fifteen thousand years;" but insists that a wider knowledge has been acquired during the last two or three centuries. The extent of that knowledge is in a measure portrayed, as the titles of the various chapters indicate. The following are the chief of these: The World Beyond Our Senses; The Finite Universe; What This World is Made of; Progress Toward an Explanation of Electricity; The Search for Primal Matter; Bordering the Mysteries of Life and Mind; The Newest Ideas as to What is Life; How the Brain Thinks; The Way the Human Body Fights Disease; The Spirit-Rappers, the Telepaths and the Galvanometer.

We would be better pleased, if the author, recognizing that all matter lives, could have seen his way further, and to some of his propositions we must take exception as unreasonable, but as a clear and concise exposition of the newest conceptions of science, along the common lines of learned opinion, the book is entitled to high praise.

PERIODICALS.

THE THEOSOPHIST for August contains Colonel Olcott's contribution to the Fifth Series of "Old Diary Leaves," narrating va-

rious sequences to the Judge affair and setting forth the fidelity and services of Mrs. Besant. Mr. Leadbeater's paper on "The Rationale of Telepathy and Mind-Cure" is certain to attract attention. He assigns three varieties to telepathy: the transference of thought from one brain to another, a person giving way to a strong wave of feeling which radiates astral vibrations that impinge on the astral bodies of others, and the communicating of thought directly from mind to mind on its own level without descending so far as the astral plane. This last method, "is already employed by the great Masters of Wisdom in the instruction of their pupils." Telepathy is described as closely associated with mind-cure, which aims to transfer good, strong thoughts from the operator to the patient. Of mind-cure are four classes of method: 1. That which denies the existence of matter and disease; 2. The one which holds that disease means some sort of inharmony in the system; 3. That which pours vitality into the patient largely irrespective of the nature of the disease; 4. The "scientific method" in which the practitioners try to discover exactly what is wrong, picture to themselves mentally the diseased organ and then imagine it as it should be. "There is another method of which we know very little." It is "connected with the great healing principle in Nature—with a mighty life-force from some far higher level, which may under certain circumstances and for a limited time, be poured out through a man without his detailed knowledge or volition."

The other papers are entitled: "The Martyrs;" "Theosophical Gleanings from Non-Theosophical Fields;" "The Life-Side;" "A Study in Mediæval Mysticism, No. 1;" "Birth of Zoroaster."

As may be claimed, this number is of unusual interest.

THE OPEN COURT (Chicago), for September, contains a tribute to the late Charles Carroll Bonney, the President of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition. Mr. Bonney was an advanced thinker, a philanthropist, and an active man in every department of human improvement. The "Parliament of Religions," an impossibility in other hands, was a realized fact in his. Even the medical schools before proscribed, had just and generous countenance at the Exposition.

The paper on "Mesha's Declaration of Independence," by Dr. Carus himself, is rightly described as an "appreciation of the Historical Significance of the Moabite Stone." Those, who have read with pleasure, Sir Edwin Arnold's "Sa'di," can find additional delight by the short paper on the Taj Mehal.

The article, "The Praise of Hypocrisy" is, however, the most extraordinary of any. To appreciate it justly one should read it through. The writer is no layman or scoffer at religion, but the Rev. Dr. Knight. The editor says of it: "He speaks from experience, the experience which many a brother clergyman shares

with him." It is a satire; it describes the matter but points out no remedy. The writer begins with the truism that good is to be found in everything, and he professes to attempt to find it in hypocrisy. He first considers "the hypocrisy of the good," and then "the good of hypocrisy." The great truths of our faith, as Bishop Westcott acknowledges, we shrink from bringing to bear on everyday affairs. Religion is largely disconnected from life and words.

In illustration, an anecdote told by Booker Washington is given. A colored brother used occasionally to have a spree. After one that had been unusually long, he came back to his brethren penitent, with the confession "that he had been a great sinner; he had broken all the commandments, but he thanked the Lord that he had kept his religion."

The Serpent in Eden spoke the truth and the Lord confirmed his words. The eyes of the Church "are fully opened to the supreme value of sin, and its courage is confirmed."

MEDICAL TALK FOR THE HOUSE (Columbus, O.), has in its September number a prodigious variety of short articles of immediate interest, chiefly by the editor, Dr. C. S. Carr. The leading article, "On the Origin of Brain-Force," is learned enough for a savant, simple enough for the common reader, and full of sound sense for everybody. A lady writer bravely shows that the average Health Board is a menace to health, and that "it is a lamentable fact that the people recognize in the Boards of Health an ever-increasing menace to their own welfare, which only the total abolition of health boards can overcome." She lastly affirms that there is not a Board of Health in the country whose methods are above suspicion where connected with the general movement to establish compulsory vaccination laws. "Money is used without stint to accomplish these ends."

The article on "Compulsory Vaccination in Philadelphia," cites occurrences which makes the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition look tame. The lassoing of cattle by Western herdsmen for branding, is matched by doctors and policemen violently seizing individuals and forcing them to be vaccinated, when they would rather die than undergo the unclean rite.

The contributors, as well as the editor, are outspoken in relation to the barbarisms now extant in medical practice and legislation.

The paper on "Physiognomy of Women" is certain to attract readers, particularly those of the other sex. It does not coincide, however, with our modern fashionable taste, although it may be "ower-true." The two articles, "Not Lazy, but Simply 'Born Tired,'" and "What a Successful Man Says About Work," both of them contain suggestions of great value.

"Medical Talk" is non-partisan, except where medical abuses are

concerned. Then its utterances are distinct and directed to the very core of the matter.

The Club Woman Magazine for September, Mrs. Dore Lyon, Editor, is greatly enlarged and of much more general interest and attractiveness. The greetings and reports from Clubs and Associations from all parts of the United States make it an important publication for Club Women.

Special articles on various topics by Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Norman E. Mack, Mrs. Margaret Ravenhill, Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, Mrs. Alice Fischer Harcourt, Mrs. Hugh Reid Griffin, of London, Miss Helen M. Winslow, Mrs. Edward Addison Greeley, Mrs. Pauline H. MacLean, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, Mrs. James H. Parker, Mrs. Oreola Haskell, Miss Viola Zacharie, and others combine to make this number of *The Club Woman* a notable one.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

SRI SANKARACHARYA—1. HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By C. M. Krishnasami Aiyar, M.A., L.T.

II. HIS PHILOSOPHY. By Pandit Sitanath Tattvabhushan. Boards. Two shillings. G. A. Natesan & Co.: Esplanade, Madras.

AS A MAN THINKETH. By James Allen. Boards. 40 cents. The Savoy Publishing Company: Strand, London.

FREEDOM. By Dr. Manuel Rivero. Paper. 25 cents. The Cosmological Publishers: 103 West 42d street, New York.

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LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1902.

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